PURE FILTH

JAMIE GILLIS | PETER SOTOS

JAMIE: Hey, guess what, honey? You know what? You're looking very sweet. But a little bit plain. Wouldn't you like to look sexy for us?

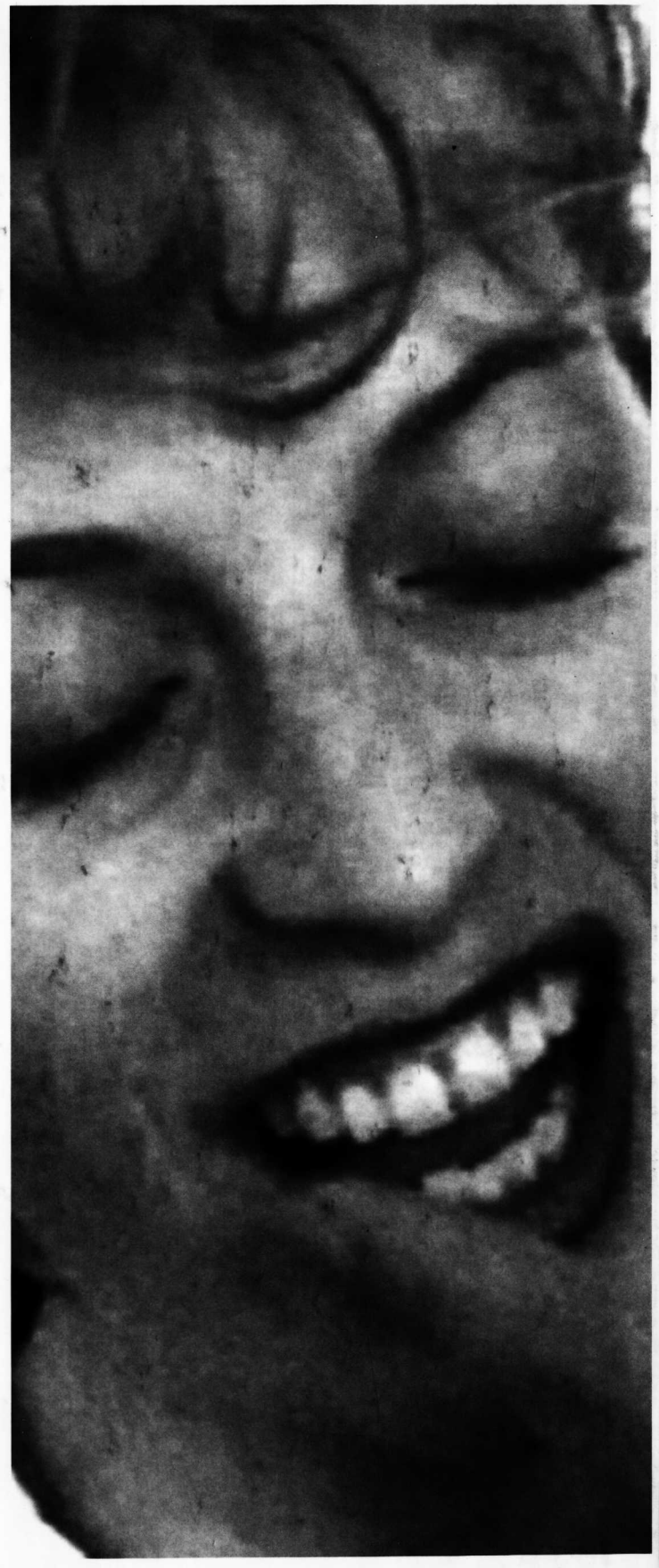
EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: I know you would. Yes. So maybe—just a little something. What d'ya say? What d'ya say, huh? No, put your hands down. I think you're too stupid to know how to do it right. You understand? There you go. Let's look at you. Let's see. See, now, I, on the other hand—look at yourself, stupid! See there you are. A little embarrassing, huh? (kiss) Yeah. Little embarrassing. That's a good girl. See, now, I, on the other hand, know all about cosmetology. And I know how to make pretty girls sexy. Understand?

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: That's it. Look at the camera, stupid. You see how sexy you are? You see. You see how sexy you are. There it is. You see that. Look at how sexy you are now. You see? That's what guys like to see. Sexy girls. Stick your tongue out. That's it. Let's see you … (flicks tongue) Come on. Come on. Can you drool like a big girl? Come on. That's it. That's a baby. Good. Isn't she cute. Isn't she cute. That's right. That's right. She's adorable. Yeah, good. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent.

EVE: Mmm hmm.



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First Printing

Design by Hedi el Kholti

SOURCES

"Spanked Toilet Whores," Jamie Gillis, redboard.com, August, 2002
"Puppy Sluts #2," Jamie Gillis, redboard.com, April, 2003
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PURE FILTH

JAMIE GILLIS | PETER SOTOS

FERAL HOUSE

EARTH
BASE

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CAST

PETER SOTOS

JAMIE TOLD ME that he called up some of his old friends to sell them his idea for a new series line. He had wanted the porn industry he still knew to fund and market films featuring registered sex offenders being offered porn stars. Porn stars meaning better-looking hookers but if trumped-up quick turnaround budgets were going to be an issue, then mill hookers would work just as well. But that pragmatic space between the greater concept and tackier cost corrupted the ideal into nonexistence. The best part of the plan was, according to Jamie, in making a statement about the obscene nature of sex offender registries while offering the men who he viewed as treated unfairly, an easy way to get fucked. Finally. I was stuck on the cheap read that whatever woman was sold might get to face the fact that she wasn't as aesthetically necessary to the paying crowds as she might prefer to be. Not that she would have had the information about the rapist's past sprung on her while filming. But that she'd have to second-rate her worth to a situation. Maybe think outloud about where the guy had been before and maybe, surreally, officiously, what he was thinking of her availability type in baser moments. Jamie's idea was more adult than mine, naturally. He liked the chance to talk to the men about what they did, chiefly but violently, and then have the film sold as porn that may or may not display how, say, rapists might fuck. Anything. Typical, we both understood, where nothing particularly interesting or different than any of the other men, paid professional or just not, would look on film getting laid. Maybe a few less tattoos and a few more pounds, doubtful though that there is anything ever clear about talking out the importance of such ridiculous clues and insights. Jamie knew that his idea was essentially advertising. The audience just want the girls anyway. The films could be discussed to mock outrage a bit more than the usual releases, which is what producers look for. There was a chance for a small amount of controversy inside the even smaller minds of publicity level critics and dilettantes. The interview portions of the films would likely get edited down to nothing, bullet points for bullet heads, and the sex would be as common as men arrested for sex crimes seeking jobs as sex workers. I told Jamie that there's an incredible wealth of documentary work with rapists talking about their crimes, usually interspersed with clinical discussions of motives and pasts but the actual breath of those films, almost always, were when the victims were interviewed about exactly what happened instead. Best if they cried and didn't repeat what they've had explained in about the clinical motives and pasts. Never, still, as bright as the contradictions should promise. Two, three if you counted medical examiners and cops, sides eventually heading to the same script polish. So, I told Jamie that I hoped

the films would be his. Where the real matter was inside his questions and careful eye. As the sympathetic audience, I'd be far more interested in where he was searching than in where the actors and slugs were droning and groping or yapping. The idea wasn't going to exist outside of the idea otherwise. And Jamie's genius could display the excitement of the idea by destroying it further than the hamfisted sell could legally or publicly admit.

It doesn't feel any different, does it?

You weren't thinking of how it felt to be grabbed the way he wanted to grab, were you?

What's your model release say? What did you specify that you didn't want to do?

Is this someone you find attractive? Is this someone you'd like to do a favor for?

It's no different than picking up some guy in a bar, is it? You find out later that morals aren't quite so familiar, only the very same vanity and anecdotes as everyone else who only wants to drain their balls all the fucking time.

I didn't bring in just some nigger, you know?

And the brighter scheme, Jamie agreed, was that the films could have been best if the guys on the sex registry were child molesters. Not men particularly interested in women. But sex. The money men wouldn't go for that, he said, so he'd have to settle for rapists. Flashers would be nice. That would be exciting to see on camera. And Jamie was the perfect actor for such a director's job. He'd reassure the desperate that they weren't so desperate at all and the lies or even truth of that encouragement could make for a better film, no question.

All of this would have been better to do as a transcribed conversation between Jamie and I. Conversation rather than interview because I'm of the opinion that this book is two different books somewhat fighting against each other. If it has to have an owner, it'll be Adam Parfrey, the publisher. And, having said that, I want to be clear that Jamie and I basically agreed with each other, I hope, I have to add, because we tended to figure both of us worked together to see the differences and avoid the socially obligated compromises. But we never saw the book the same way. The idea to include Jamie in this book was mine, not his. Maybe Adam's, in fact. It wasn't Jamie's book when I started it on my own. And I doubt that those looking for Jamie's insight into what he was doing will get all that much from what he did here. He sounds like he's pandering in a sense. However, Jamie didn't think pandering was all that much different or egregiously separate from what he was doing to life. I made this precious and that's a much bigger mistake, probably, in his opinion. I was stuck and he was sure.

I'm still of the opinion that what happens in these transcripts—and what isn't caught directly in the films without the images backgrounded—is impossible to frame anecdotally or politely. Jamie's introduction to every single transcript is what he wanted to say about the way he'd like you to see it and he has the experience on his side. I'm just a viewer, ultimately making too much or too little, too removed and frightened or awed, to be blasé. So my experience is also different. From what I came looking for to how wrong I actually am about finding. And my absolute appreciation of what is there is formed by having done the transcripts without Jamie's approval all on my own. The idea to publish the things came later and would have been a very different book if it was simply included under my name only

I've got a lot of books that you won't be able to find and buy doing just that anyways. Briefly, politely, transparently, I made some long private films where I spliced together

scenes of children talking about how they were raped and photographed and sexually abused from various talk shows and news items. I liked the way they were talking about it and getting filmed again. There's a huge collection to pick from. Eventually, I decided to take away their voices from them, splicing the shrills from one cutie over footage of another cutie, essentially but not pointedly, saying the exact same thing. Just as long as it was about sex and children. Usually girls but hard to deny the general appeal of act over gender, tears over fed psychologist details. I'd transcribe the interviews and compile them in convoluting order again and again. Long lists of badly comprehended or articulated sexually violent triggers and restraint. Most ended up crashing down into adult homosexual encounters. Did all this work to force the aesthetics of naked complicity and consensual indulgence even further from the rummaging mumbling faggot disorders I watched crawl.

Jamie died about two years ago. He had asked both Adam and I to hold the book from sale probably about six years before that. Adam, only kindly, did that for Jamie. He did it as a favor to Jamie since Jamie was told that this book, that he titled, might cause problems with another publisher he had signed a contract with so that his memoir could be published. His agent, he told us, was concerned that this book would bring down the commercial tenor of an autobiography sold to a potentially large audience interested in the excesses of the seventies pornography industry and lifestyle. For the record, the few chapters from that memoir, that Jamie wrote and sent to me for my hardly objective opinion, were disappointing. And I told Jamie this. In fact, suggested he work with a friend of mine who actually worked in this type of writing and specialized in getting better stories out of his subjects than his subjects were aware they were giving. And he was a bit more snide than he should have been, it seemed. Rather like Jamie, of course. Jamie, understanding the idea, was only, he told me anyways, reticent because he wanted to draw the material entirely from himself. However, the chapters he sent were done to order for an agent that asked him to write about, one example, the fucking playboy mansion. This was the audience for his autobiography. And the book that we had done and the later films he made were something that Jamie was only intending to mention as a series of short examples of his sexual bravery and imaginative fearlessness and, most apologetically, his refusal to apologize for anything that ever happened. He had to address the *On The Prowl* series since it was used as character script in *Boogie Nights* and he is often referred to as the father of gonzo porn. It was also supposed to be framed around a love story. I'm told, not as reliably as hopefully, that this changed in the finished work.

Jamie agreed with me that the father of gonzo porn, grotesque as it is to consider as a genre rather than a reference point in a change in distribution methods, was actually Ugly George. It was most likely Regan Senter. It was anyone masturbating to homemade footage and keeping their mouths shut before that. Jamie thought his idea of *On The Prowl* was simple. In an interview he recorded just months before he died, he told a French film crew that he knew there were few things "more boring than watching two prostitutes fucking."

Jamie kept his camera fixed to his face.

The girls never left. The language between director and performer was mostly about money.

You get up, you probably already got paid, and stop acting like you still have to carry on in a criminal situation. You fuck off.

Jamie tried to spend more effort on past decisions and better chances.

The slime wanted me to eat vomit, insulted me, it wasn't in the contract, I was naseated by the thought of him wanting so little. I was feeding a drug habit, I wasn't smart back then, I wish I never agreed to it but it wasn't quite what you think it was. I was never in fear, I thought he was pathetic, it wasn't myself in the mirror he was saying I should look into. I was looking at him showing me a mirror. Assholes who use mirrors forget that it takes an asshole behind it.

These transcripts become scripts. And these people either being brutalized or celebrated became actors. And the truth that I was finding was desperate and, most likely, more than any other prurient trajectory or emotional epiphany, only simple improvisation cues among lesser-trained performers. Still, highlight the clean-up after the first and only extended take, where Jamie knew it was only "fun" and said so, usually adding flat compliments like "trouper" and "pro." And there's your improv. As backward and superficial as any brief pause in art just good enough for everybody to smile and move on to the next song or gallery. Jamie's brand, for all my myopia and his culpable shrugs, lies in the difficulties in his personal definition of fun.

Like most men who contend they don't want to waste a lifetime merely working for someone else, Jamie was never above twisting what could look extra into another job. His "private" films were never actually private, just limited to a locally determined sub rosa inaccessibility. Hand-to-mouth. And always a landlord and a benefactor somewhere close. After he completed the introductions to the films I transcribed, Jamie started writing a monthly column for the Redboard Video website. The articles he submitted were almost entirely formatted to capitalize on his wit and charm by installing them directly into sales points to whatever he was shooting for Redboard. His company writing is chaste by frame, hammy by introspection; fronting his considerable reputation with self-aggrandizing modesty and anecdotal vicariism. Jamie's self-censorship, I don't think, ever sunk in so deeply that it countered his personal interest in the world he wanted to see. He created his world and I've benefitted from what he titled and sold. I hope there's enough here to locate what's more compelling than the outside demands creating sales scenes. Beyond the casual appreciation that suggests and forgets that he could pretend to be doing more than he was being paid to do. Moving prurience to obscenity exists inside a cinchless reach between the legally imagined, rigid, core of human dignity and privileged, or egotistically concomitant, responsibility. Contained inside this ever-widening definition of prurience is a precarious grasp on the so-called right to the pursuit of pleasure that obscenity laws must again break down to, essentially, redefine a state of autonomy. Cause and effect, word and concept, need and trust become -purely- incompatible. So, while even the most private film in this book, Eve, was still done as a performance for a single commission, there's as much a chance that for every fake swig of water for vodka, the moneyed silent customer didn't exist either. A clumsy ruse that allowed Jamie to add a manipulative distance of compromised identification with his model. For all his vicious hyperbole and equitable imagination blather, there's a possibility that any real truth Jamie was exposing couldn't fucking be helped. Empathy to coercion, the very first choice is a lesson probably going opposite from where you were.

There's a lot of room in Jamie's cruelty. A lot of proof. And his examination and appreciation of what others might see as aversion, sexualized, voyeuristic and physical, is lived

by him as rational, excused or not. He discuses vice laws and traditional morality as insipid and lionizes prurience as the honest unsympathetic appreciation of the logical non-normative self. He most consistently refers to jerk-off material. And, as this is an experience performed alone, it's fair to say his mentality was more substantive than mere reality. It's hardly unexamined. That his prurience, his truth, relied on others to expand, even test, his excitement outside of himself, is where obscenity finally leaks over to tangible.

He may well have been writing for me.

The prohibition demands of the distributors for Redboard were matched by the limited obsessions of its prospective audience. Jamie did a lot of movies for Duck's Redboard company, shot and barely edited based on the long-form, one-take draw that Jamie also did entirely on his own. Recording the scene, no matter where it could have gone by suggestion or desire, was not the construct of fetish needs and legal lines. Almost all of the films weren't allowed, weren't even required, to go anywhere but the possible visual delivery of certain girls in certain outfits with occasional, specific, audio triggers and quaint references.

> It's nice to see that RedBoard is finally sinking to my level. "Spanked Toilet Whores" is the name of their latest series and Duck Dumont, owner and cameraman at RedBoard, called upon me to inaugurate the line by beating and humiliating some poor bitch in a toilet. I couldn't have been more pleased. To paraphrase that great statesman, Henry Clay, I would rather beat and humiliate some whore in a toilet than be president.
>
> We decided that Courtney would be the ideal candidate for the spanking. I first met her in a San Francisco bank. We were both waiting in a line reserved for customers who were there to cash checks, but who were not that bank's customers.
>
> We were being treated like garbage, essentially being forced to wait until a teller decided we had waited long enough. Theoretically, according to a sign nearby, one non-customer was to be waited on for every five regular customers. But the tellers simply seemed to totally forget we were there.
>
> I joked with Courtney about how we were being treated like slime because we were slime, and she seemed amused, so I asked her if she would like to be paid to be treated like slime and she said "Sure!"

And.

> Nigger, nigger, fuckin' nigger, dirty fuckin' cunt bitch nigger, fuckin' ass-licking dog nigger, mother fuckin' piece of shit nigger whore, eat my dick, you filthy nigger slut pig ...
>
> There I said it and I'm glad. I love racial stuff. There's nothing better then wailing on some black bitch who lets you let out all the stops and gives you the chance to get as nasty and filthy as you wannabe in a politically incorrect way.
>
> So, when I heard from a friend that a hot big-assed black bitch was looking for work, I got in touch with her and offered her the opportunity to get degraded, insulted, kicked, spat upon, etc., in a RedBoard. Of course, the "nigger" stuff was also part of the deal. She was made to look into the camera and tell the world that she was "a stupid nigger dog" etc, etc ...

I have to admit that she was unused to such treatment and actually wouldn't talk to me when it was over even though I apologized and said it was all in fun. She finally came around and now calls me on occasion hoping to hook up again off camera and I look forward to that.

You can check out our scene in *Puppy Sluts 2*, a new RedBoard release—it's a pretty hot scene, but please stay away from it if you are some politically correct type nigger—especially if you are a big nigger male.

In my defense, in case there is anyone shocked by this sort of thing, I freely admit that I don't mind at all if I am the one being racially degraded, or degraded because of my color.

There are three Redboard tapes out: *Humiliated White Boy 1*, *Humiliated White Boy 2* and *Humiliated White Boy 3* and guess who is the humiliated white boy in all three—that's right, yours truly—not only that, I came up with the idea and title.

And.

I have a fan in El Paso, Texas, who emailed me awhile back, and while we have never met, she assures me she is a disgusting fat slob who doesn't deserve, and could never get, a decent guy so she just goes out and tries to make herself as available as possible to absolutely anyone that she might come upon.

I call her every once in awhile to get the latest gory details, and jerk-off as she tells me what new lows she has sunk to. She feeds my appetite as best she can and is always searching, bless her heart, for new ways to sink lower and lower, and make her family ever and ever more ashamed.

Her slide started when she was discovered fucking a black guy at home in the marital bed while her kids were home. Of course, this led to divorce and separation from her two teenage boys, who now consider her beneath contempt—which, of course she is, and she continually goes out of her way to prove it.

She is fat and disgusting so guys take her to cheap, cheap motels or sometimes, it's just a homeless guy she sucks off, or gets fucked by in an alley or vacant lot. She doesn't charge anything because her self-esteem is too low for that but she does suspect that a recent lover—a low-life crack head nigger—was charging his friends for the opportunity to do whatever they wanted to her.

She loves my calls to her and tells me how wet her panties get when I mock her and encourage her to drag herself through shit. She is very excited about the idea of fucking a porn star because she considers that to be about on the same level as a broken down low-life nigger crack head.

I don't know if you can separate that work from what I've received from him, beyond my overriding desire to nail it back to pique. The contradictions, the imposition, are mine. The intention, to make that clear, perverts it all past or beneath any cleaner view for difficult conflicted stabs at simple fucking honesty. Show honest. Show hard for suck.

The only Redboard Video included here is one of the earliest films Jamie did with them. Included because the girls talked about themselves more. Though Duck was also

the cameraman on the very first *On The Prowl* release, and a very dear friend of Jamie's, there was, I think, a very clear reason behind Jamie keeping *On The Prowl* as his own. Jamie, when times were especially tight, had worked in North Beach behind the counter.

Jamie was a whore, self-described. And, in that, he was also an actor. Same job. The payment for sex doesn't have to enter into degrees, especially as I don't care, but the payment for time seemed to mean the choice meant more than reducing the stacked up bills to single last options. These transcripts are particular in that they suggest that the actor was in the role of a trick, John, that relied on his personal knowledge of what a whore really is. The give and take was as likely to be heterosexual arrogance or right or careerism as much as it was a whore hating and arguing with himself. Once again, the girls barely mattered. But if there was a chance that they could, Jamie may well have wanted it far more than it seems at first easy critique. Then again, he was never above enjoying it more than he was told he should.

Every time I gave Jamie a book, he'd ask me to inscribe it to him. He's given me quite a few DVDs, most of them Redboard releases, that he'd then inscribe back to me. Charmingly, he'd usually scrawl something sinister about the girl on the cover. As I've written about Jamie in almost every single book I've published, I'd usually write something about what it was I said about him in the newest book. In the last one, I quickly wrote something along the lines of me hoping he wasn't getting tired of me writing about him. That I wasn't trading on his name. And that I knew that when I was writing about others, I most often simply came back to his work as an example of art that was better than the commentary or spinned concept. That he was probably my favorite artist and that I used him as a fulcrum to seeing what was lacking in everything else.

After I got home, Jamie sent me an email telling me how much he liked what I wrote and that it meant a lot to him because he felt the same way about me. This may seem cheap. But I wasn't lying.

He gave me some films that were never released to anyone else, he told me. I don't know if that's true or not. And I don't know what to do with them now that he's no longer around to tell me not to share them with anyone else. Feels like I should, frankly. The thought that they'll go nowhere after I die is the central problem, not the chance to trade on him in anyway other than I have a nag that they deserve to be somewhere other than with me. Deserves better than this.

Jamie: "Ok, how about, I let you—instead of letting you spit on the lens, how about I let you spit on me? What do you think? You wanna spit in my face? C'mon. And we'll record it for posterity. Because I'm a creep."

Ten years ago, that quote was used to highlight Jamie playing on his idea of creep. Offering a cheap way in. Then it turned to sales talk. More than a decade later, I'm more interested in him using the word "posterity."

Post-Sturman distribution and print issues caused delays at first. And. Now. It's become impossible to consider this book outside of the constraints of public stupidity and its deeproot hold on the better subculture possibilities. Just after Jamie died, letters between Adam and lawyers started flying in an attempt to protect Jamie's reputation and, by extension, his intimates. To the ludicrous point of name ownership and trademark

degradation. Feral House has consistently put books out without concern, but not against awareness of financial demands and legal threats. It would be embarrassing not to understand that Jamie's book didn't require a similar comprehension and forethought. The audience for most of this work, Jamie knew full well, were not common. And the sale would be the last idea to be worked out in the release of much of it.

From December, 1996:

> Echoing the plight of the industry itself, Mr. Gillis seems to have descended into his own pyrrhic hell in the intervening years. Gone like Marlon Brando from generation-defining dandyism to casual sartorial slobbery, the native New Yorker has been content living out a quietly deranged life here in San Francisco, making occasional and increasingly bizarre guest appearances in the factory porn of SoCal smut industry sympathizers such as John Leslie, Joey Silvera and Ed Powers, who all still recognize the spark of greatness within the graying shell. As well, he's lensed an infamous series of deeply underground videos featuring rare and bizarre acts which, though enacted between consenting adults, are beyond the pale taste-wise to all but a radical, some might say criminal, few.

It's important to me that this is text. It doesn't recall or side or critique. Above all, it's not memory. Complex and desperate in thought or forgotten daily fact, it defies a reader's ownership. I don't believe the record of you being hurt is going to be made worse by viewing the video over and over again. I'm not even insulting you by thinking I like the way you look in duress over pose. Those who know you are masturbating while they watch you younger aren't changing your memories or altering your present search for comfort. Creating terrible thoughts that you'll have to deal with now with more fantasy, more thought. You get to work through it. Either way, somehow.

You remember?

You still can't get over it. I mean, it's about time, yeah? I mean, you have.

You're not right; you're better now. I believe that. I really do. You show me when you say it that you're not walking backwards. That'll help you hear it. Seems you need to.

More than that. Darling. I know what I think doesn't matter. Not to you, anyway.

I don't believe the transcripts are exposé or print erotica. Jamie used to tell me that he could masturbate to the words on paper now. He'd ask me if I was sexually excited by the words over the videos. We have different definitions of sex, first of all, and pornography, of course. But I didn't do all of this so that I could just find something new or better to peruse before I settled on something even more imagined to lose the quickest way from an erection. And, anyway, I didn't believe him. He was testing me, in a sense, to find out if that was my level. Though there's the chance that he just wanted to know where exactly I was in wholly fucked-up by then. I'm absolutely sure it wasn't his level. I'd tell him time and time again that all the conversations he was having with these women suggested to me, at least, that if sex was good enough, he'd not be wasting all his time basically trying to see right through them. His introductions are, as far as I'm concerned, and he disagreed, yet another expansive example of pegging. He'd only talk about what he wanted everyone to do for him while finding out what he, maybe her if it worked for him first, wanted. Publicly reporting

back on how ultimately acceptable everything was. Though the words could be concrete proof of the reason behind limited acts gathered from real time and thoughts captured on the fly in legal transcript form, the context, here, was altogether changed. In one transcript, he finishes the scene by saying that maybe he's the modern Marquis de Sade. He wasn't. Until now. Because, like Andrea Dworkin's miserably uninformed appreciation of the Rose Keller affair as reality over fiction, the text in Sade's life was more real than the reality of educated taste trails and fact trading. Some customers will find this adequate or unavoidably necessary masturbation material. Especially those that may look for something that isn't gynecologically referenced. But those people are hardly worth considering as the ones worth talking to after first confession level. Depends on one's audience, either side of the stage. I've stopped listening to those who only imagine language needs to be broken apart and played with to delineate the exact same fucking emotions. I'm not tortured by thoughts or the common difficulty in expression. I've done best to keep these thoughts as real as words only. The first mistake thinking words need a physical component, the second mistake assuming that anything not physical, not pragmatic, is spiritual, ineffable or metaphysical. All of this doesn't require such a small amount of understanding from the observer to have to penetrate it physically. Language is smashed to its inadequacies and inequities in courts and legal texts. Not in clever creative imperfect sales

Most of these films were shot and edited onto video and then sold through the typical outlets for pornography such as adult bookstores. One transcript is taken from a video that has never been released to anyone except the person that Jamie says ordered it from him. A "custom job" that Jamie offered to anyone who might be aware of this private video offer and contact information. He had a small internet presence just as the internet was starting to catch on. Another is a previously unpublished interview that Jamie conducted with an actress for a promotional website. Some videos wouldn't be stocked by porn stores due to an ill-defined fear of obscenity arrest while others were prominently displayed. Most of the acts, scenes, concepts were directed and conceived by Jamie. But some were hire jobs, where he was specifically chosen as a performer that could control and direct a quick scene as his unique, reliable personality would hopefully insist. The films selected here have more to do with reality tableaus than acting and script conceit. Whipping, bondage, female or male domination. Most of it embarrassing. Jamie was good at playing to type but either his humor or his genuine interest in the subject made the accoutrements and silly triggers soon fade to the background where they became either ignored completely or ridiculed. As an actor. With a contract. And a work history. If the character Jamie was playing was supposed to be based on his reputation or, better, his taste, the character line blurred enough to, at least, convince. The fact that he had to play off other actors, and the filmmaking technique that he pioneered and was seen to perform best in, largely succeeded in driving him to do away with even the pretense of acting. It is arguable whether he was being more himself than a vectored character or if there was even a himself to be. There are quite a few films where what is actually filmed could only have started from his very personal knowledge and fascination with what was available on the streets of San Francisco. He bought prostitutes with whom he'd have to barter and convince to let him film. Saying that the films he was making were just for him. It's nice to wonder whether

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Jamie was trying to get the money back that he was spending on himself by dropping the videos outside his apartment for quick cash release. Essentially never considering sales or distribution beyond the one time payment on delivery. Same way I like thinking he thought some of these films had a life that went beyond sales or sex. He was right when he understood there wasn't anything else like it. Significantly, he also worked with more amateurs than professionals. And there are women in the *Back On The Prowl* videos that are interested in what happens in the backrooms and cheap motels of self-abased male sexuality. Jamie, as teacher as well as rat, gives them the information he likes them to learn.

I met Jamie through David Aaron Clark, another porn performer, director and writer who thought it would be a good idea for both of us to meet. I knew David from his writing at *Screw* magazine and his novels. He seemed interested in also knowing more than how pretty women stay after first blush. David died just a few months before Jamie, even more suddenly. And the day before he died, he had left me a phone message, wanting to talk about his next film, to be titled *Pure 2*. He gave me special thanks at the end of *Pure* since he liked to pretend I owned the title and it was his sweet way of acknowledging the connection. The connection between Jamie and David went on and on—when I first met Jamie in San Francisco, David was living there as well. They had talked about doing a film together and David had sent me a script. It was based on some of my writing and put Jamie repeating my ideas while masturbating in front of a Times Square stripper behind glass. Both these gentlemen thought my work would be better in a different arena than books. I thought the same as them as regards to their own work, only the opposite direction. During this time, David and Jamie were both making private videos and selling them for a few—or a couple hundred—bucks to North Beach Video so that the owner could sell or rent them directly to the customers who came into the small video store across from a famously ridiculous feminist stripper joint. North Beach Video was, I think, owned by Duck Dumont who ran a more lucrative, though still niche, line of VHS sales at the time and could help his friends out. Duck is a permanent fixture, whether duly acknowledged or not, throughout many of these transcripts. The tapes Duck kept exclusive to the store usually featured shit and piss scenes and both Jamie and David offered handheld camera footage of mid-level porn stars and local prostitutes shitting on themselves or others. David offered more personally masochistic work but to less response. It should be clear, maybe not, that what was particularly engaging about these apartment-made films is that they were more conversation than fetish. Before this, most porn scat sulks outside of Germany and Japan were relegated to watching faggots pretend it was masculine bliss or deep tribal transgression. Christopher Rage and the Slave and Master series sold through the Bijou stalls in Chicago were filthy and interesting but had none of the condescending or intellectual leer and remove that David's and Jamie's work sold. Those others were just anthologies of sick men. That you'd have to put up with to figure out what might be sexy about sick men instead of just sick archeology. Shit scenes were degenerate. Literally. Nauseating. AIDS helped. To make it even more desperate. And eventually this queer market could mutate into barebacking videos. Still hateful but even less graphic. The obvious appeal of the scene had a delay in proof of a month or so. Otherwise the footage never vaulted the advertising or the lucky, unlucky chance of torpor.

A compilation of girls being auditioned by Ed Powers and Jamie was created and bled to the underground market instead of the large networks. In these particular casting sessions, Jamie and Ed encouraged start-ups to piss themselves. Ed, worried about his reputation, tried to disguise his voice by speaking in what he thinks sounds like a British accent. Jamie told me the only reason he gave me the tape was so that I could see how badly this sort of thing could be done and to maybe enjoy what an idiot Powers was. Some of the girls were better than others though, he added. You might be able to get something else from it. And then there was one of his former girlfriends in it and that annoyed him as well.

I bought what I could find. Some had made their way to a shop in Chicago. This was before the internet and DVD. So you were buying dubs. And in Chicago, I had to rely on what the goats who ran an even grimier shop than North Beach would purchase on their own and haul back to Chicago.

I can narrow it down. And it is unfair to drag Jamie's best intentions down to my fantasy scrounging level. Which is to say that the themes and ideas that I see as present in Jamie's work are entirely my own mistakes. And, as will become clear from his introductions, his intentions clash drastically with my own. The difference being experience but also training and choice. I don't write this way usually. I'd rather not explain what I do to people who didn't come for the subject and I despise using something nearly anecdotal or point driven. However, in deference to Jamie, who I do understand is dead, I'm less inclined to insist on the context I usually prefer to wrap myself in. I initially came across Jamie's videos because I was looking under rocks. Like all prurient pursuit, I was trying to find the bottom of a barrel that never gets one and hardly stopped with Jamie. However, it was these invariable specificity-grinding interests that led me here and a context that I don't remove. It wasn't luck or synchronicity. It was a concentrated effort on my part.

Not necessarily different than the outlook of most loud guardians or crusaders, my interest in this material is based on a needful belief that severe pain is being caused, elicited, recorded and sold. I was aware of where one had to go to to get this twice removed shit. Just to look at. But I was also aware that watching bruises form wasn't going to be what I cared about. I liked tears. I liked breakdowns. And was always being promised more than acting. Only half-correctly but cutely, according to Tim Tate in *Child Pornography*, the transcript of the tape made by Ian Brady and Myra Hindley while they photographed Lesley Ann Weston changed my life. Pornography, by picking the right brand of hysteric, could be a wall-less process to those who were operating on a level slightly more removed from the usual monkeys and stunt ascetics. The subject was compelling and the visuals didn't exist without more details. The thought, the extended reality, was nothing at all like the experience because the experience was all lack. This exists. It's important

Makes for great art.

There was this hole.

Now closed. Next to the Admiral Theater in Chicago. For the record. A small shop with old crumpled porn magazines on only one wall, booths opposite that and empty handmade cover video boxes everywhere else including under the slightly raised counter where one of only, always, two old scumbags used to sit and moan.

An old man's pit. Again. That I want to talk about. Again.

The beasts that ran the place and kept it like a pigsty hid a green three-ring binder under the counter that contained the mailorder catalog ads for the bestiality films they rarely sold. Although the walls were covered with xeroxed ad copy for shit and piss films, it was either too much work to construct box replicas or they feared prosecution for obscenity on these specifically.

I didn't want any fucking bestiality films. Not anymore. I had grown tired of the same old retards going through the same old tired male dictated silent degradations. Not unless the women were going to get fucked by horses, this time, that ripped them open. Or see the beasts blinded and bloodied with crowbars and ice-picks. These swirling tastes came together at trauma. I knew I wouldn't be able to find, say, fist fucking films where an asshole simply refused to give beyond the usual hemorrhoid stretch and hemorrhaged so badly that the film constituted rape or attempted second-degree assault. The facial punches that I've seen advertised on battered women posters and on the southside of Chicago news reports must be available on kept private film somewhere beyond stingy HBO documentaries. It had to be offered up and unedited with more honesty and foresight than shock and political pity. They were only slaves and animals. And honesty, as scarce as that is, was the job that they worked for. I couldn't be bothered with journalists or journalism; documentaries were liberal and cloying and innocent. But the sad-faced children doped to their slung back eyes were more attractive trying to mumble out what they thought you wanted. Or what they only knew, in spite of what they smelled might be best to hide. Greased up under a fat bellied Peruvian trying to fit his stubby brown dick between her thighs because her cunt couldn't open far enough. Didn't last. Even for that. Sounds like a lie, right? Or defense. I was buying the dissolve, not the evidence, in any and all cases, no matter what. Someone needed to get more, certainly, and had to be better than the document and sales receipts.

I wasted a great deal of money and far more in lifetime looking for something to pin agency to all the newspaper clippings I looked at and grew hard all alone on. These messy victims who were promised to me to not be able to change their snot soaked past; who couldn't get up and walk the fuck away without dragging all that newly discovered pain and dread from a small sinking inconsequential sex act. Performed on them. Someone else's little need and time possession. The mentality that soaked into this cum reeking gutter stand was rape. These stubby old degenerate fucks. This very simple to understand construct. The armless Mary Vincent weeping to a talkshow audience via a hollywood shill petting her ugly crimped made-up face. Thea Pumbroeck as a reverberating brand name. If pornography was sex by proxy, because you masturbated to it, then it made perfect sense that I should be able to find proxy rape. I wanted the image that fleshed out all the words that flooded my brain stuck flat under a bad color dub screen. I was willing to do that. I wanted to.

I asked one of the hunchbacks what was the hardest video they had. I was safe enough, I figured, because they only took cash and the pig had, weeks ago, offered me the filthy introduction binder. I had established myself as a paying customer who not only paid for the videos I carefully selected but visited the oral cesspits and, no doubt, gave into the usual chicago mouthhole gossip that scurried back and forth in the mouseholes. The reject told me he never watched this garbage. Meaning the low life shit and piss and S&M jokes they were forced to duplicate and replace and list. The fact that the prices were so

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high meant they sold, I'm guessing, two or three copies, at most, a day and made all their lifestyles from the quarter handjobs and balding herpes sucks through the booth walls. But the reject dropped down to my begging level quick enough and told me that some of the more talkative assholes like myself had mentioned that the Jamie Gillis videos were pretty good. He said that Jamie filmed mostly crack whores and none of them seemed to enjoy getting shit on.

But these tapes were more than what those grubbing queer retards were ever going to understand, judging by their contempt and sloth. I hoped for souvenir footage of paid worst available moments. Not out of context from exactly where and from whom you bought it. Bottomfeeders from stall to sale, creator to audience.

Wanting, first, and asking, next, for anything more extreme than what this cocksucker creeped out front was contemptuous. Fuck help me if I was ever fucking brave or foolish, I was simply bored with what they offered. And I was guessing that they might have better connections, given their knuckled down milieu, than someone as safe as me. I didn't want to be comfortable there and I wasn't. As stupid as it was, asking him for something else, I'd done it before, trying to flatter them with my desperation, ineptitude and learning badly. I was truthfully, obviously, looking for child pornography.

Still.

Truthfully, honestly, I've found it in better places.

My books have become a record of holes and searches like this. I wish there was more distance from the subject, wish I had a reporter's acumen to be objective without choice. I'd rather not worry about whether I feel guilty or shamed even though I say and think I don't. It'd be nice to know I wasn't ratting out the ones I gravitated to or creating a written history of troughs like this that can't even exist anymore.

There were buildings I went into. And it never seemed reductive enough to stop. It wasn't research, I wasn't looking for personal excuses anyway and the trawl was more annoying and frustrating than edifying. I wasn't, above all, looking for scum to make sense. I wasn't asking the cocksucker to surprise me. Get better or human or more fucking honest. I already had a theme, grandpa.

I kept going back to the store and, if I had enough cash, bought anything with Jamie's name attached before looking around for anything else. The videos he created and eked out at that point were ideally and completely suited to be more than pornography. Pornography being, for right now, the point where you stop and stare at the thought you recognize as home and heaven. This wasn't that.

Jamie filmed them start to finish. They were films. Violent in every compliment and cajole. What was being sold lasted between the photographer and subject.

He never shut up. Settled in. When he cummed, he became apologetic. He kept his subject talking, translated genuine interest. What he was doing was more, it seemed, than giving instructions to recreate precedents. If sex was still applicable as an idea, rather than a need, sex was performed. As words. And axiomatically repulsive. As that which can only just be performed. Faked.

It became my intention to see if the words contained, when isolated from the hideous visual immediacy of fetishism and gender clad predisposition, what I picked as most

worthwhile and exciting. Consequence that existed beyond commonplace assumptions of need or grace or capitalism and equanimity into something consistently crippling and demeaning. The only reason she could walk away from this would be because they had to. Stop thinking. Not strength, not pride, drug hunting wherewithal. But inertia. Worthless, leveled, unexamined. Still unchanged starting from perpetually inadequate. I wanted to buy denial. That half-personed future as soon as I found out they were for sale.

You aren't coping.

Why aren't you better at it yet.

This, for example, still sounds like help.

My reasons for wanting to see this material transcribed are entirely different from what Jamie Gillis perceived as the reasons for the act and the possibly only secondarily sellable product. He sideways explains these reasons in introductions to each transcript. By looking for what made each incident and performer unique, his easiest moral argument piles up through defense. He's trying to charm. Within this eagerness to entertain, and to instruct as part of your entertainment, Jamie adds up the fascination with what can happen next. Even if what happens is cruel. I think that he likes that both ideas, right and wrong, cruel and careful, can find a truer voice within the circus rhetoric of sex. I know he genuinely liked perverts further fucked-up by their thoughts. Only. His rarefied experience is ultimately articulated by his absolute pleasure in being there. How you come to realize that was understood before you said it back to him. Moreover, he wanted to be entertained. He was paying for it. Selected the small reductive world, not by chance or luck, but by looking harder at what was being offered, counting his cash and seeing if he could afford something worth the time. Maybe he didn't expect more than type, didn't hope for it or simply made allowances for it. Given the situations and his perspicacity, he rarely, if ever, seemed wrong about what he was saying or complaining about. And that includes the dénouement where he explains, boss to employee, that it wasn't really so bad and everyone can still be friends.

When Jamie died, the obituaries were sickening. Most talked about how they knew him to be better than his reputation. How intelligent and clued-in he was and what an incredibly entertaining raconteur he could be to those lucky enough to get to know him from the table at some restaurant or social event. It's not my job to deconstruct his years on the planet or the many jobs he had or how he might have melded his past to his time. But, only as far as I'm concerned, cleaning Jamie up from nadir to prince or prurient to adolescent to conflicted to comfortable, is impossible. This too will sound moralist if not idolatrous. But to argue against the proud, lucky ones who apparently knew him better than me, I'd have to try and sound like them. These are transcripts. Done as best as I can for me. There are problems there as well.

The original intention was to have nothing but transcription. Exactly like court documents before the lawyers worked on siding the language. Belongs to the legal canon more than the pornographic diaries and alternative thought histories. Gets added to the phenomenal files of victims talking out their stories. It belongs in a book, greater length, than as images or cultural review. It is text. Perpetually. It's always been this way.

Just the dialogue flattened to fuck. No descriptions of the action, erotic or establishing, were to be included. I only barely gave in. It was entirely in my own interest at the time of

transcribing the conversations onto paper to let the polite and endearingly engaged interaction overpower all groans and imagined sex acts. I preferred to see that a first greeting and introduction was in every way similar to a suck-my-cock instruction. The picks were mine and I gave them to Jamie for review. Kindly, he'd nit-pick. And eventually Jamie provided a working list of his favorites that I could add to, when he thought they might fit into my narrow parameters. He knew I'd like the Africa interview and gave it to me. He asked that the Humiliation Of Heidi be included because he had something to say about it and also thought it'd look good on paper.

The photos that have been included were completely against my original view of the book as well. It was, after I read back what I had under the prejudice I came with, supposed to be only about the brutality of attention. For me, the way language allows one to do far greater damage to another person than any revolting act of defecation or insult or comicbook submission ever could do. I'd heard things in the videos that were far more degrading and permanent than just taking others to the supposed edge of their pig fantasy limits. It was something I found replicated in everyday conversation. The need to isolate those words and suggestions wasn't a subtle method to showcase will-to-power schemes or tactless inhumanity or bad light role play. Yet more overly sensitive, reduction that tweaked inconvenient context. For me, a better form of pornography, one that offered no comfort or excuse for once, when only taken as human. Humanity as pornography then. Not impulse, not stalled. No safety or escape clause because it reads back even worse than you can lie. Maybe only hopefully. It's taken over a decade for this to exist outside of the three people who initially did the work on it. Ignoring the lives of any victim or hooker or successful ethics student. And the book hasn't changed. Only my introduction. I've always seen it as more listening and respect than hectoring and terror. Jamie turned the engaged listener inside out, not to sadist but as sympathizer.

I originally told Adam that the book was going to be more like Andy Warhol's "From A to B and back again" than a biography of Jamie or any other tiresome re-trawl through the porn years amid pornography theory. And, before Jamie got started on his introductions, I gave him a book on Gillian Wearing so that he'd—only maybe—think about the reality and truth he kept talking about through a different critical application. Jamie used to quote something he liked when he heard Howard Stern say it one morning. And I'll paraphrase it the way I hope Jamie did; Stern said that he's always being asked if the person he was on the radio was just an act, since he was obviously a good father and dedicated family man and husband. Stern replied that there were indeed two versions of him but he knew which one was a job and which one was more likely to be the real him. And, of course, the radio personality was more real, more honest and natural, than anything else he could ever be. Jamie recommended more books to me than I ever did him. He even sent me a book published by Feral House as a gift before he knew that I was friends with Adam or had been published by him in the past. He became good friends with Barney Rosset towards the end of his life. Telling me that Grove Press changed his life when he was young. He'd tell me about Henry Miller and, especially, that I had to read all of Beckett.

When he started sending the introductions to me, through WebTV, he'd constantly ask me to let him know if it was near to what I wanted. I'd tell him I wasn't an editor and he

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should just do whatever he liked. He'd counter that he'd prefer to understand what I was looking for to make the arguments or agreements between us deeper. So that he could at least try to include how I saw things, right or wrong. This is why he wanted the word Pure in the title of the book, he said, and took the connection seriously. I finally relented and told him I wished he'd stop writing about the girls and maybe write more about what he was looking for, rather than what happened. About how maybe things changed about his outlook towards the women he'd put into backroom booths and those he'd piss and shit on. He wouldn't. Those parts remain his.

I think the photo grabs now provide another even better look at the same imperfect cruelty I was imposing on the transcripts. The history of pornography advertising has long promised more than it could ever deliver and the audience can do little else than bring their own filth to the shop to purchase less. A skinnerbox with wait and collect as negotiables. I tried first to isolate photos from the films that didn't suggest what producers and designers build their films only to display. I looked for moments of duress, of course, but tried hardest to minimize shots of sexual congress. I tried to go for the faces and shit sick aesthetics as obviated rather than sludged. I was still stuck with face and tit grabs and glances to the side that look rougher and more ill-intentioned than they ever really were in full motion. Tried, in a possibly impossible sense, to remove the very things that I was searching for in the transcripts. The stilled action looks more exciting, more vicious than it ever could be when de-fleshed from hard-on publication laws and pulled grievous bodily harm punches. The women come in with their make-up on, you know? It would be unfair not to let them use it. And not to react accordingly. Also. This—almost always—is not what Jamie does. Gives them enough rope. Listens carefully. Asks questions when appropriate. Shows a student he's learning just as much. Arguments on misogyny and hard-wired paraphilia can be imposed on the photos and the text by freezing the second mistakes are made or created by demand. You can pretty them up just as easy. Depending on what size tit or color you're looking for. What dress Jamie kept around his apartment and how it fit differently on each model he'd tell to put it on. And then, do them a favor, black out their faces. I'm not above making it look worse. I seriously doubt I'm making it less real. I wasn't going to edit out the crying shots, they were favorite photos now.

The few men Jamie talks with, to, all during the *On The Prowl* films, are never better than biological drones. Jamie was selling the idea that the chance to fuck, to do anything these st pat dolts wanted, to a point, was the offer. The audience would see how guys reacted and find sex more exciting, more exacting through spontaneous desire and self-acknowledgement, than the usual smooth insertions and flaps and primps. The fumbles and stutters, fear and inadequacies or lamebrained brags and insistences would be more like luck than job. He went to bars, first, where he figured sex was the understood but quietly intense pretense and then to adult bookstores where sex was quicker and perfunctory or, at least, privately, perhaps shamefully, merely taken care of. The girls were interviewed before and after about the idea of the film. About what was going to happen and how that changed from expectation to planning gossip or equally typical opinion. Usually it stayed at daily drag level. A relaxed smile instead of a miserable epiphany, never as dangerous or expansive as it could have been, say, meeting the wrong person in the right place. A greater

than controllable desire to commit violent acts against another—real—person was kept at protection if considered at all. It's not crawling perverts of an angry anti-social disposition who find sustenance or locate temporary relief in these places. Only real people, all the same, made to look slightly foolish because of deeply ingrained, largely unfair taboos and false family supported decorum. Not exactly help. Nonetheless, Jamie encourages the action from behind his camera as if he's talking to just such barely-contained scumbags. The men are more reticent than the models. But the audience is already jaded and might get bored if it weren't for the commentary staying at animal. I watch old trolls talk to younger plugs in faggot bars. I hear how I talk to them. And quickly forget what little I want. And how important it can become again. How the alcohol and easy friendly bumps and huffs contort the initial interest into something else entirely. You buy her. You can convince this one. Few of the lonely men, to whom pornography is a misunderstood lifeline of confusion and resentment, realize that in the backs of these bars and shops anything is available. You want to get your dick sucked? Eventually, it won't matter at all. There are too many ways to do something less; all of those degrading tiresome acts that explain you didn't want just a simple sex act in the first place. And yet the offer is always sex. The same exact support system that creates the building you can find. And the racks and cheaper sales that never appealed. And what you have to hear is frustration at having to stick your cock through a glory hole because you think you have to, rather than want to, just like every other simply lying father and grandfather pretending not to be there. Takes work. Takes time.

Jamie has done a few faggot films. Mostly scripted performances or genuinely or politely inquisitive run-throughs. He's done excellent work by just letting his camera record an intimate all but sleep until his petting and mewling finally gets a slightly hungover affectionate response. A roughless transsexual masturbating in an off-street toilet. Some heroin addicts can barely keep their eyes open when they show their assholes. A former girlfriend of Jamie's masturbates to orgasm, half-dreaming above recall, but goaded by Jamie about all the cocks she sees cumming in the peepshow booth she works behind. It all slips together when it works right, while Jamie keeps his camera in front of his face, just above his mouth.

He, literally, over and over again, said fuck it. And paid to say fuck that. He implied why would you want to. Beside the excuses and inquiries and commands, he suggested empathy to manipulation. And lauded recognition to honesty as if it was still there. Lied to let you want it. Convinced himself to be able to act subtext into narrative.

In a three part article he wrote for *Screw* in January 1988, Jamie complained about the then current state of his barely chosen livelihood:

> It was becoming increasingly difficult to take any pride in the work. There were now no more filmmakers, only producers of jerk-off material. The original producers—men like Bob Wolfe—were charting new ground, breaking down boundaries, but the present-day pornographer knows he is just a hack. We started as revolutionaries, became filmmakers and ended up as whores.

Jamie will tell you that within a year or so of that writing he had come up with the idea for his *On The Prowl* series. A seemingly simple idea that required nothing more than a camera,

some legal documents and a woman who was willing somehow to have sex with strangers. A sexually charged idea that created a production line genre called "gonzo" whose market success proved, more than anything, that the original idea was anything but simple. The work that Jamie did in this series and in the variations he continued afterward are separated from the glut and herd by his unique perspicacity and discernment. The california mentality that flattened out the idea into screenplay to lifestyle idiocy was bound to happen. Pornography as an industry rulebook descends to lowest common denominator. And what separates Jamie's work from shock tactic advertising or celebrity egotism was not, directly, merely the assumed severity of the action. It was his need to be there and get it better, or extra, than before he found it where he knew it was. He might pretend that he was reporting but, when he did, it only sounded thin. Or, at least, he didn't come off as dumb to me as those who swallow that shit seem to. Not just because I got to know him. I truly believe that he was looking for a sense of pride, when he says it, but only because he thought he'd found it before.

"I always loved sex and hated to see what was being done for the sake of a dollar."

Jamie will tell you this again in his introductions. Further, he'll talk about his desire for "total honesty"; for "exploration and exposure of the sexual imagination in all its variety"; and his hope that from his efforts "humanity, in all its murky glory, might get to shine through." He'll tell you more about little personalities than positions and parts. Though the latter templates came first and continued to be the critical appreciation of his packaging and editing. Which he was happy to credit to himself when his name was actually placed on a preprinted box cover.

What style of honesty did you locate? What kind of murky appreciation. The form that it takes where you can masturbate to it?

Honesty where someone reaches a breakdown and you only beat yourself off?

Ignore the petty significance of the difference between watching and performing, selling and buying, marketing and manipulating, sinking and learning. You do nothing but watch. You masturbate and nothing really happens to connect the viewer to the product via wish. Back to Grove Press, Genet said, to paraphrase both Sartre and Laing's appreciation of him, that you become both viewer and subject all at the same time when you masturbate. "The failure of pleasure is the acid pleasure in failure." You forget it, you aren't ashamed, and anything you feel for anything you watched suggests nothing inherently confident about what you prefer, avoid or long to connect to. Paying the price of unit-sold empathy does not support the act or spur those without pre-set capabilities or psychosis into further acts. Those who are moved by the attention they receive by gossip or widely distributed reviews most likely would find some other excuse for their encouragement or mottled insecurities. To make a finer point, Genet, as he neared the end of his life, stated that he was done with writing as soon as he was released from prison. And that he intended to move from the "grammatical" to "reality" when he was liberated, physically, from being forced to live inside his head. His new engagement with life was thus dedicated to furthering the voiceless efforts of the disinherited he recognized as himself. Jamie's history of crack whore films, his pimping and violent erudition deserve more than recognition or reprobation. His voice, argue disingenuously as he might have, was his own. Pit. And like the girls he tries and fails and likes to evaluate, it's still his precision point insults that

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come across. We learn very little about what he only pretends to care about. And, if nothing else, the combination of his reticence to grasp something more or less significant and my desperate desire to ugly or pretty it only down to paper, meet at contempt. For her. In transcript form, more Harry Harlow than Jean Genet, but no less corrosive or appreciated.

Ineptitude, poverty, projection. If you're not repulsed by the naked or exposed body, you're not old enough to understand any of the acts performed on it. Or by it. Sex is about age. Pornography isn't sex. If you use a visual stimulus to get you excited enough to need to masturbate. Then it is need, not pornography, that you need to deconstruct. Jamie, in almost all of these films, ended up masturbating so that the film could finish. He'd repeat a single line of focus over and over out loud, melding the insult with the taste with the desire. His obsessive, soothing, mantra that burnt paraphilia from disgust.

It is quite possible to think that these poor dears deserve better. That, as individuals, they are larger than the acts and their very own market worth. That, as intelligent girls with options and wit, they can easily see what happens in a dingy apartment with some smarmy old porn star as no big fucking deal. Same as drug payment. See it romantically. Smarter. Drearily important to only lowlife lonelies. The real comment on pornography begins at the agent's office. The ad in the newspaper that caught your eye at the wrong moment. You can say it was your father or the corner you walked by as a teenager too. You can trust beating the system, enjoy yourself. The story continues on through not saying stop. When it didn't matter enough to say put the camera down. Pretending that no one else sees what you've done with your rejection. Repeat energy exchange when no one sees that first.

What you sold wasn't what I wanted.

Can we start there?

I thought I had a better idea. I relied on what you've been saying, I stopped thinking that way. I had a court tell me I was wrong, or that there was an issue that needed to be examined, and yet it sounds like I still couldn't help it.

And you're not here looking for help, are you?

Who would you want to be?

Someone who takes help? Talks about it all later.

If this is about pornography. It's not about what pornography is supposed to really, or truthfully, fucking honestly, be. It isn't a discussion about its salability as conveniently open ended Art. It, as far as I'm selfishly concerned, isn't about capturing the moment and going somewhere new. Discovering special places and ideas and taking a small but grateful audience along with them. It's also not about the big disgusting business of selling women to lonely stupid men. This is now about how you look when ugly. Unclothed and spread open, enjoying trust. Add the perfectly unnatural or natural depths to which they sink for very little money or easier to spend time. Add respect. In dialogue form. How the immense capacity for humiliation and corporeal invasion never seems to be anything better than ultimately ignored. They can always get over it. They almost always do. Or should. However, there's enough space between these words to measure and count up the chances you had for different. Jamie relies on guilt to form his invective, plays both sides of priest, jealous and pious, listening and using, all at once. This, after all, is hard. He didn't fucking pay you. He asked you. Check the text. He suggested it might be kinder to not include pictures.

I have a tape of Jamie discussing terms with an older black woman, like your maid, in the back seat of his car. He's sat in the front, recording her while he tries to make sure she's going to piss on camera in the street next to his car. She's not going to piss on him, she only has to piss for him while he films it. The talk about money is mainly around her not taking payment and then not being able to urinate. The maid assures Jamie she has to piss and talks about how she's peed on her husband before and that she actually likes the way it feels when she pees on herself. Like when she's too tired to move out of the bed. Perhaps, the viewer thinks, she's too fucked up to do otherwise often enough.

Much of, sadly, what Jamie did adds up to documenting whores. The pejorative direction of the word "whore" gets more succinct when he talks about himself and when you consider the low end market of his releases. They weren't easily available. But common. The cheaper the cost, the more expensive the unit.

> I remember, I was selling it for $20, which was unheard of. I think most tapes at the time were selling for $10. So I was selling it for twice as much as anyone was asking. And I thought, this is revolutionary, this is exciting. And as it turned out I was right. It spawned the gonzo business—not that I had everything to do with it, but I had something to do with it.

And.

> I thought I was going to go into business, I was going to be Jamie Gillis Video. It was going okay, but I didn't want to get into, I guess, being a businessman, doing a company thing. It didn't seem right to me. I was on the phone a lot. I guess I could have hired someone to do it. But somehow, after the first *Prowl*, I didn't feel like getting involved in business. I never had a business head. So I said, well, okay, in future *Prowls*, I'll still have fun doing them, but I'll just go and sell them, whoever wants them. So I think the second one was for General Video. And after that for Vivid.

Jamie may have had the bad taste to imagine that he was somehow above it all by simply being the first, not the best, to do it this way. He was a trick at their job and the part where their job was their personality was where Jamie was more Magnum or Reuters documentarian than pornographer. But only because the audience slops the girls into a single photograph that's typically everyone else's fault and/or problem. Jamie Gillis unintentionally but perfectly completed Andrea Dworkin's redline definition of pornography:

> The word pornography does not mean "writing about sex" or "depictions of the erotic" or "depictions of sexual acts" or "depictions of nude bodies" or "sexual representations" or any other such euphemism. It means the graphic depiction of women as vile whores. In ancient Greece, not all prostitutes were considered vile: only the *porneia*.

Some of the women in this book went on to do other films, some went back to where they wouldn't be recorded. One from the transcripts talks about how she came to Jamie after letting Max Hardcore piss in her mouth. Further back, she talks about her agent, Regan

Senter, who's well known in the porn industry and to the porn documentary audience as a casting couch agent. She became briefly not well known at all as selling herself to men looking for the specific quality of keeping her cunt unkempt to the point of having hair crawl across her thighs and almost up her entire skinny back. I asked Jamie if the close-ups on her face before and after the filmed scene, the so-called friendlier bits, were intended to show that her pupils were dilated. Jamie said he didn't know for sure but that she certainly seemed to be on something. Not on the street, not in his car, but sent to him from an agent that she despised enough to ridicule to her latest trick. But as potentially out of it as any other unlucky crack whore who took perhaps a harder or softer line away. The differences, like the histories, become tedious. She's done a few other interviews on camera, still sold as sex or still sexy behind the scene documentary extras, all acted out as if the camera wasn't working against her. Comes off smarter than most, talked about reading a lot, mostly "erotica from the forties," during her first recorded scene in *Dirty Debutantes*. Also seems keen to adopt a character. Shy. Got prettier. Cries very convincingly.

Another that stayed in the business after working with Jamie, Regan Starr went through roughly the same cartel. More notable now for publicly attacking a larger industry-friendly porn company due to her harsher than usual treatment during filming. In an online interview with a promotional over political concern, she was asked about the differences between working with Max Hardcore and Anabolic. She discussed the by-now obvious reality of reality-style pornography and then her understanding of the consumers' interest in her. Tempting, in an antiquated legal ploy, to point to her suggestions to have her tits slapped by both Jamie and the booth troll she fucks in the transcript presented in the book. As well as in her potentially willfully dangerous tendency to not define the audience on terms other than her expectations of them. She was selected for inclusion in this book chiefly due to the idea of where I liked Jamie introducing girls like her.

> Max Hardcore is a good friend of mine and I don't think I will ever talk badly about him because he always gave me the respect I deserved. His scenes are always rough and the scenes he did with me are probably among the roughest of anything he has done. However, we had an understanding that it was fake and we were acting. There is a big difference between acting and realism. Max was rough, he was kinky and he pushed the limits, but he was also able to stop the cameras and be Max off camera while I was taking a breather and preparing for whatever vulgarity might come next. I will never badmouth Max because of the respect. He talks to me like a human being and like I have brains. He would never do anything to me that I didn't want him to do. There was nothing in those films that I wouldn't do for someone else.

And.

> Anabolic has put out a second tape in their *Rough Sex* line. In the video the women are the victims and the men are the perpetrators. The men get direction to literally perpetrate and abuse women in the videos. Anabolic thinks that it's validated because they say that they talk to the women about the video beforehand. They say that the

women are told that they are going to be smacked and yelled at, then asked if it's still okay. The difference between this sort of film and one by Max Hardcore is that Max is the type of person who will go with what you are feeling. He may ask kinky things of you, but he will not intentionally beat you or hurt you emotionally without a very strong indication that he is acting. With *Rough Sex 2*, where my scene appeared, they called me a week before the shoot to ask me if I would be interested in this sort of film. Having done Max's films, I figured I wouldn't mind being pinched, spanked or talked dirty to. That's pretty common in porn. Every video you see is rougher than at home sex. It's for effect and for the audience. I really don't think Anabolic is putting out a positive vibe to the audience because they are filling their movies with women crying and being hit full force by men twice their size. Even though they talk to women before the scene, the women don't expect to get the shit kicked out of them. No one wants that, so why would they have a video that is completely real and in your face. It's absolutely wrong and I stand by my statement that even though they told me what the video was going to be like, they didn't tell me it was going to be physical abuse and that I shouldn't do it if I was sensitive or faint at heart. They should have said, hey Regan, this is absolutely real. Mickey G is going to strangle you. Mickey G is going to pick you up by your hair. He is going to throw you to the floor and make you cry. He is going to do all these things and we are going to keep filming. If they had said this to me, do you honestly think that I would have agreed to film with that company? I would have walked my ass out. I had no idea that the video was real. I had no idea that I was going to walk out of there traumatized and crying. They have a disgusting line and I think that it should be banned."

I've bought videos of dogs being tortured. I still have a few different ones. A pregnant neighbor stubbing out cigarettes onto her stretched belly and drawling under the noise of being outside and drunk. I think I saw what I wanted from children getting fucked and turned back around in footage from Beslan trades that I never dreamed of seeing in all my years of hunting and hiding. Jamie Gillis' private work was discovered as an earlier part of that same pre-Beslan trawl. I went there finding lonely men. Started again looking for them. Picking out the ones who seemed deranged by safe margin and reasonable within relative expectations. Speed helped.

There's a film series of transsexuals that runs to over fifty volumes, usually five separate its and their scenes per release. They talk to the camera and are paid to do nothing but masturbate. And show their outfits and quality of doctor, I suppose. Another series of dogging films from England that compiles older women looking for shill or common cock, hired from hooker ads and referrals. Regan Senter has a ten-volume set of his casting couch run-throughs. Bought in bulk and released under many different titles, the latest crop advertises internal cumshots when there are no cumshots at all. Because Regan didn't care, it seems. The films merely record what the girls will do if he agrees, as their agent, to send them on jobs in the future. Doing this with better training and aesthetic understanding. A few, heavily touted, have gone on to do other films. With Jamie, for example. An early edit of one of the *Back On The Prowl* volumes even featured an interview with Regan. The monotony of

Senter's collection is compelling and worthwhile as pornography that exists solely as mindfully sifted numbers and length added up to record. It works, very well, as theory. And miserably as sex if special is part of the definition. Even if you tend to recognize the hardly questionable appeal of older men humping briefly on younger, not quite naïve, stupid girls looking for a job. Or the embarrassment that public release centers the truth as to how far you've grown or slid back. These are not documents that require much return.

The first idea for this book was to let the words on the page pin, not reflect, the presumptive action between the models. One idea being that watching and wanting pornography might be getting in the way of watching and wanting pornography. The people filmed are lessened by life, not pornography. Not by the tiny day wasted creating their wash up part in pornography. It could be about the choices they made before and after. But, here, stilled, it is all during. The money spreading lifestyle inculcated. The flesh comes after the brain and the brain is largely, perfectly politely, disengaged. If one is feeling kind. They've all been lying or stupid for all these years. So much so that they don't even blink anymore. And now they shouldn't. The things probably don't watch the things. It might be necessary to not even think about it. Let alone plan it.

In the interview with a black porn actress who's starting to question and regret the highly focused arena into which she's been relaying her history of child sexual abuse, Jamie tells her:

"Well, the thing is ... it turns people on, some people, a lot of people, but the other point is it's a way to deal with things and get it out there. You're not saving anybody by keeping this hidden in the closet, you know what I'm saying?"

And then he tells others. What she says. As expected.

Tells another one:

"This is a good job, isn't it? Isn't this a good job, huh? Isn't this a good job?"

Seems unfair. Or more than that, seems blind to its own sickness—where one would be rooting constantly for sexual crumbs in everyday sexless life. Where it doesn't belong, shouldn't be or, at the very least, requires some discipline to surmount or fix. Only a hog, a sick old cocksucking troll, finding comfort where others spot oralism, struggles to find the unreal empty differences between the communal feedings and the absent self-control. Keens the ridiculous ring of "Today is different" and settles into enjoy it.

Just across from the racks attached to the wall, Dad, are the booths. Where more money is made for the owners that, in turn actually, fund the limited stock. The lousy inflated profit margins attached to all the films that someone made, copied, shipped and watched not sell are in reality, shills. Ringers. This isn't what's on sale. At all. That isn't where the money comes from.

From an interview with Jamie published in a local *SF weekly*:

> It's really not so much about pushing the envelope for me in my fetish videos. It's more about having a good time, about doing things that seem appropriate at the moment with the right person. There's never any question of forcing a person to do something. It's all fantasy and fun. A lot of women actually like getting kicked in the ass. So do a lot of men.

And:

> What is a creep? Well, what you have to understand is, I understand is, I wanted to see how far Kiki would go in that scene. I felt she had this anger in her and I just wanted to let her know that she could keep going with it. 'C'mon baby. You wanna break the place up? Alright. You wanna spit on me and call me a creep? C'mon, do it.' (laughs) So I was encouraging her to act out to whatever degree she wanted. Let's put it this way. I would have called myself anything at that point if I felt it would get a reaction out of her. And I did. I don't really care where it goes: they can be the creep, I can be the creep, they can be the slut, whatever. It doesn't matter. As long as something happens.

Someone somewhere is always going to get the wrong idea. A rimmer who really does feel like a creep and can't fuck anything without a clear sense of their worthlessness in front of such a beautiful but misguided someone makes you feel, not just appear, ugly. Ugly becomes, naturally, not progressively, ugly. A fat cocked cunt who explains his allowable degradations as simple manipulations. A glory hole expert who realizes that old age means more and more submissive roles just to be able to be close to the heat he's so used to missing. Keep the section where Jamie tells the squat nigger hooker to act like a monkey and even hands her a banana. Chews and chokes on his shit as they bitch over money explicitly needed for drugs. A vengeful desolate gets to respond to the parts where the naked but gainfully employed girls cry. As in the Eve transcript where Jamie finally provokes the simmering young lady with the brief failure's past in pornography to finally lick her own vomit off of his erection as he sits on a toilet. Or when the overly ethnic Heidi, falling far short of anything remotely attractive for someone so willing to make her supplemental income from sex, wells up and over to spit and drool in fashion more likely to be method-y verisimilitude than real fucking pain and hate. Overacting, once again, as expected in niche.

And it gets worse. The language starts to sound familiar even when the acts and instructions are not. The language that Jamie evolves mirrors, or perhaps cynically mimics, the words so often used in altruistic and ecumenical relationships.

The truth and honesty that Jamie wants to see is not absolute. You don't look in ditches expecting to find more than sewage. I was sold *porneia*. Cows. The idea of truth is used to further, and indelibly stamp, Jamie's own insidious debilitating lust or dearth for his own truth. An intimate portrait of lies picked and sculpted by years of comfortable acquiescence and showy mediocrity. More deft than helpful, Jamie Gillis does seem to enjoy what the girls have to say. He keeps them talking throughout the videos and would seem to be excited by any new information or startling twist. There just doesn't seem to be as many as there should be.

Maybe I was looking at the wrong bit.

Offering up your degradation is the easiest way to see the same in someone else. It never evens out. And the women, here, come off worse for their unexamined pliability if not for their deadened refusal to accept any sense of responsibility other than the typical and tired financial hardships of modern urban lifestyles then, certainly, for their revolting acceptance of the spewing and flushing contempt of those who explain hog feeding nature

as giving and nurturing. Only a dog would take it. Only a pet would trust it. Only something far lower would repeat it back to the same friendly farmer that gave it to her. Dignity never did exist. So don't worry about it. You had what you thought someone talked about, wrote, gave. You don't believe it, do you? Not after what you've been through. Not after all this.

Some of these wriggling wet models are psychotically damaged. Their function and contorted regret readable, bound to posterity. As if that works. Most aren't.

Jamie: So was your sister beaten by your mother?

Separate nature from representation. What were you expecting? What haven't you heard before?

This could be where you learn what's really worthless. It would be nice if this is the part where you reach down and realize that for every single fucking little word that you tell yourself: about how you learned about you, about others, about love and nature, truth and honesty and about how you really feel now that you've been forced to sit in it.

This is where you stick. As if you're a stupid cunt that needs to be helped along. As if I'm not fucking apologizing. Go on, be lazy.

This book is not an introduction to an oeuvre. In fact, Jamie had voiced concern that the selection of transcripts represented a deceptively imprecise view of his greater efforts and interests. It does. The importance of Jamie Gillis' vision versus the artistic service of an elemental greater good is yours to play with. This can be as much a biography as the reductionists among you want it to be. The camp fascination with seventies porn and the sleazy wish that is supposed to represent a freer or more reckless mindset is usually held to fast by those who don't know where to look for the same fucking thing nowadays. Porn was what was shown in video peep booths to provide opportunities, or exploit the need, to fuck and suck strangers. Cum on floors, look at what you want to cum at. It is now men uploading photos of themselves masturbating on private photos that they've only just downloaded and printed. There are flat color photos of your little children, fully clothed, luckily enough, stained and torn under the liquid waste of men whose sole delight is fitting the tip and shaft of their softening spent dripping cocks into the bottom of a photo of a photo. Truly stupid women write the history of faggotty Times Square as told to them by their repentant husbands. The entire history of the so-called sexual revolution is, in fact, only available, precisely, in legal briefs and rolling contradictory law decisions.

It seems to be just a stop past chronic masturbation. Where the real audience for art and pornography finally twist into reality. The ones that struggle with the conceits of both salesmen and conceptualizers and seem more than willing, if not sadly needful, to listen to any and all arguments just as long as it provides, not necessarily an orgasm, but more than likely some clumsy grasp on their situation as befuddled but engaged outsiders. These poor greasy fellas will tell you that their interest is in the service of something far less reliable than just another self-administered cum or helped along peep. Afterwards.

Insert Cruelty for Truth. Stop at worthless. Unnecessary. So you bought time.

Jamie: So—what did you ... I know you're embarrassed about this but ... What would you like to be doing? Did you have some kind of—did you go to school or is there something else you wanted to do or hoped to do or ...?

It all continues to strike me as very cruel.

PURE FILTH INTRODUCTION

JAMIE GILLIS

I HAD FINALLY HAD ENOUGH. It was 1989 and I had been a porn star for almost 20 years. The movie I was working on that day was especially boring and stupid and we were all just basically sleepwalking through it. There was no real sex going on—just a group of people wondering who they had to fuck so they could get paid and go home. That's essentially the situation on most porn sets—it's a business. But I always loved sex and I hated to see what was being done to it for the sake of the dollar. Sure there's a big audience for people who want to see whores fuck for money—but there's something so dead about that, don't ya think?

I wanted to liven things up. The movie was going into endlessly long, dreary hours and I said to Duck Dumont, the co-producer/director, "Who cares about this. Why don't we just throw a girl in a car and drive around and pick up guys who will want to to play with her." My thought was that if there was only one whore involved, then we could get a semblance of real passion—the guys wouldn't be paid, they would be there for the sex. Wow! a revolutionary idea! A sex film with real sex! It might have all died right there, but Duck, ever the classy guy, said "Okay, but let's use a limo." I wasn't happy about the limo. I dreamed of raunchy, sleazy sex without any Hollywood gloss, but I figured, hey he liked the idea and was willing to bankroll it, that was a good start—I was now going to be a filmmaker instead of just another whore.

On the Prowl breathed life into a stagnant industry—billions have been made from the "Gonzo" phenomenon it spawned. Not that I ever made real money—the *Prowl* series has not done that well, perhaps people can't take too much reality. There was one scene. for example, when a girl was contemptuous of a guy we picked up, and I recorded her contempt rather than suggest she fake any interest. A fan wrote to complain that he liked the reality aspect of the video, but that this one girl seemed really bored. I explained to him that reality wasn't about coaxing girls into pretending to enjoy themselves. Reality was reality. He replied, "Man, that's great, I didn't think you were actually taking it that far. I like it even more now."

Another Gonzo series I created was infinitely more successful. *Dirty Debutantes* had girls on camera for the first time. I never thought I'd need a contract about this series with a good buddy, who later told a judge that the whole idea was his, and that we were never partners, or even friends. I had originally planned to do the "Dirty Deb" series with Duck, and had already started shooting it, but it was explained to me by my new "friend" that since Duck was a shrewd operator and I was an innocent in business, I ought to do this new project with him. Let that be a lesson to you. It was for me.

In any case, this book is not the tragicomedy of my life, it's about the porn industry returning to its roots, about making videos that are as pure and filthy as possible—more like the early days in the '70s when we fucked for the fun of it, and the money was just gravy.

Unfortunately, all the other guys who are doing gonzo work are setting up the scenes, and are using hired actors and telling them what specific sex acts to perform, so boredom is still rampant. I'm not saying that the work of guys like John Leslie, Joey Silvera and John Stagliano haven't caught me looking, but gonzo porn has simply come to refer to videos where some of the actors talk directly to the camera. Sure enough, it is that, but it also means suggests danger, spontaneity, and no fake moans and groans.

Sometimes, just for fun, I will tell the girl to moan and groan camera, but I record that dialogue—it offers the possibility of being surprised, and it even suggests words like "Bonsai," "Geronimo," and other old war cries. It suggests fun and wonder, and the exploration and exposure of sexual imagination.

With that in mind, the following excerpts from my videos contain sexual situations that were taped with as little structure and planning as possible in hope that a little humanity in all its murky glory might get to shine through.

SAIN

ON THE PROWL

I LOVE THE *PROWLS*—all of them. Not every scene is a great success and I'm no genius when it comes to the technical stuff, but getting out there and offering strangers a pretty girl is a big thrill for me.

Doing the first *Prowl* was one of the great experiences of my life. I was very upbeat and happy about it, because I really felt I was doing something new and wonderful, and was horrified by the way the whole experience was represented in *Boogie Nights*. P.T. Anderson turned it into a nightmare which bore no resemblance to the actual experience of making *On The Prowl*. We had absolutely no idea of what would happen that first night. We were just taking a shot and hoping to end up with a video. We parked the limo outside the Condor club in San Francisco's North Beach district, and quickly attracted two sailors who decided to get in and fool around with Renee Morgan, our girl for the evening. Carl had sex with Renee, but Shawn complained of drunkenness and couldn't perform. Some months later Shawn's lawyer called me to say that Shawn was in the brig and the Navy wanted him out. They were going to use *Prowl* for court martial material. His lawyer said that Carl was better liked by the Navy and that he wasn't to be charged. I explained that this would be a fun story for the press, since only the impotent sailor was arrested, and that he should tell the Navy that if Shawn wasn't released immediately they would be in for some big embarrassment. The lawyer called soon after to thank me for my help and to say that Shawn was out of the brig and charges were dropped due to my intervention.

After dropping off Carl and Shawn, we drove over to the Union St. area, where there are lots of singles bars, and at one point were almost mobbed by horny guys. One of the guys we let in, Lars, seemed to be interested in Renee, and the scene actually seems rather romantic.

We called an industry lawyer after the video was shot to see if we might expect to encounter any problems with this new form of entertainment. After explaining what we did, he said "burn it, bury it." He said that it was one thing to use low-life porn stars in a video, but it was another thing entirely to entice decent young citizens. What if we should pick up a Senator's son? Why the law would descend on the whole industry blah, blah, blah. I liked his "burn it, bury it" comment, so I put it on the box, and sold the tape that way.

JAMIE: Well, here we are, driving around in San Francisco, going down to North Beach, where I'm going to get an espresso to keep me up for the night. A friend of mine, Linda, is on my left and Renee Morgan, who is really the star of the film, is on my right. Linda is just along for the ride, maybe we'll keep her, maybe we'll get rid of her, we'll see. And the idea is we're just going to go around town tonight and pick strangers off the street—men, maybe a woman, maybe we'll go to a dyke bar—and see if they want to fool around with Renee and see what we—see what we get. I think it'll be entertaining.
RENEE: We all do.

RENEE: My name is Renee Morgan and I'm waiting for Jamie Gillis to get back with his espresso so he's got lots of energy for tonight. I'm rather excited … excited about what's going to happen. I don't really know what's going to happen but we're going to find some strangers and see what we could do with them. It's kind of a first time for me so just hang in there and we'll see what we can come up with.

JAMIE: So, here we are standing outside the Condor in San Francisco, where Carol Doda went topless, or something, for the first time in history—I don't know. Anyway, standing here with Renee and we're trying to see if we could pick up somebody in this group of people.
RENEE: Looks a little grim.
JAMIE: Yeah.
RENEE: But we'll put our heart into it.
JAMIE: Yeah, we hope to find someone coming up …
(Condor Barker)
JAMIE: Oh—we can't do this here?
CONDOR BARKER: No. I'm sorry , the boss is worrying about it.
JAMIE: So, he doesn't want us on camera here.
CONDOR BARKER: I guess he doesn't want it. I don't know. Unless you want to pay for it—that's up to you. You want to talk to him, you could, yeah, work a deal.
JAMIE: Oh yeah? All right. I guess we'll just move on.
CONDOR BARKER: I'm sorry.
JAMIE: Well, we're going back in the car now because, what you heard, the man who owns the Condor wants us to pay to stand here and we don't want to do that.

CARL: I know him.
SHAWN: Shawn.
JAMIE: Chad? C-H-A-D like?
SHAWN: S-H-A-W-N like.
JAMIE: S-H-A-W-L-I? S-H-A-W-L-I—what the hell is that? All right. Shawli.
So, what you guys doing out here tonight?
CARL: We're just out, running around, trying to find a good time.
JAMIE: Oh yeah—(laughs) Well, you want to have a good time with Renee here? This is one of my co-workers. My movie star buddies. You guys have seen X-rated films?
CARL: Yes. I know who you are. I don't know your name.

JAMIE: I see. Jamie is my name. Jamie Gillis.
CARL: Jamie. That's right.
JAMIE: That's right.
RENEE: I'm new in the business. I've made over one hundred films. And this is a new film we're working on tonight. And you could possibly be involved.
JAMIE: Yeah. Actually, we're working on a film tonight. The concept is we're just gonna pick up people on the street, guys, maybe a dyke here and there, and see if they want to fool around with Renee in the car (laughs)—they could do it. You know. And that's basically the story. You know. You got—you know—we take you into the car and you could feel her up or do whatever you want to her. That's the story.
RENEE: Blow job. Sex. You know. Or none of the above. Just walk on, stroll through the evening and …
JAMIE: Or whatever. That's what we're doing out here.
RENEE: That's what we're doing.
JAMIE: I could see you saying, 'Gee, what the hell is this, Carl, let's move on' (laughs).
No—what's your reaction? Just tell me right now.
CARL: Well, what do you think?
SHAWN: No problem.
CARL: No problem.
JAMIE: You really want to get in this car?
CARL: What's the catch, though?
JAMIE: There's no catch.
RENEE: No catch.
JAMIE: If you want to call it a catch—when you come in, you have to just, you know, we'll give you a release that says if your footage appears anywhere that's ok with you. That's the only thing. Otherwise … so, if you don't want your mother to see …

JAMIE: OK, well, you could stay in the car. You could both sit there. But she means, like, you know …
RENEE: The car's not big enough for me to take on the two.
JAMIE: Yeah, ah …
CARL: What do you say?
JAMIE: So, you know, you're not obliged to do anything special. But whatever you feel like doing, it's ok with us. If you want to do anything serious, we got condoms if you want that … What do you think?
CARL: What do you say?
RENEE: I'm very professional at what I do so …
JAMIE: She's pretty good. Yeah. I just worked with her so, I know.
SHAWN: No problem.
JAMIE: Ok, well, let's go.
RENEE: Well, why don't you decide between you guys?
JAMIE: Well, they're going to come in the back, right? We can't separate them. You guys are together, right? They're friends.

OK. Linda, do you want to—So, Linda's going to move so we have room in the back seat.

FAN: I know you.

JAMIE: How you doin' fella?

FAN: How you doin buddy? I got a couple of your tapes.

JAMIE: You do? Well ah …

FAN: Good tapes.

JAMIE: Thank you. Thank you.

FAN: Nice to see you.

JAMIE: All right. So, Carl is here now, signing his full release that says—you know—

CARL: I don't want to use my full name.

JAMIE: No—we're not going to give you any credit. We're not going to make a star out of you. (laughs) So, they're just signing their lives away here so that … um—If you want credit, we'll put it, so, if you want to make up a name like Big Stud, Gregory Pecker, Ben Dover or … Otherwise …

CARL: So, you've been doin' this for a long time?

JAMIE: Before you were born, kid. Yeah. That's why … I just hang a microphone and go out and get going.

(kiss)

JAMIE: All right. So, you guys make yourself at home. Comfortable, if you can. Do whatever you feel like doin' (laughs). I think Shawn has kissed girls before. Somehow I have that feeling.

RENEE: Can I get a tissue back here so I can get my lipstick off?

JAMIE: Take it off? It's goin' off on Shawn. Looks fine. Looks fine. Looks beautiful. I like that look. Lipstick all over the place. It's hot.

(tit suck)

JAMIE: It's getting me off, I tell you.

(spreads legs, bra off)

JAMIE: Yeah, yeah, yeah—lookin' good.

(Carl hard)

JAMIE: Mmm. Ooof. Yeah. Shit. Fuckin' cunt. Mmmm. Yeah. Shit.

(blow job)

CARL: You don't have to watch.

JAMIE: Hey—he's doin' what he wants to do. Mmmm. That's it. Yeah. Mmmm. You want some head, Shawn? You want some head?

SHAWN: I don't know why … but he's not up to the job yet.

JAMIE: Ok. Hey—hey, listen, that happens to all of us, you know, it happens on film with me sometimes. But if you want her to play around with you, you know …

(giggles)

JAMIE: You know, you don't have to have a hard dick when you come out of your

pants. This is not—you're not working for a living, you know what I'm saying. This is a …

SHAWN: You been in a lot of movies?

JAMIE: Yeah. A few hundred.

SHAWN: A few hundred?

(laughs)

JAMIE: Mmmm.

(condom)

CARL: I'll take the rubber off.

JAMIE: Ok. But, if you're gonna shoot, Carl, we'd like you to shoot outside, ok? You know—'cause we do that in films, you know how films are, everyone does that.

(blow job)

JAMIE: You ok, Shawn?

(mount)

CARL: Oh yes. There we go.

JAMIE: You want to touch her Shawn, or anything, just go ahead. Anything you want to do, it's all right.

(moans)

JAMIE: And if you're gonna cum, Carl, just pull it out and jerk off, ok?

(tugs down pants)

JAMIE: That's it, go for it. Go on, Shawn.

There you go … yeah, that's good, yeah, yeah.

CARL: I'm not going to cum yet. You'll know when, trust me.

(masturbates soft)

SHAWN: Must be too drunk, man.

JAMIE: Don't worry about it. Just relax. Doesn't matter. We're not paying you anyway.

SHAWN: Huh?

JAMIE: We're not paying you. So you don't have to do anything.

RENEE: Oh yeah, ooh. Ooh. Mmmm. Uh uh.

CARL: Ok. Ok.

(finishing suck)

JAMIE: Ohhh. Go, baby, go. Go for it, yeah, go, go, go, go, yeah. Ooh. Yeah. Oh fuck. Ooh. Uh. Whoa. Yeah.

(cum)

JAMIE: Towel?

Ok. Here goes a towel for Carl, who did a fantastic job for his first—his first—time on video.

RENEE: One down.

JAMIE: His amazing—

CARL: Y'all say this all the time.

JAMIE: No. Whatta'ya mean? This is the first time. You were great.

RENEE: All right. Shawn, you want anything? You want a little head or anything? No? You're ok?

SHAWN: No. The little guy won't get hard.
JAMIE: All right, babe—alright—hey—nine out of ten guys, under these circumstances, won't ever get hard. Believe me. So, you know …
CARL: Whoa.
JAMIE: That was good stuff. Good stuff.
CARL: So, when will this film be out? What will the name of it be?
JAMIE: Uh—Well—I don't know what we're gonna call it. Ah—And I'm not sure when it'll be out. But … Can you hear Carl from here? But you might want to start looking for it in a few months.

(laughs)

JAMIE: I'll tell you the truth, we don't even know if this is going to be a film. We're just fucking around tonight. Really. it's never been done.
RENEE: We're just experimenting.
JAMIE: So, if it works, get enough footage … you know …
RENEE: There's nothing to worry about anyway, because the percentage of people that you know that see it will be, like, next to none.
JAMIE: Yeah. Sure. Right Carl?

(laughs)

JAMIE: Anyway, you know, you're obviously just off the street. An innocent guy seduced by this wicked woman. Nobody's going to think you did anything bad. You know what I mean?

ON THE PROWL (later that night)

JAMIE: We picked three of the hottest studs in the bar there. People were swarming all over Renee. Unfortunately, we couldn't go there with the camera so you could see that but I assure you that was the case. And the car was sort of mobbed with people. Not mobbed—but there was a bunch of guys standing around, sort of wanting to get in, sort of thinking about getting in, half drunk, half not. There was police across the street, so we didn't want to make too much of a fuss, so we picked these three top quality guys and said 'Hey, get in the car and let's get the fuck outta here.' And so, here we are, running around San Francisco with Renee and—want to give your first name or—?
JUAN: Juan.
JAMIE: Juan! Ok, Juan and—?
LARS: Lars.
JAMIE: Lars and…?
JOEY: Joey.
JAMIE: Joey. Lars and Joey. So, I don't know what's going to happen, it gets a little crowded in the back seat with all this stuff going on, but we'll just take it from here. See what happens, ok?
RENEE: It's a little crowded. With five people.
JAMIE: I know. Well, listen, we'll do the best we can. You know, we'll do the best we can.
RENEE: (Holds up three fingers)

JAMIE: Three? (laughs) There's only three people here?

Ok. So—I would just say we'll wing it. Now, you can't see anything if the guys are sitting here, right, Al, if they're sitting over here? Ok—so, we'll just work it out. If you want to park somewhere or … And I would say anything is cool from here. Right?

Do you want to get in the middle, hon, so we could …?

RENEE: Maybe you should get over there and someone else should get over here.

JAMIE: Ok, all right, that's a good idea, I guess … So, you want to step back here, Lars, see what happens?

Boy—what a world …

JAMIE: So, here we are with Lars and Juan in the back. We're putting—John is it?

JOEY: Joey.

JAMIE: … Joey on hold for a second while—'cause, you know, we can't have everybody in the back.

So, you guys could do anything or nothing, you know, whatever you feel like doing. We're just fucking around.

(kissing)

JOEY: Is that literally or figuratively?

JAMIE: Literally or figuratively. Whatever.

(wipes lipstick)

JAMIE: I like your smeared lipstick baby, it looks nice and trampy. C'mon, leave it on, leave it, leave it, I love trampy lipstick.

RENEE: You guys … just going to watch?

JAMIE: You don't have to watch. You can watch. You can grab her or whatever you guys feel like doing is ok. You know.

(beer)

RENEE: What's anything, Jamie …? He's MCing this.

JAMIE: I don't know. I'm just hanging out here.

JOEY: I'm going to get near the action.

JAMIE: You could jerk off, you know, whatever feels good. Guys, you know, hang out.

(feels tit)

JAMIE: That's it—Go get her, go get that fuckin' slut, yeah, go get her.

(group gropes)

JAMIE: Go get her, yeah, go get her, yeah, mmmm.

(moans)

JAMIE: Yeah, yeah, mmmm.

Yeah, go get that bitch. Go get that bitch. Yeah—see that pussy—ok.

RENEE: Wait, wait.

JAMIE: Yeah, don't hurt her, we've got to use her again.

RENEE: (laughs) I need a beer.

JAMIE: A beer, baby? Yeah, baby, there's a beer.

RENEE: Let's see who has the first cock.

(fishnets)

RENEE: Leave 'em on.
JAMIE: You can do anything you want to her, just don't take her socks off.
RENEE: (laughs)
JOEY: What came over me?
RENEE: (laughs) Let me suck you guys.
(Lifts hands from crotch)
RENEE: You guys want to pick?

(blow job)
JAMIE: Suck that dick, baby, yeah, suck that fuckin' dick—yeah. Yeah.
She a good cocksucker, Juan?
JUAN: Yeah.
JAMIE: Nice work, baby. Nice.
RENEE: Don't be nervous.
JOEY: Oh, I'm not nervous at all.
RENEE: (moans)
(Lars)
RENEE: I want to suck his cock.
(blow job)
JAMIE: Hey. Open up. See your face. Hey cocksucker. I just want to see you suck cock. That's good. That looks good.
(kissing)
RENEE: There's more beer next to you.
(blow job)
JAMIE: Mmmm. Nice. That's it. Suck it. Mmmmm. Phwwww. Nice. Phwwww.
(readjusts)
JAMIE: Nice, baby, nice.
(Juan)
RENEE: You've got your pants back on?
JAMIE: You want to get off, Lars—you want to just jerk off on her?
LARS: I'm ok.
JAMIE: Ok.
RENEE: It's just not ...
JAMIE: Well, I don't know, it's ah ... I don't need any ...
RENEE: It's so crowded in here.
JAMIE: I mean, you know, if these guys have all they want, then, you know, it's—anything else? You want to do or are you ok?
'Cause, you know, we'll just wrap it and take you back or you can continue if you want or whatever.
Are you ok?
JOEY: Oh, I'm fine.
RENEE: (laughs)
JAMIE: Anybody want to get off or do anything else tonight?

JOEY: If I could, I would.
RENEE: (laughs)
JAMIE: Ok. Well, no obligation. So, Juan, how was your blow job? All right?
JUAN: It was good.
JAMIE: Good blow job? But you don't feel any need to get off or anything?
JUAN: No. I'm set.
(tit gropes)
(masturbates)
JAMIE: Spread your legs, Renee, yeah, spread it. Yeah, that's it. Good. Yeah.
(fingers)
JAMIE: Open it up. Mmmmm.

JAMIE: Ok. Is Mondo here?
AL: She's outside.
JAMIE: We gotta start goin' back.
... Maybe keep it rolling on the way back.
(separate)
(cleans)
JAMIE: So, you guys want to go back to Pierce Street? Ok, so, we'll go back to the bar. Ok, Mondo, Ok?
(Joey)
RENEE: Thirsty, huh?
(Jamie)
RENEE: I hear you laughing.

JAMIE: All right, so, what's happened is that Joey and Juan have left and Lars has requested that he stay behind by himself and maybe get a little more—have a little more things his way, without too many prying eyes. So, since Lars is such a nice and good looking young guy and he seems to be really happy here, we've granted that wish. And now Lars can do—spread out a little and ... relax.
(blow job)
JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
(cleans)
RENEE: A little hair right there.
(blow job)
RENEE: Oh, you're so hard.

(condom fuck)
RENEE: Oh. Oh. Oh. You're so hard. Oh god. Mmmmm.
JAMIE: Lars, when you're ready to cum, just pull off the condom and jerk off outside of her. Ok? ... So we could see it.
RENEE: Oh, oh, oh. Mmmmm. Ahh, oh, mmmmm. God, you're ... uh, mmm. (gurgle, mumble) Oh yeah, oh yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah, give it to her, baby. Yeaaaahh ...

RENEE: Oh yeah, harder, harder, baby, oh god, uh, god, oooh, oh, oh. I want you to cum in me, oh god, it's so deep.

(louder)

RENEE: Cum baby, I want you to cum baby, my pussy, my pussy wants you to cum ... Ohhh, mmmmm. Goddammit. Oh, mmmm, ooohh.

Oh cum, yeah, cum, baby, my pussy, baby, yeah, oh god, oh fuck me, oh yeah, fuck.

JAMIE: Lars, can you back off a little, so we can see the action? Yeah, that's it. Great. Great. Fuck her, yeah.

LARS: Should I pull the rubber off?

JAMIE: Pull the rubber off and cum outside. When you're ready. That's it. Make it come out and pull it out. Yeah.

I want to see you shoot, that's all.

RENEE: Fuck. Oh god. Baby. It's so hard. Oh baby. Ooh, ooh, ooh.

JAMIE: Ok, show us some strokes, Lars, pull it in and out, that's it, show it ... that's right. That's right, good, that's great. Fuck her, yeah ...

Good! That's great. Yeah. Yeah. Good.

RENEE: Oh yeah. You're so fucking hard. Oh yeah. You know I love it.

(condom off)

JAMIE: Yeah. Take it off. That's it. Shoot. That's it. You gonna spurt? That's it ... oooh ...

That's right.

(condomless fuck)

JAMIE: That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's right.

(cum outside)

JAMIE: Great.

RENEE: Great.

JAMIE: Great. Shit. Good stuff.

(kissing)

JAMIE: Nice stuff. Good stuff. Mmmm. Ok.

(towel clean)

JAMIE: So, how was it?

LARS: It was great.

JAMIE: (laughs) So, you're glad we got rid of the other guys?

So, were you expecting to get laid tonight?

LARS: I was supposed to meet somebody tonight, but I didn't think it was going to be her.

JAMIE: (laughs) So ... who were you supposed to meet? A girlfriend?

LARS: Nah, just a friend of mine.

JAMIE: A guy?

LARS: No.

JAMIE: Oh. A girl.

RENEE: A girlfriend.

JAMIE: A girlfriend?

LARS: Well, not a girlfriend …
RENEE: But … yeah …
JAMIE: Oh, a girl. So, this turned out better than you expected?
LARS: (nods yes)
RENEE: Me too. (laughs)
(fixes panties)
JAMIE: (grunts) Hot shit. Hot shit.
(Lars)
RENEE: There's your shirt.
(kissing)
JAMIE: You look like you want to move in, Lars, I don't know … (laughs)
RENEE: Intense.
JAMIE: Ok, we'll give you guys a break from the lights now.
Oh. nasty, nasty, nasty.

JAMIE: Well, that was a pretty hot scene, baby. He was kinda cute, wasn't he, that Lars one?
RENEE: He was. For a short boy, he really came through for me. I was really proud of him.
JAMIE: Yeah, he liked it. He was sincere about it. He needed it.
RENEE: For a boy—you know, just meeting him off the street in a bar. I just can't believe it. I was really proud of him.
JAMIE: Well, he was into you, you know. No question about that.
RENEE: Thanks, Jamie, it was really interesting. And great idea. Great idea.
JAMIE: Yeah, it was fun. Bye.
(kiss)

BACK ON THE PROWL 2
(part 1)

AND SOMETIMES YOU THINK YOU MIGHT BE FALLING IN LOVE. There she is at the world famous World Modeling Agency in Los Angeles (they have probably supplied 85% of all the girls that have ever stripped for a camera) and you can't believe your eyes or your luck.

She doesn't make you want to fuck and degrade her, she makes you want to say, "You precious darling. What has happened? Why are you here? Come with me right now—no need to pack. I'll buy you whatever you need. We'll go to Hawaii—one of the smaller islands—and we'll lie on the beach, and you'll tell me your life story in every detail—the name of your sixth grade teacher, for example, leave nothing out. I want your story to mix into my blood and bones and become part of me." Of course, you can't afford such a gesture, you're here to do a job and she's here to get one, so, instead, you have to tell her that the two of you will hang out in a dirty bookstore until you find a stranger for her to fuck, and that if she comes with you right now she's got the job. She follows you in her car and you get to a light that is about to turn red, and you go for it, and she is behind you and she goes for it too—because god forbid she should lose you and this opportunity—and the cop takes off after her, and you plead with him, "Give me the ticket, she was just trying to follow me." "Sorry sir, can't do that." And she's got no insurance, she's in a lot of trouble, and what you are paying her doesn't begin to cover it, but she's still smiling. SHE'S AN ANGEL. "You are not to blame, don't be silly," she says—and you are falling deeper, because she seems immune to catastrophe. She can teach you how to live.

And now you're in the "adult" bookstore, and the first guy the two of you approach is as overwhelmed as you are—he has gone there to rent a dirty movie and now he is in love. As if to back up the joke, tonight's moon is gloriously full. I send him into a shop to make a photocopy of his driver's license (it's a federal requirement now to be able to prove the age and identity of performers in x-rated films) and he comes out with a stuffed doll as a gift for his newfound goddess.

We drive to one of the seedy Los Angeles hotels that I like to use to emphasize the sleaziness of my vision, and he is almost too much in love to fuck—"I'm nervous"—so she gently guides him along, and he comes real quick, and he leaves feeling foolish and embarrassed, and she is somewhat bewildered about him leaving "just like that." "Hope I didn't scare him off," she worries. I explain to her that men are creeps, and don't deserve her, and masochistically encourage her to agree, and she tosses his doll in the garbage and spits on it, and then she spits on my face because I point out that I am also a creep. And I get on my knees and masturbate as she sits in a chair and teases me by lightly running her hands

over her body, which is clothed not like some whore, but with the much more seductive simplicity of a real woman, and I squirt the child we will never have onto the filthy rug in this cheap hotel, and she smiles and races off into the night, ready to slam into her next accident–which I pray will allow her to remain so lovely and disfigured.

And I just lay there, bewildered, wondering what the hell just hit me.

KIKI: Hi—I want to say hi to mom and dad. (laughs) They'll probably see this.
JAMIE: Dad will?
KIKI: (laughs) Well … yeah. You see a camera, that's what everybody says.
JAMIE: All right. I see.
KIKI: Or they say I'm going to Disneyworld so …
JAMIE: And just because the camera's on, doesn't mean you have to perform, we like looking at you. I mean, you don't—I mean, it's nice if you're talking and telling us things but, you know, it's ok, we're checking you out too. So … but if you have something to say; anything you want to say before we go in the store?
KIKI: Um … yeah, it's a full moon so …
JAMIE: It is a full moon.
KIKI: Yeah.
JAMIE: So let's see what we can find. Probably some horny guys in there. Full moon, huh?
KIKI: Yeah. (laughs) I hope so. It's a good sign.

JAMIE: Now, Victor, I know this sounds strange 'cause you just came here for some jerk-off stuff tonight. A little video maybe, or a magazine or … tell me … right? This is the last thing you were expecting to find, right?
VICTOR: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Ok.
VICTOR: Very last.
JAMIE: But I could tell you—'Cause you've seen me—you know that I've been in movies, that helps, you know that this is legitimate. I'm not a total madman. I'm a little half madman. But I went and got Kiki today so I could shoot a scene for my *On The Prowl* videos. I think it's gonna be called *On The Prowl At The Dirty Book Store.* So, anyway, I know she seems a little shy but—turn around, show your butt—I know black guys like butt. Now, for a white girl that's not a bad butt, is it?
VICTOR: No. Not at all.
JAMIE: Not at all.

This is available tonight, Victor. That's it. Just a little tease. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. Good girl. That's it. Good girl. That's a baby. Good girl. That's a girl.
VICTOR: You know, my heart is actually skipping a beat.
JAMIE: Well, I understand. I'm excited.
KIKI: My nipples are really getting hard too.
JAMIE: And her nipples are getting hard. She's a horny cunt, you know. You know. She loves this shit. She's made for this.

(hotel)

(teddy bear)

KIKI: This is the sweetest thing.

JAMIE: It is. It is the sweetest thing.

KIKI: I was gonna get a bunny for my new apartment.

JAMIE: Uh huh.

KIKI: And I'm not gonna now.

JAMIE: Well, of course, now you have a bunny from Victor.

JAMIE: Well, how do you feel, Victor?

VICTOR: Nervous.

JAMIE: Nervous. I understand.

VICTOR: Yes.

JAMIE: Is there anything we can do? Or … Kiki could do to make you comfortable? Or do you just want to relax for a minute and …

VICTOR: Um. Um …

JAMIE: Huh? Turn the camera off or … you wanna get … Ohh! Oh-oh, I think …

KIKI: I'm gonna get comfortable. (laughs)

JAMIE: … I think somebody's taking matters into her own hands. Yeah.

KIKI: Ok. You know.

VICTOR: Very nice.

JAMIE: Yeah.

(laughs)

KIKI: Just let me know what you like.

(bed)

(clothed masturbation)

JAMIE: Yes. That's a girl. Do it for the boys at home, baby. C'mon baby. Good girl. That's right. That's a girl. That's a girl. That's a girl. C'mon baby. It's a full moon, baby, do it.

(laughs)

JAMIE: … Yeah. Good. That's it. Oh shit. Yes. That's it. Yes. That's a baby. That's it. Good. Yes. Good. Yeah. Let's see it. That's right baby. Good. Yeah. That's a baby. Pretty. Nice. That's right. Good. Good. That's right, honey. Good baby. Good. That's right baby. Good. Yes.

Oh. Yes. Yes. Oh honey, where'd you get those panties? Where'd you get those panties? Oh. Oh. Let me see more panties—those panties, where'd you get those, jesus. Beautiful. Oh. I'm a little bit of a panty freak.

KIKI: (laughs)

JAMIE: Oh. Oh.

Hmmmm. Oh. Yes. Yes.

Uh huh. That's a baby.

JAMIE: Just let me see you, honey. You're so gorgeous. Better do that then. It's the best. It's the best.

JAMIE: Good.

JAMIE: That's a girl.

Yeah.

(intercourse)

KIKI: Uggh.

JAMIE: That's it. For the boys back home, honey. That's it. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby. Yeah.

KIKI: Uggh.

JAMIE: Victor, sit up. Can you do that? Yeah. Kiss her. Let's get into it. Good. Nice, huh? Yeah.

KIKI: Uhhuhh.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Let's see that big dick, yeah. C'mon. Yeah. Yeah.

Look at me, honey. Yeah, good.

(cum)

JAMIE: Yeah, do it man, do it. That's it. Yeah. Good. Good. Good. Let's see it. Yeah. Let's see it man, yeah. Good. Good. Nice. Nice. Good. Hot stuff. Hot stuff. Couldn't stand it anymore. Still hard as a rock. (laughs) Yeah. all right. Yes! Yes.

Nice. all right.

(condom)

JAMIE: Just drop it. It's not—don't worry about it, man.

Can I shake your hand?

VICTOR: Yeah.

(laughs)

JAMIE: Cool.

VICTOR: Cool.

KIKI: Do you have a rag?

JAMIE: A rag, yeah. Let me just see this stuff. Ok.

(at door)

JAMIE: All right, well, I hope, Victor, it was a nice experience and something that you won't regret and will be a … a nice memory for you.

KIKI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: So, you guys want to—give him a little peck on the cheek or something. A little bye-bye.

Thank you.

Ok. Thanks.

Victor, we'll see you around. Take care of yourself, huh? It was nice, man, thank you. Ok. (laughs) Oop. Oop. I guess you gotta unlock it. Ok, baby, take care.

KIKI: Bye.
JAMIE: Well, that was interesting.

JAMIE: That's so touching. All we have left is—you know, the memories …
KIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: … of Victor and his doll.
KIKI: (laughs) He was gone like that.
JAMIE: Yeah.
KIKI: I was like, oh no, I hope I didn't scare him off.
JAMIE: Yeah, that's right. He was like embarrassed and then he left.
KIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: I guess he was embarrassed because I think he—I think he was romantic. He got involved, I think. You know, he couldn't just have sex, you know, he didn't want to just have sex, he wanted to make it a special event—. And that's what the doll means.
KIKI: Yeah …
JAMIE: Are you gonna keep it and name it? Or you gonna throw it in the garbage?

(garbage pail)
JAMIE: What a bitch.
KIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: (laughs)
KIKI: (spits)
JAMIE: Oh. That's interesting.
KIKI: Men suck. (spits)
JAMIE: Where'd it go?
KIKI: Right in the camera.
JAMIE: Oh no, did it really? It went on the lens?
KIKI: Mmm hmm. Do you want me to get a towel?
JAMIE: No, I don't mind. No—but is it right on the lens? 'Cause I'll have to wipe it off. Is it …

No. No, don't wipe it off with a towel, it's too—oh I see it. Yes, there it is, it's on the lens.
KIKI: (laughs) … care about the camera?
JAMIE: God, I hope this doesn't ruin the shot. Spit on the lens.

That was very good.
KIKI: I know …
JAMIE: Ok, how about, I let you—instead of letting you spit on the lens, how about I let you spit at me? What do you think? You wanna spit in my face. C'mon. And we'll record it for posterity.

Because I'm a creep.
KIKI: (laughs) (spits)
JAMIE: Excellent.
KIKI: (laughs) Excellent?

(masturbating)

JAMIE: Mmm. Mmm. Oh. Mmmm. Ugh. Ugh. Yes. Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmmm mmmm. Uggh. Ughhhhhh.

(cums)

KIKI: (giggles) That was unexpected.

JAMIE: Unexpected?

KIKI: Uh huh …

JAMIE: My jerking off was unexpected?

KIKI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: You didn't think I would be so unprofessional?

KIKI: (laughs)

JAMIE: Oh! Ohh. Ohhh … Well, sorry to … throw the unexpected at you.

KIKI: I like surprises.

JAMIE: Ok, good.

BACK ON THE PROWL 2

(part 2)

SHE WAS MAYBE THE BIGGEST PIG SLUT WHORE of all the girls in this book—of course, I mean that in a good way.

She completely threw herself into the part of the nasty, filthy latin whore, and there was something electric about her presence—she seemed, almost literally, to be turned on. At the same time, she presented herself as a good girl—explaining that she had never been in a dirty bookstore, but that there was one by her "mommy's house."

I loved bringing her into the store and feeling her up as she looked over the videos. It was all sooooo dirty—here I was with this piece of trash who had grown up in a neighborhood where she walked by one of these shops every day and stole peeks into it, but would never dare enter—"What would people think." And now she was let loose and was quivering with the accumulated filthy thoughts from a lifetime of repression and denial.

We picked out Ramon, a hot young hispanic, pretty quickly and I brought them to one of my favorite cheap, rundown motels. It had been suggested to me that I "class up" the series by going to more lavish hotels and picking up richer men—but that wasn't anywhere near as erotic to me. The more likely the possibility that I would find roaches crawling the walls as I directed my "talent" to suck a stranger's hairy ass, the better I liked it.

Joelani was right there for me every step of the way. I put her in a tight, shiny, whorey red dress that I bought for a conservative girlfriend who refused to wear it even at home—go put it on some "slut," she said contemptuously. Little did I think that I would soon have such a perfect candidate for it. She was all cunt, all whore.

After Ramon creamed all over her ass and she kissed him goodbye at the door, I talked to her for awhile on camera, and she seemed very lost—I was looking at some strange incarnation of a latin Blanche Dubois. Someone hopelessly fragile and confused. She asked that her fans write to her, but she had no address she could give out. She told me that she had learned how to be a slut through her experiences in porn, and talked about all the nice people she met in the business, and how she worked often at bachelor parties where she put on shows where the men jerked off but were not allowed to touch her—I could do the same, she said, and I did, after telling her I wanted her to alternate between behaving like porno trash and a "real" girl as I beat my dick. She really was some insane combination of both and I wanted to get my money's worth.

She still lived in mommy's house and, I suspect, was somewhat relieved to get back to her room and the simplicity and comfort of her stuffed animals, after the nice man paid her to be in his movie.

(car)

JOELANI: You know, I've never been to one of these.

JAMIE: Uh huh.

JOELANI: ... There's alot of them. ... I hope they're alot of fun. There's one by my mommy's house ...

JAMIE: Uh huh.

JOELANI: ... but I don't go there.

JAMIE: Of course not.

JOELANI: I just see it. I just see it when I drive by and ...

JAMIE: You're a good girl.

JOELANI: ... take a peek.

JAMIE: And you were raised to be a very good girl, right?

JOELANI: I was raised to be a very good girl. Latin girls don't go anywhere. We stay home.

JAMIE: That's right.

(crotch)

JOELANI: You going somewhere?

JAMIE: Huh?

JOELANI: Are you going somewhere?

JAMIE: I'm just trying to ... keep things interesting.

(Brand X)

JAMIE: So, Raymond, just man to man here. Does this woman appeal to you—I mean ...

RAMON: (laughs)

JAMIE: You think she's attractive?

RAMON: She is. Very much. Very. I like her.

JAMIE: So, do you have any film experience?

RAMON: No. But I do have a ...

JAMIE: Huh?

RAMON: No. But I do have experience.

JAMIE: You have experience with women. She has a recent AIDS test we could show you. It just came out. 'Cause you don't have to have sex but if you wanted to feel her up or whatever you felt like doing with her is ...

JOELANI: Whatever you want to do to me you can ...

JAMIE: ... is ... is basically up to you.

RAMON: It's up to her ... (laughs)

JAMIE: Huh? Huh?

RAMON: It's up to her what she does to me.

JAMIE: Oh, it's up to her? all right.

JOELANI: Oh, well, in that case ...

JAMIE: You like to let the woman take charge. I see.

JOELANI: Let's go play.

JAMIE: Well, all right. So … do you think he's adequately equipped? What d'ya think?
JOELANI: Yeah. I think he's very adequately equipped.
JAMIE: Yeah? You wanna …
JOELANI: You work out, huh? You ready to fuck or …

JAMIE: Raymond will have to sign a release, you understand, right? So we can use this in the video. Uh, ok …
JOELANI: You know, I had lots of fun at this bookstore.
JAMIE: You did?
JOELANI: I really did.
JAMIE: Good. I'm glad. Good.
JOELANI: I like the bookstore, I'll come here more often.
JAMIE: Good. This is your first bookstore, you said?
JOELANI: This is my first bookstore. My very first.
JAMIE: Good.

(motel)

JAMIE: That's it, baby. That's it, baby. That's it, baby. Yes. Yes. That's it, baby. That's it, baby. That's it, baby. Uh huh. Yeah. Nice. Wanna turn around for us? Let's see it. C'mon. That's it—Get away from that pig! He's trying to feel you up! He's trying to feel you up.
JOELANI: Awwwww …
JAMIE: That pig from the dirty bookstore is trying to feel you up, honey.
JOELANI: He's trying to make me full already.
JAMIE: The hell's he think he's doing.
JOELANI: I have a very large chest.
JAMIE: Huh? Yeah … what does he think he's doing?
JOELANI: Oh, I think he's doin' fine.
JAMIE: That kinda creep from the dirty bookstore? Heh heh. Yesss … He's trying to feel you up. He thinks he's getting some kind of free piece of ass here. Yeah.
JOELANI: He's very freaky.
JAMIE: He's a freaky kind of guy from the dirty bookstore. Like it was some free ass.
JOELANI: All you find is freaky people. Freaky places. Freaky things.
JAMIE: Uh huh. Sure, look what you find in dirty bookstores.

(polaroids)

JAMIE: Take a nice hot picture of that. Freeze it please. Hold it for me. That's right.

(in chair)

JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Mmmm. Yeah. Nice porno pussy, look at that fuckin' porno pussy, shit … Ah … porno pussy. That's it, baby. Yeah. Mmmm.
JOELANI: You wanna play with my pussy?
JAMIE: Nice. Yeah. Let's … you see yourself in that mirror there?
JOELANI: Uh huh.

JAMIE: You see yourself in the mirror?
JOELANI: Yeah.
JAMIE: You look good, don't you?
JOELANI: Mmm hmm … always.
JAMIE: You look good, don't you. You look good, don't you.
JOELANI: My hair has to go down … For everybody.
JAMIE: Yeah, go baby. Yeah. Heh heh. Shit, yes. Shit.

JAMIE: Hey guys. Yeah, this is what you woulda had. This is what you woulda had—these tits. Look at those fuckin' tits. Look at the tits.
JOELANI: You like that?
JAMIE: You coulda had these tits for free. Free pussy tonight.
JOELANI: You know my vagina's all happy …
JAMIE: Yeah.
(tit)
JOELANI: Mmmm … Look how Ramon's hungry today. Mmmm.
JAMIE: Sure.
JOELANI: Mmmm.
JAMIE: Hungry Ramon. Hungry Ramon. Free pussy tonight, guys. You coulda been there. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. It's expensive pussy too. It's expensive pussy you got here.

JAMIE: Yeah, you don't mind I'm getting all excited, Joelani, do you? I gotta beat my dick too. Like all the other guys watching.
JOELANI: Oh oh oh …
JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Look at that shit. Go on. Yeah. Fuck. Shit.
JOELANI: Oh, oh! Oh oh aaahh … ahhh … oh yeah, oooooh, ah good … aaah … I think I want your meat in my pussy … aah … Can I have your meat in my pussy? Everyone watch?
JAMIE: Shit. You guys get a look? Get a look at this. Get a look at this nice free pussy.
JOELANI: Aaah …
JAMIE: Free fall on Joelani.

JOELANI: Aaah … aaah … aaah … mmmmm.
JAMIE: Yeah. Good.
JOELANI: Oh, oh yeah. Ayi, ayi, ayi aah ahhh … ooh! Oooh … oooh, uh huh, ayi, uggh … ! Uggh! You like that, huh? You like going in this pussy. Let everybody else see what you're doing to me. Oh! Ah yeah. He has a very long tongue. Mmmmm. Don't me … ah … god, I'm going to cum …
JAMIE: Yeah. That's a baby. That's it.
JOELANI: Mmmm. Mmmm aaah … ah … aaah …
JAMIE: Oh yeah. Oh yeah.
JOELANI: Ayi Oh! Oh!
JAMIE: Nice babe. That's good. That's good. Good. Good.

JOELANI: You gonna spank my butt? Ooh.
JAMIE: Yeah. C'mon.
JOELANI: Aah.
JAMIE: Cunt!
JOELANI: Ooh ooh.
JAMIE: Cunt!
JOELANI: Ooh ooh.
JAMIE: That's it, cunt!
JOELANI: That's it … no more …

(toilet)
JAMIE: Good.
JOELANI: You want my back?
JAMIE: Aah …

(condom blow job)
JAMIE: That's it. That's it. That's it. Fuck yourself in the face, that's it. Good. That's it. Fuck your face, bitch.

Fuck, I like that open mouth stuff, baby, yeah.

Give me one still shot of that … Good.
JOELANI: Shit …
JAMIE: Let me—keep doing that open mouth, let me get a still like that. Hold it. Hold it. Good.

Good.

Good.

all right. Ok.
JOELANI: Let's see how much fun I can have with him.

(fuck)
JOELANI: Aah aah … yeah. Oooh! Oh yeah, baby. Ugh! Ugh! … oh oh oh ooh oooh! Yeah. Yeah.

JAMIE: That's great, honey. That's it. Like to see that fuckin' … That's good.
JOELANI: That's it. Aah. Aah. Fuck me. Aah! Aah! Ayi!! Yeah!

JOELANI: Oh, you like that … oh yeah, latin men like to feel that big butt and big tits. Ooh! Yeah. Fuck me. Aah … yeah, aah aah! Oh yeah. Yeah. Ayi. Ayi. Come on, do it. All over my ass. All over my ass. Cum. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yeah … oooh … oooh … oooh … oh yeah. That's a … ass oh. Oh yeah. Thank you, Ramon.
JAMIE: Nice. Take a look at that ass.
JOELANI: You're very good. You were very good to me.
JAMIE: You were good. You were good, man.
JOELANI: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Good. Just stay like that.

Look at that ass. Nice.
Nice work, Ramon.
(laughs) all right. Excellent. You're the man.

(at door)
JAMIE: Thank you guys. Goodnight, Ramon.

(seated, clothed)
JOELANI: I hope you like my film. And if you ever have any questions, you can always mail to Joelani … ok.
JAMIE: Is there a place where you can receive mail?
JOELANI: Mmmm …
JAMIE: That you'd like to tell people or no?
JOELANI: Ah … I don't have a … I don't have a p.o. box yet.
JAMIE: Ok.
JOELANI: But I will have one. By the time this film comes out I'll have a p.o. box.
JAMIE: Ok. That's good.
JOELANI: I can't have one at home.
JAMIE: So, will you do things like sell panties or …
JOELANI: You like my panties? Yeah.
JAMIE: So you're planning to do that so … sell your panties, stuff like that.
JOELANI: Mmm hmm. I wanna start selling my old clothes, my panties, maybe a lock of my … you know, my feature clothes.
JAMIE: Sell the clothes …
JOELANI: You know what … … deal with money … … 'cause …
JAMIE: You know what?
JOELANI: 'Cause I know everybody will want my feature clothes.
JAMIE: Yeah, you mean that you feature—that you make movies with?
JOELANI: Mmm hmm …
JAMIE: Yes. I notice … things that guys have seen, you get—
JOELANI: Mmmm!
JAMIE: Clothes that they've seen you get fucked in, they're gonna wanna … they're gonna wanna buy, right?
JOELANI: Uh huh!
JAMIE: When you get fucked? That's a turn-on, right?
(tongue)
JOELANI: Ummm … mmmm … mmmm.
JAMIE: Where'd you learn to do that? From porno?
JOELANI: Huh?
JAMIE: Did you learn to do that in porno? Or …
JOELANI: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah? So porno has taught you things, right?
JOELANI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yeah.
JOELANI: Lots of things. And I've met very nice people.

(motel carpet)

JAMIE: Get on your fours, honey, like a dog. That's good.

That's good.

Good.

Very nice. Mmm hmmm. That's right. That's right. Good. Act sexy. That's it. You're a porn star, act sexy. C'mon, porno star.

JOELANI: Mmmm. Aah. Aah! Aah!
JAMIE: Ok. Stop. Be a real girl!

JAMIE: Very good. That's good. So, we're getting different looks at you. You know. You know, the porn star and the ... and the real girl. You know. And it's really nice to see that. I think your fans will appreciate it. I think it'll make you more interesting to them. You know. Because, you know, that's what they really want to see—you know, is the real person. And I think that's what's really nice. Some guys, you know, don't care about that, they just want to see a cunt. You know? And other guys want to see a ... see your face. So, if you want to show a little cunt, that's all right too, you know. For the guys who just care about that. You know?

So, is this sort of what you do when you do your private show?

JOELANI: Mmm hmm. Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah?
JOELANI: But you can't touch me. You can see and maybe you can play with me.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
JOELANI: But you can't fuck me. Oohaaw ...
JAMIE: They're allowed to look at you ...
JOELANI: They can look at me.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
JOELANI: They're allowed to touch me.
JAMIE: They're allowed to touch you?
JOELANI: But they're not allowed to fuck me. Aah ...
JAMIE: I see.
JOELANI: Aah!
JAMIE: So they're allowed to look and touch. But not fuck.
JOELANI: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Uh huh. That's sort of like the guys—that's why, you're good, I guess, for the movies because you like ...
JOELANI: Mmmmm ...
JAMIE: ... you know, showing yourself off, the guys could look but they can't fuck. Because they're just home. You know, drooling over you. Right? So ... ah ... that's very nice.
JOELANI: Aah ... oh.

JAMIE: So they're sort of, basically, just sit there and jack off while you …
JOELANI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: … do your little show for them.
JOELANI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's very nice.

Very good.

Very good.

Would it be a … would you mind if I was turned into one of those jerk-offs? What d'ya think?
JOELANI: Mmmm. I don't know. Mmmm.
JAMIE: Huh? Could I take my dick out? Or is that too much?
JOELANI: Of course. (mumbles)
JAMIE: Huh?
JOELANI: Of course you can get your dick out but you're not gonna touch me.
JAMIE: Oh I understand.

BACK ON THE PROWL 2
(part 3)

THIS IS MY HEART OF GOLD WHORE—all sweetness and light—even when put through the most humiliating acts. I am so disgusted by the common necessity to practice politically correct sex. The triumph of feminism has made many women uncomfortable about being treated like pigs and whores, but not our Becca. She's right there with me playing the game and allowing herself to have a great time. When I try to degrade her by telling her to admit that she is there for our amusement, just "jerk off stuff," she goes me one better and says "I'm jerk off SHIT"—this is my kind of girl—tough enough (Becca had been in the army) to let it all go; to play the dirty man's game, and lower herself to whatever filthy level he wanted to go to, because she intuits that that's where life and energy reside—not in making men be good boys, but in allowing them to release their dreaded monsters. Let the tortured creatures out and give them full rein to explore their lasciviousness—that's where freedom is for both men and women, not in the mincing, namby pamby world of "don't call me that" and "don't treat me like that."

It's perhaps time for mankind to accept that the answer is not in islam, judaism, or buddhism, or communism, but rather in the simple acceptance of the fact that, not only Becca, but all of us are just jerk off pieces of shit. Stop complaining about it and stop insisting on being treated with dignity—that only leads to fascism—the worst of all isms. I nominate Becca as the first president of the new order—a laughing, good natured slut of a girl if ever there was one—an example for women everywhere.

So remember ladies, if a guy wants to see your head in a toilet bowl, then stick your fucking head in the toilet bowl and forget your misguided sense of pride. We all know that pride is just the thing that comes before a fall, anyway. The fact that Becca was paid for her services (the guys in the series were never paid) in no way diminishes her in my eyes. In fact, seeing her bargain on camera about whether she should get 25 or 50 dollars more for going face down into the bowl and oinking like a pig, just makes her seem more endearing—and being the fine person I am, I, of course, gave her the full 50—a girl's gotta eat.

JAMIE: You don't mind being bait for this movie, do you, just taking you out and find some dick to … 'cause girls are obviously, you know, what we want to see but—it's not really a movie without some dick, right?
BECCA: That's true.
JAMIE: I mean that's …
BECCA: Am I bait?

JAMIE: You're bait.
BECCA: I'm bait.
JAMIE: Bait. See that tongue again. I like to see the tongue. Flick the tongue. That's it. Nice.

(Brand X)
JAMIE: Ok, so … what's your name?
KEVIN: Kevin.
JAMIE: Kevin. And Kevin, we won't use this unless it's perfectly ok. If you don't sign a release I can't use this, ok? So if you decide to go, great. So what d'ya think? Uh … let me get this little light on you. Ok, so …
KEVIN: all right?
JAMIE: So how do you feel, d'ya think you want to do a quick a … a quickie with this girl?
KEVIN: Sure. Why not?
JAMIE: Becky, come and … in front of me. Ok. Ok. So, here we are in a bookstore—a dirty bookstore.
BECCA: (laughs) Sucking on his ear.
JAMIE: So, what d'ya think, you want a blow-job or you want to …
KEVIN: Well … whatever. You know.
JAMIE: Eh?
KEVIN: Whatever happens is fine.
JAMIE: What?
KEVIN: Whatever happens.
JAMIE: Whatever happens. all right.
KEVIN: Sure.

JAMIE: There are the young kids. They're about to leave the dirty bookstore. And … let's see the first little kiss. In the dirty bookstore.
BECCA: Little kiss?
JAMIE: You don't kiss?
BECCA: No, I give big kisses, thank you.
JAMIE: all right. Good. Let me see. That's it. Nice. Nice. Nice. That's it. Ok, that's all you get, let's go to the motel.

(private)
JAMIE: She has a real nice … she looks like she'd be good for oral … body's ok. You know, you could check it out, pretty much do what you want, you know.
KEVIN: Looks good to me.
JAMIE: Huh?
KEVIN: Looks good to me.
JAMIE: Ok. all right. So … here we are, star … (laughs)
KEVIN: Hmm?
JAMIE: Ok. I guess we're all set. I guess we'll see what happens then.
KEVIN: Yep.

JAMIE: Heh heh.
KEVIN: It'll be interesting.

(motel bathroom)

JAMIE: Ok, here they are. all right, now, we should decide, do you want to use your real first name or … however …
KEVIN: Me?
JAMIE: Yeah, Kevin.
KEVIN: Um …
JAMIE: I guess …
KEVIN: It don't matter to me.
JAMIE: Ok, so we'll call you Kevin.
KEVIN: If anyone sees me they're gonna know anyway.
JAMIE: Ok.
BECCA: (laughs)
JAMIE: Ok. Why don't you kids turn around and see what we got going here. That's it. Right from the dirty bookstore … where we met maybe fifteen minutes ago. Yeah. Right out of the dirty bookstore. That's it.

Get on your knees.

Get on your knees.

I want to see you on your knees. That's it. Here you can have a towel. That's a baby, come on. all right. Come on. That's a baby. That's a baby.
BECCA: My my my—what do we have here?
JAMIE: That's a girl.

That's it. Any problems, Kevin, you let us know, ok, anything you want just let us know.
KEVIN: Oh yeah?
JAMIE: Ok.
KEVIN: Ok.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it. That's it. Look at that. Nice dick, huh? Go on, go get it, honey. Go on. Dig in. Go on, suck his dick. Come on. Come on. Right out of the dirty bookstore. Go on. Suck it. Right out of the dirty bookstore. Go on. Yeah. That's it. That's it. That's right. That's it. That's it.

That's a nice dick. Big cock.

Take it out of your mouth, honey, come on, lick his balls. Come on. Lick his balls.

That's it. Nice job. Flick your tongue, like you're lapping up water. That's it. Come on. That's a baby. That's it, lick his balls. Good. Good. Good. That's it. That's it—turn around, Kevin. Turn around and let her kiss your ass. Go on. Stay on your knees, honey, stay on your knees.
BECCA: I wanna … my bad …
JAMIE: You ok?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's it. Go on. Go on, go get it. That's it. Oh—you have a problem with that knee, huh?

BECCA: Yeah, it's … I got it, in here (laughs) we're gonna have to … It's all right, I can do this.
JAMIE: Ok. Hold on. Ok. Go on. That's it. Tongue it. That's it, sniff around. Tongue it. Go on. Go on, cunt. That's it. Right out of the dirty bookstore. Come on, let's see it. That's it. That's it. Go on. That's a baby, go on. That's it! Go on, do your job, bitch, go on. That's it. That's it. That's it, cunt, go on. Fuckin' strange guy right out of the dirty bookstore, huh? Yeah. That's it. That's it. That's it. Good.

Look at me, honey. That's it. Look at me. That's it. Stick your tongue out. Let's see. Guys are jerking off to this. Yeah. That's it, baby. Good. Doing a nice job, honey. Use your—keep using your mouth, go on, that's what you're here for, baby. That's it. That's it. Good. Good cunt. That's it. That's right. That's it. Suck ass, baby. That's it. Good. Yeah. Lick his cheeks, come on. That's right. Lick it. Don't suck, lick. Use your tongue. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's a baby. That's what we like to see. That's it, good! Show us. That's it. That's it. Good.

JAMIE: That's it baby, spread his cheeks. That's right. That's right. Good. Good. Go on. Taste good, baby?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Tell me!
BECCA: Sweet.
JAMIE: Yeah. Good.

Good girl. That's what we like, baby. Good. Good. Good. That's it, work it. Work on him. That's it. Good. Turn around, Kevin, let's see.

Good. Good. That's a baby. Go. Go to town. Suck his dick, cunt. Come on. That's it. You ok, Kevin?
KEVIN: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah, looks good, huh? Huh?
KEVIN: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah. Did you ever think that half an hour ago, you see this bitch in the dirty bookstore, she'd be sucking your asshole?
KEVIN: No.
JAMIE: (laughs) Pretty good, huh?
KEVIN: Very good.
JAMIE: (laughs) Yeah. That's right. Come on. Come on. Work it. Work it. That's right. That's right. That's right. That's right. Good baby. That's right. Mmm hmm. That's right, show it to us. Show it to us, baby. That's right. That's right, baby. That's right, baby. Good. That's it. Sit on the bowl, honey. Come on, sit on the bowl. Just get up and sit on the bowl. That's right. Ok.

Just like this. Sit on the bowl. Come on. That's it. Good. Good girl. That's nice. Nice and filthy, baby, that's it. That's it. Nice and filthy. Nice and filthy, baby. Filthy blow job. Good. That's it. Good. That's it. That's it.

Rub it on her face, Kevin. Rub your dick on her face. That's it. That's it. That's it. Good. Good. Good. That's right. That's it, you wanna grab some tit? Go on, do whatever you want, man. That's it. It's all yours. It's your cunt. That's right. Everybody's cunt. Everybody gets to jack-off on her. That's right. Good.

BECCA: Mmmm.
JAMIE: That's right. Good.

Good. Stand back. Stand back a little, Kevin, I gotta … that's it. Spread your crotch, baby. That's it. Now, I want—keep the panties on. Like the panties. Keep the panties on, that's it. Don't touch it. Don't touch it. Just want to see the panties. That's it.

(bathroom floor)

JAMIE: I don't know, I want to see her back on the bowl, what do you think, Kevin? Is it all right with you?
KEVIN: Looks good.
JAMIE: Yeah, looks good. Yeah.
BECCA: all right.
JAMIE: Get lower, baby. get your head back. Get your head back. Rest your head back on it, that's it. That's it. Nice and nasty. Piggy. Nice and piggy. That's it. Go on, spread your legs so I could see the crotch too. That's it. Wonderful. See that crotch. Yeah. That's it. Now, rest your head back. That's it. That's it. Good. Slide your ass forward a little more?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Come on.
BECCA: You're not gonna put my hair in the toilet. (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah. You're not gonna put your hair in the toilet? Oh come on. Come on, do it. Come on. I wanna see your hair in the toilet. Go on. Come on. I'll take care of you, baby. Come on.
BECCA: (laughs)
JAMIE: Come on. Fifty extra just to put your hair in the toilet, come on. Come on. It's just water. Yeah. Yeah. Here, hold on.
BECCA: Aaah!
JAMIE: Oops, sorry. Here, go on. Go on. Easiest fifty you ever make. Go on.

That's it. Rest your back. That's it, hair in the bowl. All the way back into the bowl. That's a baby, good. That's it. Keep it in the bowl. I want that hair in the toilet. Ok. That's it. Tits are good. Tits are good. That's right. That's good. Tits are good.

(Kevin, Becca, toilet)

JAMIE: Stick your tongue out, honey, I want to see that tongue way out. That's it. Come on. all right, sit on her, man. That's it. Squat over her. That's it. That's it. Play with your tits, cunt. Come on. Spread your legs, I want to see that pussy, that's it. Good. That's it, slut. Right out of the dirty bookstore. What a fuckin' whore. Good. I love that. That's right. Right out of the fuckin' dirty bookstore.
BECCA: Oooh.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it. That's it. Take your hand off it, Kevin, so I could see—that's it. Lick that ass. Go on. Go on. Get his ass. Stick your—stick—that's it. Stick your face in his ass, that's right. That's right. Look, you could jerk off if you want to. Good. That's it. Suck his ass, cunt. Fuckin' whore. Good. Fucking filthy cunt. Yeah. Yeah.

JAMIE: Good. That's right. Good. That's a baby.

(bathroom floor)

JAMIE: Yeah. Go on.

BECCA: Mmmmm …

JAMIE: Spank it. That's it. Spank that cunt. That's it, fuckin' whore, go on. Come on, hit yourself, you fuckin' whore. Go on. That's it.

BECCA: Mmmm …

JAMIE: That's it, cunt. Spank yourself. Spank your fuckin' whore cunt. That's right. That's right. Move over. Ok. Good. Spread. Hit it, cunt. Come on, hit your cunt, that's it. Hit it. Spank it. Spank it, you fuckin' whore. Yeah. Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmm.

Can you spit on her, Kevin, from up there? Can you spit on her cunt?

Let me see. Cunt.

Yeah. Good.

Good. Good. Yeah. Good.

JAMIE: Open your mouth, whore. Stick your tongue out, that's right.

KEVIN: (laughs)

JAMIE: Fuckin' pig. Good. Fuckin' pig whore.

(fingered)

JAMIE: Are you jerk-off stuff?

BECCA: Mmmm.

JAMIE: Come on, let me hear you say it.

BECCA: What?

JAMIE: I'm jerk-off stuff. Say it.

BECCA: I'm jerk-off shit. (giggles)

JAMIE: Good. Piece of shit. Go on. Go on. Say 'I'm jerk-off shit.'

BECCA: I'm jerk-off shit.

JAMIE: Good. Say 'I'm a jerk-off piece of shit.'

BECCA: I'm a jerk-off piece of shit.

JAMIE: Good. That's right. Uh huh. Come on.

BECCA: Ohh … mmm … aah … mmmm! Mmmm!

(tongue)

JAMIE: That's it, baby. That's it. Flick it. Flick it, dog.

BECCA: Aaah!

JAMIE: Come on you fuckin' dog cunt. Flick it. Come on you piece of shit.

BECCA: Mmmm …

JAMIE: Fuckin' pick up guys in dirty bookstores. Yeah.

BECCA: Uh. Uhhhh … uhhhhh.

JAMIE: That's right. Piece of shit whore.

BECCA: Ooh … that's good. Mmm. Mmmm.

(masturbation)

JAMIE: (spits) That's right. Mmm hmm. Go on. That's right. Good. That's right. (spits)

BECCA: Uhhh …

JAMIE: Go on, spit on her. Go on.

KEVIN: (spits)

JAMIE: That's right, good. That's right. That's right. You got some spit on your thigh, there, on your right, go get it. Rub it on your cunt, go on. Good. Pig. Nice and piggy, huh? Fuckin' pig. Pretty good pig, eh Kevin?

KEVIN: Yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah.

KEVIN: It's all good.

JAMIE: Yeah, that's it.

BECCA: (snort)

JAMIE: That's it. Do it. Do it. Oink, cunt.

BECCA: (laughs)

JAMIE: Come on. Come on, do it. Oink.

BECCA: It's making me laugh.

JAMIE: Come on. I want to hear it.

BECCA: (snort, snort)

JAMIE: Good. Good. Good.

(toilet)

JAMIE: That's it. Nice. Hey, here, get up and get … put your head in this way. Come on. Come on.

BECCA: Fifty more? (laughs)

JAMIE: Come on. Oh, can't do fifty more. Twenty-five more. Come on.

BECCA: all right, twenty-five more …

JAMIE: Good. No, the other way, in the front.

BECCA: In the front? Head first?

JAMIE: Yeah. Like you're licking water. Yeah. Come on.

BECCA: Fifty more. (laughs)

JAMIE: How much?

BECCA: Fifty more.

JAMIE: Fifty more? Ah … let's see you do a good job, let's see …

BECCA: I don't want to get my face wet.

JAMIE: You don't want—well, let's see how far you can go. I'm not gonna give you fifty unless you really get in there. Come on.

BECCA: all right. I get fifty. (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah. Go on. Oink. Oink in the bowl.

BECCA: Umpff …

JAMIE: Turn that light off so we can hear it. Oink! Oink!

BECCA: (snort, snort, snort)

JAMIE: Good. Good. That's it. Look up at us. Good. Good. Stick your tongue out. Let me hear you lap up some water, go on. Go on.

Come on …

Let me just hear it. Come on.

Go on, pig.

BECCA: (snort, snort)

JAMIE: Good.

BECCA: (snort, snort)

JAMIE: That's what we like to see. Fuckin' pig! Yeah. That's nice. Good. That's it, you fuckin' cunt. What a fuckin' whore.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Yeah. That's it, baby. That's right. That's it, kitten.

(cunt)

JAMIE: That's it. Spank.

BECCA: Mmmm … mmmm.

JAMIE: That's it, open up that hole, cunt. Let's see. Let's see. Let's see inside a little. Spread it. Spread it, whore. Good. That's it. That's it, nice and juicy. That's right. That's it. Show cunt. Show the juicy cunt, you fuckin' whore. That's it.

BECCA: Mmmm.

JAMIE: That's it, fuck yourself. Fuck yourself, pig.

(floor under sink)

(crank dildo)

JAMIE: Fuck that piece of shit cunt. Crank it up for us too. Go on.

Crank it. That's it. That's it.

Fuck yourself.

BECCA: Ugh … Mmmm … ohh … Oh yeah, ugh, ohh.

JAMIE: Yeah.

BECCA: Mmm mmm.

JAMIE: Ok, hide your top part from clear view. I don't want to see any of your face or anything, just cunt. That's right.

BECCA: Mmmm. Oh. Ooh! Ooh!

Oooh god. Ooh. Oh, oh …

JAMIE: We're not on you. We're not on your face. You're just a little piggy in the corner. That's all.

BECCA: Aahh ohhh ohhh … Oh! Oh!

JAMIE: Ok, take that thing out. Get it out of there! That's all you get. Don't. Get it out of there. That's enough!

BECCA: (giggles)

JAMIE: That's enough, that's all you get.

BECCA: Awwww …

JAMIE: Put it aside, I'll let you have some more later. Maybe.

JAMIE: We don't want to see any part of you except cunt, you hear me, pig?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: You're just something to jack off on, you understand?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: You're just a fuck doll. Just a fuck doll. Just a cunt. A cunt we took home from a dirty bookstore, you understand me?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's right. A money cunt. One of those cunts you buy in a box.

(dildo)
BECCA: Ah!
JAMIE: Stop. Stop.
BECCA: Ah! (squeals)
JAMIE: Stop … that's it. That's right.

That's right. Heh heh. Freeze it, I'll tell you when you could move it. I'll tell you when you could move it, cunt.

Stop.

Stop. That's right. (laughs) That's it, rub your clit, you could do that.

(cock at profile)
BECCA: Uhh. Uhh.
JAMIE: Go for it, piggy.
BECCA: Uhhh …
JAMIE: Yeah.
BECCA: Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh oh oh, yeah. Ugh. Ha ha … hahhh … uh, ha god … oh oh.

(cum)
JAMIE: Go get it! Go get it! Suck it, get that dick. Get that dick, you whore.

That's right.
BECCA: Mmmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Go on, shove it in your mouth, pig, go on. Eat it! Eat that shit up.

Kevin, you're terrific. (laughs) Man …
KEVIN: So I've been told. (laughs)
JAMIE: What a guy. What a guy.
BECCA: Lookin' good!
JAMIE: (laughs) Mmmm … I like it.

Take your hand off your dick so I could shake your hand.
BECCA: (laughs)
JAMIE: (laughs) Yuuchhh!
KEVIN: You wanted to shake it.
JAMIE: That's nice. How you shakin', ok, feelin' all right?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Good. Don't wipe. Don't wipe. Don't do anything. I just want to see you sit there like that with filth on your face. Don't even lick it, looks good.
BECCA: I want to lick it.
JAMIE: Ok, lick it.
KEVIN: Wonder where that came from.
(laughs)
JAMIE: Great. Ok. Why don't you give her a little kiss, Kevin? Can you give her …?
KEVIN: all right.
JAMIE: I want to see this. Looks pretty. Oh, nice, yeah. That's it. Kiss. Nice. Yeah.
BECCA: Mmmm …
JAMIE: Very nice.

JAMIE: Ok. There's a …
BECCA: Women do cum. This is proof. (laughs)
JAMIE: There's Becca's glop on the dildo. She's just showing us that she got off too.
BECCA: (laughs)
JAMIE: Congratulations.
BECCA: Well, more than once but … (laughs)
JAMIE: More than once …
BECCA: That one's visible.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Very nice. Very nice.

JAMIE: A touching scene here, the end, she's got his coat on, I guess she really liked him.
KEVIN: (laughs)
JAMIE: Sweet. So you gotta give him his coat back, the man has to go, honey. It's a sad story but—we had fun, didn't we?
BECCA: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Ok. Walk him to the door.

Ok. Before you open it, uhh … ok, hold on, I better just … I don't want to go shoot the outside, someone might … ok, kiss goodnight.

Thanks kid, you were great.

Ok, Kevin, that was wonderful.
KEVIN: Thanks.
JAMIE: I'll try and get you a copy of this.
KEVIN: Wow. Cool. My address is on there.
JAMIE: all right.

Shake me. Shake once more. Thank you, sir.
KEVIN: Nice meeting you.
JAMIE: And … yeah, see you in the bookstore.
(laughs)
BECCA: You never know what could happen when you go to the … bookstore.
JAMIE: Chow.
BECCA: Nice meeting you.

BACK ON THE PROWL 2
(part 4)

BOBBI BLISS—YA GOTTA LOVE HER. A squirming, wet, filthy little cocksucking whore, as she'll be the first to admit. Of course, it's hard to tell for sure—maybe she goes home and pays the rent with the money she got to fuck Chuck and gets in the shower and washes off the filth and prays for forgiveness. She does, however, put on a good show and I tend to believe that her heat was sincere.

I never get tired of dragging girls into scummy situations and letting men do whatever they want to them. I love seeing them pawed and groped and just generally treated like cheap sex objects. It's such a relief after being exposed to the unattainable women that are encountered every day of my life. I always wished I could live in a world where every woman that I met could at least be grabbed—just grabbed or groped as they walked down the street, or wherever. When I was around 12, I saw a guy slide his hands over a girl's breasts in public, and she didn't object. I was entranced by the sight, and a warm feeling came over me. It wasn't that it was just arousing, it also seemed somehow proper, like this is how the world should be—if you see some tits and ass that you like you should be able to reach out and touch it with no problem.

So I guess the *On The Prowl* tapes create that world for me—I find an attractive girl that almost any guy would have an interest in, and I release her into society as fair game, and free of charge. It would be nice if this could catch on and men everywhere would start doing this with their women—I'd like to see a law enacted which said that every woman would be required to go to a dirty bookstore one day a year and submit to the first guy that wanted her. Vote for me and I promise to fight hard for this and for other ways to assault women at will.

Another satisfying and mildly sadistic aspect of this *On The Prowl* world is the fact that the men in it pretty much shoot their loads whenever they want to—Bobbi, for all her randiness, does not get to get off in the scene, Chuck simply pulls out and shoots his load on her ass when he is ready and Bobbi is left hanging, just as the women are in more traditional porn. The only difference being that the other stuff demands that they fake orgasms—my world is a bit more honest and more cruel. I like to see the girls NOT get off—in my world the men are saying: "Fuck you bitch, I had a good time, and I really don't give a shit about whether you did or not."

Bobbi fits real well in that world, she seems made to be there for some guy—a sort of heart of gold, hippie whore. She even gives a good massage and proudly boasts of her talent in that area. I didn't let her down, but allowed her to come back to my hotel and let her demonstrate her ability with her hands after her scene with Chuck. There's nothing better than a girl who practically begs to be used. Still, I had to send her home afterwards. Tomorrow was another day and another talking doll, fucktoy to be passed around.

JAMIE: Just checking you out, making sure you're material for what we want to do. You know what we're going to do, don't you?
BOBBI: I have an idea.
JAMIE: You have an idea, fuckin' whore.
BOBBI: (laughs)
JAMIE: Sit on your ass. Let me see you sitting on your ass. Close your fucking legs! Did I tell you—I don't want to see your fucking crotch. Fuckin' whore. Ok, so you're really dying to do this, we got a dirty bookstore to take you to and, you know, you know what happens. Whatever fuckin' creeps are walking around to do whatever the fuck they want with you. That's fine with you, isn't it, honey?
BOBBI: Fine with me.
JAMIE: Yeah, of course, it's fine with you. Fuckin' slut pig. Yeah, that's right.

(car)
JAMIE: Ready to roll, whore?
BOBBI: Ready to go. (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah? Good.
BOBBI: Yeah.
JAMIE: Good.
Let's do it.
BOBBI: Ok.
JAMIE: Lots of horny boys in the store.
BOBBI: Yeah, looking forward to it. (laughs)

JAMIE: So, do you ever pick anybody up like this? Or get picked up like this? Or do anything like this before? In real life?
BOBBI: In a bookstore, no, uh uh, in bars, yes.
JAMIE: In bars? Yeah—
BOBBI: Play the hooker in bars ...
JAMIE: Huh?
BOBBI: I played a hooker in bars ...
JAMIE: You played a hooker?
BOBBI: No.
JAMIE: No, I mean in real life ...
BOBBI: Yeah, really.
JAMIE: You've been a hooker in bars?
BOBBI: No seriously. No, yeah.
JAMIE: In other words, you've gone to a bar ...
BOBBI: I mean not getting paid, I've gone in bars, one night stands, yeah ...
JAMIE: One night stands, all right, so just to get fucked.
BOBBI: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: You mean—not necessarily for money, but just to go—get laid.
BOBBI: Right.

JAMIE: Just go into a bar … usually by yourself, or … go with a girlfriend or …?
BOBBI: Uh … usually by myself.
JAMIE: Just knowing you're going out to find some cock?
BOBBI: Right. But the idea of going out to find someone was the thing. And then to take some cock home.
JAMIE: Take some cock home.
BOBBI: And fuck it.
JAMIE: Uh huh.

(Brand X)

JAMIE: So, all right, there's a customer here who's watching but he's not gonna be on camera because he doesn't want to sign. So, Chuck, my man the manager, is sort of fooling around in the meantime.
CHUCK: One of the fringe benefits. (laughs)
BOBBI: (laughs)
JAMIE: It's a fringe benefit of being the manager of the store.
CHUCK: One of the fringe benefits of being the manager.
JAMIE: Absolutely.

(blow job)

JAMIE: Bobbi, you fucking pig whore.
CHUCK: Mmmm, suck my …
BOBBI: Mmmm.
JAMIE: That's it, suck it, whore. Suck his fuckin' dick.
BOBBI: Aah!
JAMIE: Fuckin' pig.
CHUCK: Ooh.
JAMIE: That's it, baby. That's it. Look at the guys at home while you're sucking his dick.
CHUCK: Yeah, show them pretty green eyes.
JAMIE: That's a baby. That's a baby.
BOBBI: They are blue. (laughs) He's not looking at my eyes. (laughs) Mmmm.
JAMIE: Tell her anything you want, Chuck, you know, if she's not doing it right, you know, or …
CHUCK: How can you do it wrong?
JAMIE: Well, you know …
BOBBI: (laughs)
CHUCK: (laughs)
JAMIE: That's a bitch. That's a bitch.
BOBBI: Mmmm …
JAMIE: Bobbi? Just look at me. Are you a dirty filthy cocksucking whore?
BOBBI: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Well, say it.
BOBBI: How did you put that?

JAMIE: I'm a dirty filthy cocksucking whore.
BOBBI: (laughs) I'm a dirty filthy cocksucking whore.
JAMIE: all right.
CHUCK: With Chuck's dick in her mouth. (laughs)
BOBBI: With Chuck's dick in my mouth. (laughs)
JAMIE: And is Chuck like an old friend of yours?
BOBBI: Mmmm. I don't even know Chuck.

(ass)

CHUCK: (laughs) Shit!
JAMIE: Come on baby, come on baby. Go on, fucking cunt. Fucking cunt.
CHUCK: Aaaah! That tickling like …
BOBBI: (laughs)
JAMIE: Don't tickle him, bitch. Go on.
CHUCK: Aaah!
JAMIE: Don't tickle it. Eat it. Fuckin' … mmm … cocksucker.
BOBBI: Mmmm. He's ass sensitive.
JAMIE: Well, yeah …
CHUCK: She knows!
JAMIE: Well, stick your face in there then, don't tickle it.
BOBBI: Mmmm.
JAMIE: That's a baby, suck his ass. Suck his black ass. See if it's clean, bitch. Go on.
BOBBI: Ummm la la la.
CHUCK: Arrrgghhh!
JAMIE: Yeah …
CHUCK: I'm done. (laughs)
BOBBI: (laughs)
JAMIE: all right. (laughs) It was just a nice nasty thing to do, that's all.

(blow job)

CHUCK: Spit on it, all in your face.
BOBBI: Hahhh …
CHUCK: (mumbles)
BOBBI: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Are you ok here, standing here, Chuck, or is there another part of the store you'd be more comfortable in? Sitting down or anything? Are you ok? I just want to know—whatever you want.

(cunnilingus)

JAMIE: Ok, here we are in the back of the dirty bookstore.
BOBBI: Oooh …
JAMIE: There's the jack off booths.
BOBBI: Oh yeah. Oooh!

JAMIE: Some noise in the background, a guy cleaning the place. About two-thirty in the morning.

BOBBI: Ooh yeah. Yeah. Mmmm. Oh yeah. Put your fingers in there. C'mon, do it to me. Yeah … in that pussy, yeah! Yeah … ooh, fuck yeah oh! Aah aah.

(blow job)

CHUCK: That's the guard dog barking.

JAMIE: Uh huh.

CHUCK: That brings out the …

JAMIE: The watchdog. The watchdog barking.

JAMIE: There's the dog, the watchdog, hope I don't need a release for you, sir. Just went to get a battery for my camera. Now, we'll go back to the fucking.

JAMIE: Where are those fuckers? Somewhere in the back here.

JAMIE: There are the fuckers.

BOBBI: Ooh!

JAMIE: There are the kids. Yes they are. See 'em? Nice juicy fucking piece of ass. Juicy ass.

BOBBI: Ooh!

JAMIE: Juicy whore ass.

BOBBI: Aah aah aah.

JAMIE: Look at that fucking whore. Yeah.

BOBBI: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Yeah. Oh.

JAMIE: Gonna get fucked now, aren't you?

BOBBI: Yeah.

JAMIE: Gonna get fucked?

BOBBI: Mmm hmm.

Gonna get fucked enough, yeah …

JAMIE: Gonna get fucked right now. Yeah.

BOBBI: Ow. Ow. Ooh, the pain. Ooh! Take it easy, hold on a second.

JAMIE: Oh, you got a splinter. all right, let's shut down and look for the splinter.

BOBBI: No, no, it's ok. Ok. I'm all right. Fuck it. Ok, fuck me.

JAMIE: Fuck you bitch.

BOBBI: I'm goin. You don't have to shut down for me. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Ooh.

Ow! Fuck! Yeah …

Yeah. Fuck me. Come on and fuck me. Yeah! Yeah!

JAMIE: If we could just see you cum, when you get ready to do that, Chuck, that would be nice, you know? You know the old porn standard.

BOBBI: Ooh.

JAMIE: Yeah.

BOBBI: Ooh.

(cums)
JAMIE: Yeah.
BOBBI: Ooh yeah.
JAMIE: Couldn't take it anymore.
BOBBI: Oooh.
JAMIE: He couldn't take it anymore. Heh heh. Nice. Yeah. Jeez … yeah.
BOBBI: Oooh … yeah, rub it up and down, baby.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Yeah.
BOBBI: All that cum, yeah. Oooh.
JAMIE: Nice. Yeah. Good man. (laughs)
CHUCK: (laughs) all right. Good pussy! (laughs) Good pussy!

JAMIE: That's it. Chuck couldn't help it—had to get off. Yeah … Chuck's the man. Instant stardom for Chuck.

CHUCK: No, thank you!
JAMIE: Shake your hand, thank you sir, you did a nice job!
BOBBI: Yeah. Thank you! (laughs)
CHUCK: You know where I'm at. Only at Brand X Video!

JAMIE: Ok, here's the restroom sign at Brand X Video just so you're prepared when you come with that five dollar deposit.

Anyway, it's out of order at the moment.

JAMIE: Goodnight Brand X, see you next time.
BOBBI: Thanks Brand X. Sweet dreams.

BACK ON THE PROWL 2
(part 5)

OH, MAGNIFICENT BRAT! Oh, great cheerleader for the gods! Where are you now? I am told that your precious body has been savaged by the compulsory tit job (a rite of passage for all self-hating whores) and that you have become a Vivid contract girl—the ultimate white trash dream. They tell me, too, that you are really screwed up and on drugs, and will fuck anybody at all—whether for drugs or money or, heaven help us, even to satisfy lust. No matter, I knew you from day one and you are still the girl of my dreams. Perhaps even more so now with your current afflictions, but that's my problem.

You were the first *Back On The Prowl* girl. It had been years since I had done a prowl. I was a little scared and uncertain, with a new, borrowed camera, but when you walked into the meeting with me at my hotel I knew I would be ok—I was to be accompanied through the filth and horror of Los Angeles by someone who could do no wrong and whose smile could protect me from anything that might occur.

When we got into the limo to search for a stranger, I had no idea where we would end up, but just down the road was an "adult" bookstore and that's how the series ended up being done in those bookstores—it was a safe environment away from the general public, where men were already turned on and looking for action.

The first guy we met worked there as a cashier and he begged his boss to let him go off with us for an hour—he was an unattractive black guy who you let come with us, but who totally repulsed you—I guess you figured work was work and it would be over soon—or maybe you got a nasty thrill out of allowing him to have the best looking woman he would ever get—you never let your mouth anywhere near him, and when I ask you on camera (in the first *Back On The Prowl*) to lick his balls, you make a face and refuse. I love that you did that. It makes the scene that much dirtier. You rub your ass in his face and let him lick your pussy and fuck you, all the while showing clear disdain.

After you rinsed off the smelly, black filth, we went out again and found Joe, a customer at the same store, who was a lot more to your liking.

Months later I saw an interview with you where you stated that the black guy was a set up, that it was prearranged, but that Joe was not. I was a bit heartbroken because I never set anything up and I didn't want people to think that any of the Prowls were faked. I ran into you at a video convention in Las Vegas and asked you if that was how you remembered that night and you confessed that you only said that because you didn't mind the world knowing that you picked up a cute young white guy and got fucked, but that the paunchy black cashier was another matter—you thought it made you look a little bit more

respectable if he was at least someone we knew beforehand, rather than living proof of the fact that you might let yourself be fucked by anybody, anytime, anywhere.

I was not angry with you for casting doubts on my integrity—I could never be angry with you—but I explained that I was still the only video guy who was actually going out and shooting live sex with total strangers and that it was important to me to maintain my credibility and not be considered just another one of the gonzo video crowd. You apologized and promised never to speak falsely of me again.

You have since changed your name and are now billed as Cheyenne Silver—sounds like strength and purity and wild indians and horses and the Lone Ranger—you once told me your heart was on a farm with horses—I wish you well—I hope you get it, if you still want it. And that there will come a day soon when you no longer feel required to do anything that you are ashamed of.

(limo)

WILDCAT: You wanna be a pornstar?

JOE: Sure.

WILDCAT: Whoa! Look at him.

JAMIE: Well, all right. So, Joe, what finally decided you to take this risk and come with us. What finally decided you to say, unlike your buddy, who shall remain nameless and faceless and speechless, that you would like to do this?

JOE: Well, I was looking to rent videos and I said why video when I could ...

WILDCAT: (laughs)

JAMIE: Yes.

JOE: Come on!

JAMIE: Yes. I mean ... and I guess, you know, she's probably almost as good looking as some of the girls you're looking at.

JOE: Prettier.

WILDCAT: Thank you.

JAMIE: Well, that must have some part in your decision.

JAMIE: So, I know you're nervous, this is obviously your first time and you don't know what the hell's going on and what's going to happen. So, all I can tell you is—you're not getting paid. So what the fuck.

WILDCAT: (laughs)

JAMIE: You know? You know what I mean? If nothing happens, hey, too bad for me, right? You still got a free feel or whatever you got out of it, it's an experience, you know?

JOE: Right.

WILDCAT: Better than paying for a video.

JAMIE: That's right. better than paying for a video or paying for a girl. I mean, this is like free, I mean, look at that. If someone said to me—in a ... pulled up in a limo and said—'Hey, this is free,' I'd say 'Oh, wait a minute—

(laughs)

JAMIE:—oh, what's the catch.'
WILDCAT: Have you been turned down before?
JAMIE: Have I been turned down by guys?
WILDCAT: Yeah.
JAMIE: Well, sure. Nameless and faceless over here turned me down.
WILDCAT: Well, I mean, like, where they think you're nuts.
JAMIE: Oh yes. Sure. Sure.
WILDCAT: Like what are you crazy, something like that?
JAMIE: Sure. Sometimes it helps that I've, you know, I've done some video. Like … like I'll just turn the camera on myself, in case someone recognizes me. See? I know it's a long time ago, probably, but you've probably seen me in some videos.
JOE: (laughs)
WILDCAT: (laughs)
JAMIE: So, sometimes guys recognize me. Especially guys who hang around dirty bookstores.

JAMIE: So, Joe, how often do you go to dirty bookstores?
JOE: This is only my second time at that one.
WILDCAT: (laughs)
JAMIE: I don't care about that one but do you like dirty bookstores?
JOE: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah.
WILDCAT: Do you want me to take this off?
JOE: Yeah.
JAMIE: Do you like looking at tits and cunt?
(laughs)
(bra)
JAMIE: That's it, baby, do it.
Let's leave that—you know, I like that.
WILDCAT: You like it better on?
JAMIE: I like it, yeah, I like that. Yeah. As a matter of fact, leave your …
JOE: (laughs)
WILDCAT: You want me to take it off?
JAMIE: Yeah, let him do his stuff. Yeah. if you want to take stuff off, take it, otherwise, leave it, Joe, because I like shoes and all that stuff.
JOE: Actually, I like shoes too.
WILDCAT: You do? Ok, leave them on.
JAMIE: You know what I'm saying? She's half naked—she's practically naked anyway, so just do whatever you want, man. Yeah, it's getting … love that, you know, whatever you want take off. Whatever you want. That's it, look at that fuckin' … oh yes … That's hot, baby. Good job. That's it.
That's a baby, get it goin.'
Yeah. Yeah.

That's a baby.

WILDCAT: Do whatever you want. Nothing's wrong. Yeah. Do you want me to take that off?

JAMIE: Joe's making a dirty movie. Your own dirty movie. Homemade dirty movie, yeah.

JOE: You wanna lay back?

WILDCAT: Oooh. He's getting into it, fast.

JAMIE: Yeah.

WILDCAT: Oh …

JAMIE: Go get her.

WILDCAT: Mmmm.

JAMIE: Very nice.

WILDCAT: You work out?

JOE: Yeah, I used to work out alot.

JAMIE: Yeah, he works out, huh?

JAMIE: Ok, we're going back to the hotel. Scott, our trusty driver, is taking us back to the hotel.

WILDCAT: I get colder …

JAMIE: And that's it.

(motel bed)

(quiet fuck)

(hand job)

JAMIE: So …

WILDCAT: Does that help at all?

JAMIE: It looks like Joe's having a hard time when … What's the problem, Joe, tell us about it.

(laughs)

JAMIE: It's been real sweet. it's been lovely. And hot. But in the final countdown to a cumshot, you're feeling a little …

WILDCAT: Pressure?

JAMIE: A little pressure, are you?

JOE: Yeah.

JAMIE: Are you feeling a little pressure? Let me get a real close-up of it! Feeling a little pressure? Yeah?

JOE: (laughs)

JAMIE: You're under pressure. Oh my god. He's gonna blow the cumshot. Oh no. The most important thing in porno … is the cumshot. Oh my god, what am I gonna do?

(on toilet)

JAMIE: I don't think we're allowed to actually see it but I want to take it anyway.
WILDCAT: Do you want me to relieve myself?
JAMIE: Yeah. Relieve yourself first.
WILDCAT: Ok.
JAMIE: Joe, get out of the picture—you're messing up the picture now.
WILDCAT: Well, I'm going to go any second here so …
JAMIE: Yeah?
WILDCAT: Now I'm nervous.
JAMIE: Now you're nervous? Now you can't do it. Oh! I can hear it.
WILDCAT: Woooo yeah!
JAMIE: Yeah.
WILDCAT: Aahh.
JAMIE: Yeah.
WILDCAT: Didn't drink much water this afternoon but that felt good.
JAMIE: I see. There you go.
Show us how you wipe.
WILDCAT: Blot blot blot.
JAMIE: Let's see what you're wiping with. Is that how you do it? Oh ok.
WILDCAT: Kind of play with myself through the toilet paper.
JAMIE: Do you?
WILDCAT: Yeah.
JAMIE: That's nice.
WILDCAT: There we go! (spits) See you later with a spit.

JAMIE: Actually, you did pretty well for yourself.
WILDCAT: (laughs)
JAMIE: And Cat told me a secret that, I mean, I guess you told her so I guess, I mean, do you want the world to know about your … minimal experience in these areas?
WILDCAT: (laughs)
JOE: (laughs) Ok.
JAMIE: Tell us how many times have you had sex, Joe?
JOE: This was the second.
WILDCAT: (laughs)
JOE: Wow.
WILDCAT: Did pretty good! I mean, you, you know, you tried …
JAMIE: That's pretty good, Joe. Was the first one so horrible that you decided against it?
JOE: No.
JAMIE: all right. Well, it's probably interesting. Well, I'm glad we were able to get you over that number one hump and get you on to number two. Because you certainly did have sex. Do you jerk off alot?
JOE: No.
JAMIE: You don't? I see …
WILDCAT: (laughs)

JAMIE: all right. So, you came with us tonight because you figure, hey, this might be my opportunity to do something …? Or what d'ya think?
JOE: To get some experience.
JAMIE: To get some experience. Yeah, well, she's a cute girl to get some experience with.
WILDCAT: He got some experience.
JAMIE: Yeah, he got some experience, yeah. Well, I can tell you this, Joe, that ninety out of a hundred guys do not—will not do any better than you in these circumstances. That's a fact. So … and you did pretty well.
JOE: all right.

(parking lot)
WILDCAT: What a night, huh?
JOE: What a night.
JAMIE: Ok. We don't know if this is romance or what.
WILDCAT: Or what.
JAMIE: Maybe she's just gonna drop him off. But it's kind of sweet and touching.
WILDCAT: Let me see if it starts first.
JAMIE: (laughs)
WILDCAT: I wish I had a new car for you to tape this.
JAMIE: They got the champagne. They stole the champagne from the limo.
WILDCAT: all right. You ready to push?
JOE: Yes.
WILDCAT: Go.
JAMIE: (laughs) I don't believe it, she has to push her car to start it. This is beautiful. This is really happening, folks, I don't believe it but it's really happening. I thought she was kidding. She has to push her car. So long. So long, Joe. Thanks alot.
WILDCAT: Thank you!
JAMIE: Goodnight honey, thank you.
WILDCAT: Goodnight.
JAMIE: Thank you.
WILDCAT: What are your rates for renting a limo?
JAMIE: (laughs)
WILDCAT: I wanna business card.
JAMIE: Oh great. (laughs) That's too much.
WILDCAT: Oh, what was your name, though?
SCOTT: Turn it over.
WILDCAT: Bye.
JAMIE: Bye sweetheart. Thumbs up, Joe.

BACK ON THE PROWL 4
(part 1)

REGAN WAS A NASTY LITTLE PIECE OF ASS who had done some stripping—I loved hanging out in the hotel room with her, watching her making herself desirable for that evening's stranger. I edited out footage of her applying lipstick and dressing up, that, in retrospect, I should have retained.

We also stopped for a bite to eat before her encounter with Lou, and I managed to get some upskirt stuff of her at the table. I can't believe I left that out, too. Anyway, when we got to the dirty book store, this guy, Lou, was just driving by and he was amazed at what he had just seen enter the store. He pulled over and the rest is recorded/transcribed for your pleasure.

I know it's pretty sleazy but after the shoot I would often bring the girl back to my hotel—I shot the *Back on the Prowls* in Los Angeles, but I live in San Francisco—the idea ostensibly was that I would pay them there. Usually I was so turned on though, that I would try to weasel some fun for myself—even it was just to jerk-off. Many of the girls were pretty accommodating. When Regan was getting dressed to go home she put on a pair of panties that drove me crazy—she called them her "money panties," meaning that when she wore them to dance in, men would stomp all over each other to get close and stick bills in them. Being a man, I sunk to my knees and squirted all over the carpet. I never included any of these after-encounters on the tapes because I didn't want to offend a girlfriend I was seeing at the time. There is tape of me that she did accidentally see, and she was quite upset, but that footage was in the scene with the guy that was picked up for that evening (I just shot one scene a day), and I foolishly thought that if she saw footage of me in the scenes with the guys, that I could get away with saying I was just trying to liven things up for the video. I also felt somewhat that I was preserving the purity of the Prowl idea by not including too many of my own shenanigans.

REGAN: We're on the prowl!
JAMIE: We're on the prowl, baby.
REGAN: Wow.
(crotch)
JAMIE: (Grrrrs) Ok, baby, we're on our way, huh, we're on our way? We're on our way? Yeah.

(porn store)

JAMIE: Uh, Steve, is the backroom open? Let's take a look at it—I want to see which one I'll use.

JAMIE: Ok, let's see. This is the backroom. It's kind of a nasty old storeroom.

LOU: Uh … I happened to be driving by and then all I saw was a set of legs, like this … these legs walking into this dirty video store and uh … I just came in to take a look and I got lucky to find out I came in for much more than a look.

JAMIE: Whoa! all right—so, yeah, that's what I'm saying, it's up to you … let me get a feel here too as I'm here. … Yeah. Let me see her ass, too, in this stuff.

REGAN: Ooh yeah, aahh, mmmm.

(clothes bag)

JAMIE: She has some tight little shorts that are great.

LOU: Oh I like shorts. Those little biker shorts.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Tiny ones.

LOU: Tight. These?

JAMIE: No, they were white.

LOU: These!

JAMIE: Yeah …

LOU: Oh, these look beautiful. Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah.

(Regan Star)

JAMIE: Star. Star's arrived. Star's arrived.

REGAN: I'll be right back.

JAMIE: Go baby, yeah …

It's great, huh?

LOU: Fuck, man, you do this alot?

JAMIE: Huh, yeah … I mean, this is my job, you know what I'm saying? It's my fucking job!

(new outfit)

JAMIE: Oh shit!

LOU: Oh god.

JAMIE: Shit, baby.

REGAN: What do you think, Lou?

LOU: I think this is absolutely fabulous.

JAMIE: Let's take a look at it—oh! Look at that ass! Where'd you get this thing, honey, this is nice. Look at that. Look at that. Yeah.

REGAN: You like it?

(ass kiss)

LOU: Oh. I love it.

(ass slap)

JAMIE: Oh nice. Nice.
REGAN: Nice …
(stills)
JAMIE: Ok. Hold on. It looks so good. Ok, turn around, let me see your head. Let me see your face again, honey, yeah—No, face with your ass too. That's it. You know the one. That's it, baby, that's it bitch, good, yeah.
(ass slaps)
REGAN: Mmmm. Mmmmm. Mmmmm. Ow! That hurts. Now my cheeks are gonna get red … Ow! You guys! (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah … sure, yeah, you guys. You guys. You guys. Ok. Yeah, ok, nice. Ok, guys, I'm ok now—go ahead. Do what you gotta do. Mmmm. Fuck!
REGAN: Look at my nipple—it's so hard.
JAMIE: Oh yeah. Sorry, you guys at home, if the camera's a little jiggly. I'm taking stills with my right hand and holding the camera with my left hand—so, it's a little … uh …
REGAN: He's doing more than that with his left hand.
JAMIE: And I'm playing with my dick … with ah … my third hand. I don't know what I'm doing. It's not easy. It's not easy being a pornographer. I'll tell ya.'
REGAN: It's a rough job?
JAMIE: Yeah. Especially if you like your work.
LOU: Mmmmm.
JAMIE: It's a filthy job. It's a filthy fucking job.
REGAN: Slap my titty, will you? Mmmmm.
JAMIE: Dirty fucking job.
REGAN: Ohhh. Ooh. Mmmm.
JAMIE: Can I get some tit too, baby?
REGAN: Sure you can.
JAMIE: Can the photographer get some tit? Yeah? Get some tit? Nice tits. Lemme grab some tit. Yeah.
REGAN: Oh yeah. I like you to squeeze them. Squeeze my boobie.
JAMIE: Squeeze them. Slap them. Our kind of girl. Huh? Our kind of girl. It's our kind of girl. Yeah. It's our kind of girl.
(kissing)
JAMIE: Fuck. Fuckin' dirty movie … In the backroom of a dirty bookstore; that's where we are. Yeah … If you guys don't believe it, I'm opening the door and there's the bookstore booths—where they go to jack off! You see? There's the booths. There's the booths. And this is the dirty bookstore backroom. Hee hee hee. Yes …

What's she gonna do? What's that fuckin' whore gonna do now? What's she up to? I hate to think. I hate to think.
(knees)
REGAN: I just love you guys.
(blow job)
JAMIE: I hate to think what this slut's gonna do. Yeah …

There's some music playing in some room next door, I hope it's not copyrighted.

Yeah …

Yeah … shit. Oh shit. His fuckin' dick. She loves dick. The bitch loves dick, what can ya' do?

REGAN: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Fuck. Fuck. Cocksucker.

LOU: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Guess you had a nice … ah … very loose … ah … liberal upbringing to have you in the back of a dirty bookstore sucking dick, huh, Regan? Huh? I'm sayin' that 'cause …

REGAN: What was that you said?

JAMIE: I said, did you have a nice, liberal, easy, background … permissive?

REGAN: Sex … I won't say drugs but … rock n' roll, sure. (laughs)

JAMIE: Yes. But you were brought up as a good girl? Weren't you?

REGAN: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yes.

REGAN: An avid church goer. Look at that thing! Look at that thing. Fuck me! Oh.

JAMIE: Yes … that's why I mentioned it … That she was an avid church goer. Good girl! Church every Sunday, does that mean?

REGAN: Mmm mmm. Every Sunday and every Wednesday.

JAMIE: Every two days—twice a week to church. Good girl. She's one of those good girls. I'd hate to see what bad girls are doing these days. I hate to think. Yeah.

LOU: Bad girls are getting it in their ass.

JAMIE: Yeah—

Bad girls get it all over. Get it all over.

That's it, baby, suck his fuckin' dick. That's it.

(spit trail)

JAMIE: Yeah. Let it hang. Yeah. That's it. With the dick in your mouth, look at me. That's it. Put it in your mouth. For the boys at home. The boys at home want that. Yeah. That's it. Mmm mmm.

Yeah. Give me a still up here, still camera, look at the camera. That's it. Good girl. Good girl.

REGAN: Oh yeah. Mmmm. Oooh.

When was the last time you got laid, baby?

LOU: Two weeks ago.

REGAN: Oooh. Then you're about due. Yeah … oh yeah.

JAMIE: That's it, bitch. Gimme one for the camera, honey. Still camera. Right up here, that's it, baby. Hold it. Let's see the dick. That's it bitch. Freeze it for me. This … Hold the dick. That's it. Stick it in your face, that's it. Good. Good.

Good girl. I like it. That's it, baby. that's it, baby.

That's it bitch. Good bitch. Good.

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REGAN: (moans)

JAMIE: That's it, baby, that's it. That's it. Show everybody. Show everybody what a whore you are. That's it, good. Show us. Good. That's a baby. Good. Show the boys at home. That's it. That's it. Good girl.
REGAN: Aah. Aah.
JAMIE: Good. Look around you, baby. That's it. Get some ass too. Yeah.
REGAN: Oh yeah. Yeah, baby.
JAMIE: Lick at that ass. That would be nice. Yeah.
REGAN: Yeah. Oooh.
JAMIE: That's it. Lick his ass, bitch. Good. Good.
REGAN: Oooh.
JAMIE: That's it. Lick it, bitch. Lick his ass …
REGAN: Mmmm. Mmmm. Mmmmm.
(standing cunnilingus)
REGAN: Taste me. Eat me. Fuck yeah. Oooh. Ooh yeah, honey, eat me.
Oh yeah! Mmmmm.
(fuck)
REGAN: Ok. Go. Fuck me. Fuck me.
LOU: Yeah?
REGAN: Ooh ooh. Ooh ooh.
JAMIE: Yeah. Give it to her. That's it. Good. Beautiful. man. Oh yeah. Nice. Oh yeah, baby. Yes. Yeah. Yeah. Got it. Give it to her.
REGAN: Aah aah mmmm. … ooh.
JAMIE: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Hey man. I think this guy's made dirty movies before … yeah!
REGAN: I feel you cumming in me.
LOU: (mumbles)
REGAN: Oh yeah! Just like that! Yeah. Ooh ooh oh god.
Yeah … Fuck me! Mmmm mmmm mmmm
Ride it! Oh! Ooh …
(blow job)
JAMIE: We get to see your asshole real good this way, too. You know, there's something about an asshole … That's good. Yeah. Something about an asshole … That's a baby, show us your asshole. Good girl. Wednesday and Sunday. Every Wednesday and Sunday. Every Wednesday and Sunday to church and here she is in the back of Brand X. Yeah.
LOU: Today is Wednesday.
REGAN: Mmm. Oh. Ooh!
JAMIE: Good. Yeah. Good girl. That's a baby.
(face masturbation)
REGAN: Ooh yeah. Oooh. Aah aah ooh.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Jack off. Get it on her. Get it. Get it on her. Get it on her. Yeah.
LOU: (mumbles)
JAMIE: Get that shit on her, man, yeah.
LOU: Yeah?

JAMIE: Get it on her. Get it all over her. Yeah. That's it, bitch—
LOU: I'm cumming.
JAMIE: Get it all over her. Get it all over her. Man, yeah. Get it all over her. Yeah. Yeah. Get it all over her. Get it all over her. Man. That's perfect.
REGAN: Rub it in my back!
JAMIE: That's it. Rub it all over. Rub that shit all over. Yeah. Rub it all over.
REGAN: Boy.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it, bitch. Yeah. Good man. Good man.

JAMIE: 'Appreciate it, Lou! You were great. See you in the movies.
LOU: all right. Thanks. See ya.
REGAN: Bye baby!
LOU: Peace. Peace.

BACK ON THE PROWL 4

(part 2)

CLEO IS MY FAVORITE KIND OF GIRL—no pretension, not some preening pornstar, not some dizzy, fake boobed lunatic who's looking to grab a best double anal penetration award—no, she's just a quiet young thing who's a little kinky, likes sex, and, if a camera is around, that's ok, but she's not going to play to it. When she sucks cock, she looks like she's off in fantasy land, not demonstrating her proficiency. In fairness to other more practiced whores, I should add that Cleo was new to the game—this might have been her first and last "performance"—I don't really know—never saw her before or after. She was sent over by Regan Senter, the notoriously sleazy (look who's talkin') LA agent, who insists on fucking his "talent" before he gets them work in porn. He justifies this to the girls by telling them that he cannot give an honest appraisal of their abilities without first trying them out. More than one girl has expressed her disgust to me at having had to go through his audition procedure, but LA seems to be full of desperate young women who would do almost anything for the chance to be offered a job that consists of being thrown to some horny, desperate stranger found hanging around in a dirty book store.

Sam seemed to me like the kind of young guy that might be a bit of a male hustler, the sort that drifted around in stores looking to pick up a blowjob and a few bucks, I may have been wrong about that, but the gay manager of the store did point him out to me as someone who might be just the right stuff to include in the evening's videotaping—and so he was ...

CLEO: Yeah. I mostly like fantasy. You know, in my head, fantasies and stuff like that. I can really get goin', just myself and a fantasy.
JAMIE: Right. And when get goin', do you use fingers or toys or ...
CLEO: I use my finger.
JAMIE: Finger.

(porn store)
JAMIE: So, tell us what you like, that's interesting. Fetish stuff ...
SAM: Yeah, a little fetish. A little leather. A little bondage.
JAMIE: Leather, bondage, are you sort of ...

(nipple rings)
JAMIE: Oh I see. So you tend to be ... You like to ...

CLEO: You're rough.
SAM: Yes. Sometimes. A little biting. A little nippling. (laughs)
JAMIE: Ooh! Do you care who gets to be in charge or?
SAM: No. It goes both ways.
JAMIE: It goes both ways … Well, I think you kids might have something in common. You know, I don't know.

(booths)

SAM: You could throw a video on in the booth. Have someone like sittin' there … And stuff.
JAMIE: You got a whole scenario set up—
SAM: Sure!
CLEO: Hmmpf.
JAMIE: Yeah, look at the cum all over … There's some cum right there. Jesus. Cum all over the place.
SAM: Probably just cum today too. (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. There's cum all over this place.
CLEO: Wow … I want him to whip it out right there.
JAMIE: Right here? all right. Whip it out.
CLEO: And start jacking off.
JAMIE: She wants to see it. C'mon. That's it.
SAM: It's already bulging.
JAMIE: She wants to see you whip it out. That's it.
CLEO: … very big …
JAMIE: all right, well, maybe we should … let's see … that's a good idea, that's nice. Nice dick, huh? Juicy dick? Is that juicy enough for you? It's all right. Not bad …
CLEO: Mmm mmm.
JAMIE: Not bad for a dirty bookstore, huh?

(laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah—you got a little cum stain right on your pants there. Stain. Look at that already, jesus. Pre-seminal fluid right there on his pants. On his shorts. Goddamn.

Ok. Um …

CLEO: Ready?
JAMIE: Yeah. Should we take him in the back? Let's see what we got.

That's it. Take him in the back.

JAMIE: I don't know. I sort of see him in a dog collar. I don't know. For some reason.
CLEO: You do?
SAM: I think so too.
JAMIE: Why don't you go put that collar on.

(all fours)

CLEO: Do you like to be leashed?

... undress?

Can you walk a little?

Yeah—

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. That's it. C'mon, baby. C'mon, get that dick up motherfucker. Hey this is ... c'mon!

Pull his dick. Make him get it up. Or you get it up. Go on. Go on. Yank on it. Yank the fuckin' dick. C'mon. Good. That's it. Get his dick goin.'

C'mon, doggy. C'mon, doggy dick.

CLEO: Move your leg.

JAMIE: That's it. Good boy. That's it. Good boy. Good boy. That's it. C'mon, get it up. C'mon, get it up. Doggy. Good dog.

SAM: Yes. Uh ...

JAMIE: Good doggy. Milk his dick. Good, good.

SAM: Milk it. Yeah. I was thinking the same thing.

(on back)

CLEO: Can I watch him jack off?

JAMIE: Yeah, c'mon. Jack off for the girl. She wants to see you jack off. Jack it, doggy. Good. C'mon. Good. Jack that fuckin' thing. Good.

CLEO: Yeah—he's being very good.

JAMIE: Good boy!

(face down)

JAMIE: That's it, boy. C'mon, hump that thing. Hump it. That's it. That's it. Good. Fuck that thing. Go on. Spank his butt.

SAM: Spank it. Oh yeah. Do it hard.

JAMIE: Good girl. Good boy.

CLEO: Make that ass red.

SAM: Red.

JAMIE: Get up on your fours. So the cock hangs down. Oh good. That's good. That's good. No, I like it. Pinch it, that's good. That's it.

CLEO: Mmm mmm. Aaahh.

JAMIE: Good girl.

CLEO: Mmm hmm. Look at those balls.

JAMIE: Good girl. Nice sticky balls. Good girl. That's it.

CLEO: Mmm mmm. Yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah.

CLEO: (spits)

JAMIE: That's it.

Up on your fours, doggy. C'mon, that's it. Good. That's it. Stick your ass up in the air. That's it. Ok.

CLEO: Look at that spit dropping from your balls.

(grind)

JAMIE: Look at that. Look at that. Yeah. Isn't that pretty? Yeah. It's fun to step on a dick sometimes? Yes?
CLEO: (laughs)

(blow job)
JAMIE: Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. That's a good girl. Good girl.
SAM: Mmmm. Um. Slob it.
JAMIE: That's it. Icing a cake here … That's it. That's a baby, that's it. Good girl. Good girl. Nice. Good. Pretty girl. Is she any good, Sam?
SAM: Mmm mmm. Perfect. Perfect. Cute too. Ohhh that's good. Oh. Uh uh uh. Rub your clit.
CLEO: What?
SAM: Rub your clit.
JAMIE: That's it, show the boys.
SAM: Oh yeah.
Is it making you hot?
CLEO: Mmmm mmm.
JAMIE: Good. Good.
Pretty girl. That's a baby. Good girl.
SAM: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Uggh … oh it's so … oh yeah. Eat the dick. Mmmmm. Suck.

(eating ass)
JAMIE: Is he a good boy?
CLEO: Mmmmm. You're a very good doggy.
JAMIE: Is he a good dog? Good dog. C'mon, dog. C'mon. That's a good dog. That's a good dog. That's it. That's it you fuckin' dog, go on.
CLEO: Mmmmmm. Yeah. Mmmmmm. You're a star, baby.
JAMIE: A doggy star, huh? A doggy star, eh? Oh yeah. Doggy star. Doggy star.
CLEO: Oh! Spit in my ass.

(strap-on dildo)
JAMIE: Tastiest dick you ever sucked, eh, Sam?
SAM: (laughs)
CLEO: Suck it. Mmmmm. Oh yeah. Mmmmm mmmmm. Mmmm mmmm. Oh yes. Oh yes.
JAMIE: There'd be alot more cocksucking in the world if they all tasted like that?
SAM: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah …
CLEO: Oh yeah … ohhh … oh yeah … uh huh. Oh yeah. Lick my asshole. Oh yeah. Ohhhh. Oh yeah, suck it. Oh yeah … so …

(open asshole)
JAMIE: Good girl. Stay like that.

That's it. Give 'em something to jack off on, baby.

That's a baby.

SAM: Yeah. Look at that ass. Oh!

JAMIE: That's it, baby, give us a show. That's it. Boys are sittin' around jackin' off. Including yours truly. Yours truly. Yeah.

Sam can't get his fuckin' head out of there. I'm trying to tell him that I want to look at it and he refuses to allow it.

(laughs)

JAMIE: I'm tellin' ya. He thinks this is a … isn't this a movie or aren't you into doin' something … that's good, honey, you're doing great. That's right. Yeah. Turn around. Yeah. Show off for us. Give us some jerk off stuff. We're sitting in the audience. That's a baby. Turn. Make us really want it, baby. That's a baby. That's a baby.

SAM: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: That's it baby. See …?

Yeah.

CLEO: Mmmmm mmmm mmmm.

JAMIE: That's a baby. Yeah. That's a baby. Good. Got thousands of guys lookin' at this, baby. All beating their meat like crazy. Go on. Do it. Yeah. Mmmmmm. Yeah.

SAM: Ooh!

JAMIE: Yeah, everybody wants to get in there, man.

(blow job)

JAMIE: That's it … ooh, shit. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Squat on her so she can lick your balls too. You know what I'm saying, like so you can jack your dick a little … Yeah, that's it.

Good girl. Good girl. That's it.

(fuck)

JAMIE: Look at that. look at that. Ooh shit.

CLEO: Mmmmm mmmm. Mmmmmm mmm. Oh yeah man oh! Mmm mmm oh yeah. Yeah. Fuck. Oooh. Oooh. Ugh. Yeah. Oh yeah. Oh shit. Yes. Ooh ooh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

(positions)

CLEO: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oh yes, ooh ooh ooh. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Ease in, take it easy. It's a big cock. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Oohh shit.

JAMIE: That's it, Sam, show it to us. Show us all that stuff.

CLEO: Oh yah … uggh … oh yeah, ugh … oh shit … oh yeh.

(blow job)

SAM: I want to cum all over your asshole.

(ass masturbation)

CLEO: Ooooh yeah, cum on my asshole. Mmmm

Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Nice. Beautiful. Beautiful. Yes. Very pretty. Nice. Hot. Nice warm ass.

Nice hot load on her ass. Yeah. Cool. Look at this.

JAMIE: That was obviously terrific, I don't have to tell you.
SAM: Adios.
JAMIE: Pretty good stuff? You'd back that up, would you, honey?
CLEO: Yeah.

JAMIE: So you liked him licking your ass? And what else … you playing with him, is that what you said?
CLEO: Yeah, I kinda liked putting the collar on him and … spanking him.
JAMIE: Oh, that kinda stuff. Yeah, right. Spanking him. Playing with him. Getting your ass licked. Yeah, right.
CLEO: Yeah. Just 'cause he was a particular kind of person. That seemed to enjoy that.
JAMIE: Yes. He was good for that.

BACK ON THE PROWL 4

(part 4)

INTRUSION (PERHAPS NOT HER REAL NAME) is a rare breed of whore. She seems to enjoy the sex as much as the money—or maybe it's the magic combination of the two that gets her off.

In any case, you can see it in her eyes—it's not for the camera—it's pure lust and joy at being a bitch in her prime, without a care, because the meat she is selling is so fresh, tasty and tender that there is a line around the block, and she's laughing at how easy it all is. I mean who the fuck needs a fuckin' high school diploma, anyways.

She almost salivates as she rubs her pussy and stares at Mr. X, the hot young hispanic, who comes into the dirty book store's back room, as she is doing Tim—the guy we had chosen earlier. "Hmmm, more cock," are the words she is not quite saying—"Lookit this new piece of ass. C'mere baby."

Most other girls would ask for more money from me to "have to fuck" more than one stranger. I know the thought never crossed her mind. Another hard-on, all stiff and staring right at her, was like a gift. And when she gobbled up those two, she was off and skipping, with a big self-satisfied smile on her face, to her next "escort" assignment. The night was still young.

JAMIE: Here's a guy, he was here the other day. What's your name again?
TIM: Tim.
JAMIE: Tim, that's right. Whad'ya think, does this amuse you?
TIM: Very much so.
JAMIE: Yeah?

JAMIE: Talk to this young fella, too. Excuse me, young man, I'm making a movie …
X: Oh really?
JAMIE: Would you like to be in the movie? It's gonna be in your favorite dirty bookstore. Can I talk to you on camera?
X: No, nah, not on camera.
JAMIE: Oh ok, then I guess we can't do anything. all right. So the young man we just spoke to does not want to be on camera. I understand. Thank you. But Tim is not shy at all.
TIM: Not shy at all.

JAMIE: Not shy at all. Well, maybe … , without further ado then …

Did you look around the store—is there anybody else here?

Take a look, I mean … Nice?

TIM: Yeah.

JAMIE: She's all right. Well, Tim, I think she a … you're not going to do any better in here, that's for sure.

TIM: She's down.

JAMIE: Yeah. Well. Are you sure this is ok with you, Tim? I don't want to do anything that's, you know …

TIM: I'll follow her. Wherever she goes.

JAMIE: There we are. Getting into the backroom. With Tim. Just go right ahead into the room.

INTRUSION: Is this the one?

JAMIE: Yeah, that's the one.

INTRUSION: Welcome to my room.

TIM: Ok.

JAMIE: Let's show him that he really can feel you up. Look at that. Look at that. Look at that. Look at that.

Because, I mean, he might be a little shy. I think she would rather you feel her up. I wanna do a little something for the boys at home here. Yeah. Yeah, see, sometimes guys need a little coaxing. Let them know it's ok. Let them know it's ok. Let them know. Yeah. Let them know it's really all right to be nasty. Yeah. Let 'em know. Let 'em know. Yeah.

Why don't you sit up on the couch. Let 'em know. Let the boys know it's ok to get dirty with you. Yeah. Sure. It's ok. That's what she's here for. Yeah.

Show the boys. Show the boys. See? It's free pussy for you, Steve, yeah. I gotta pay her but, you know, being a good girl. But it's free for you. It's expensive pussy. It's not cheap stuff.

INTRUSION: No, it's not free.

JAMIE: It's not free.

INTRUSION: It's not free.

JAMIE: It'll cost you, man. It'll cost you. She's a very high priced escort. She's done a few movies, right?

INTRUSION: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Mmm mmm. Yeah. Yeah.

(cunnilingus)

JAMIE: That's the best place for your face. the best place for your face. Oh yeah. Yeah. Eat that. That's high priced spread, man, eat her up. Yeah. Show everybody, man. Oh yeah, look at it. Go to town, baby. Oh yeah. Look at that pussy. Shit.

TIM: Do you play with yourself?

INTRUSION: Yeah.

TIM: Yeah?

INTRUSION: Mmm hmm.

TIM: You like playing with yourself?
INTRUSION: Mmm hmm.
TIM: You shouldn't be out alone.
Now the guys are gonna come to the store more often.
(blow job)
JAMIE: Good. That's it baby. Do your job. Do your job, bitch. Do your job. Yeah. Yeah. Good. That's it, baby, that's it. That's it, yeah. That's a baby. that's it. Put your hands on your ass, honey, and just put your head on his dick. Let her do that. I wanna see how—Inhibition, honey?
INTRUSION: Mmmm?
JAMIE: Put both hands on your ass. That's it. Just put your head down on his dick but put your hands on his ass. I mean, your hands on your ass, I'm sorry. I wanna see you spread your cheeks. Both hands. That's good. That's it. Spread and suck. That's good. It's a nice nasty shot. Open your asshole. C'mon. Both hands. That's it. That's it. I want to look right up your ass, baby. That's right. That's what I want to see—keep it like that. Keep it like that and suck. Good. That's right. Good. That's what I want to see, baby. Keep it like that. It's nice and nasty. That's right. Good girl. Nice picture. Good girl. That's right. Open it up nice and wide. That's right, baby. That's right. Good, I like to see that. Spread cunt and ass. Good. That's a baby. Excellent. That's a baby. Good. Keep it nice and spread. That's right, baby. Nice and wide. That's it. That's right. Suck dick while you do that. Good. Good. Good. Good. Ok. Nice. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Good. Nice.
C'mere honey. Say hello to the boys at home.
INTRUSION: (mouths hello)
JAMIE: Perfect.
Perfect.

(blow job)
JAMIE: Yeah. Go get him. Nice.
Nice.
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(69)
JAMIE: Yeah. Get in there. Good.
Yeah.
(asshole)
JAMIE: Oh shit. Look at that. What a piece of ass, eh, Steve? That's what you call a piece of ass.
TIM: Big time.
JAMIE: Yeah, big time piece of ass.
TIM: Nothing like it at home.
(blow job)
JAMIE: Fuck her face, man, that's it. Fuck her face.
Yeah . Good.
Yeah. Nice.

Oh yeah, baby, that's it. Stay there, let him fuck you. That's it. Just keep your mouth nice and open. Let him fuck. That's it. Good. Fuck her, man. Yeah.

Good girl. Good. That's it. Fuck her! That's it. Yeah. Nice. Nice.

(masturbation)

JAMIE: Ok, we took a quick break here because some guy walked in. What do you want to call—what should we call you? Real name ok? First name?

X: Call me X.

JAMIE: X. (laughs) Mr. X. From Brand X. (laughs) He knocked on the door. We saw him outside, he said he couldn't be on camera—he was afraid to be on camera. But, he said, if we didn't shoot his face, we could show … show dick.

Her name's Intrusion. Done a few films, does escort work. So we have to, you know, she is a pro. But we let guys come in and do whatever they want. That's the whole point of the series. Just go to dirty bookstores. Bring pretty girls in. Find guys who want to fuck them. Do whatever they want with them.

(hard-on)

(laughs)

X: Nature rises.

JAMIE: Yeah, look at that bad girl.

(fuck)

JAMIE: Good.

Y'know, you can fuck it if you want it. Y'know, I'm still just on your dick so don't worry about it.

X: As long as it stays on my dick.

JAMIE: What's that?

X: As long as it stays on my dick.

JAMIE: Don't worry about it. I'm telling you again. That's our deal, right?

X: Yeah.

TIM: (moaning)

INTRUSION: (moaning)

JAMIE: Yeah, man.

X: How's the view from back there?

JAMIE: Nice. You wanna take a look?

Pretty good, huh?

X: Yeah.

(blow job)

JAMIE: Yeah, well, X decided to jump in on camera here. Yeah. Yeah. Still no face but we could show his dick.

X: That's right.

(fuck)

JAMIE: Yeah. Give it to her, baby. Oh fuck. Yeah. Yeah, fuck her, man. Show everybody how you fuck. Yeah. Good, oooh, yeah, yeah. Do it. yeah. Just some stranger standing outside, guys, could have been you. Fucking this nice piece of meat. Yeah. Yeah.

That's it. Give it to her, baby. Can't show his face. But there's his balls. His dick and ass. Can show that.

Nice. Nice. Nice.

(fingers)

JAMIE: That's good. Yeah. That's a baby. Yeah. Give it to her.

Shove it in there. God.

(hand job)

JAMIE: Yeah. Good.

On her fuckin' tits, man. Yeah, yeah. On her fuckin' tits. Yeah. Good. Yeah.

Good load. That's a good load. Yeah. Yeah. Nice. Look at that stuff—that shit come out. Yeah, good.

Just leave it. Don't even wipe it. Looks great, honey. Leave it for awhile. Just leave it for awhile. I wanna look at it. Leave it alone.

JAMIE: Intrusion is saying goodnight to the boys, who are now leaving. Steve we got on camera. And X—there he is.

INTRUSION: Pleasure.

(laughs)

JAMIE: Thanks guys, you were great, we appreciate it.

TIM: We thank you. Good luck.

JAMIE: all right. Ok. Thanks. See you later.

JAMIE: Intrusion is ready, all dressed up, looks like clean as a whistle, like she didn't just suck and fuck two guys.

So are you going off to work some more tonight?

INTRUSION: Yes.

JAMIE: You got some escort stuff happening?

INTRUSION: Yep.

JAMIE: Yeah.

INTRUSION: Gotta keep going.

JAMIE: Keep going. Make that money, Huh?

INTRUSION: Yep.

JAMIE: all right, baby.

INTRUSION: All day. All night.

JAMIE: All night. Yeah. All night. Yeah. So ... yeah ... all night, man. She's goin.' She's goin.'

BACK ON THE PROWL 4

(part 5)

THIS WAS SOMETHING I DREAMED ABOUT for a long time. Shanna had told me a few years before that she had been engaged to be married and that she had bought a beautiful wedding gown for the occasion. The guy walked out on her just before the marriage took place, but she still had the gown. I vowed that if I ever did another Prowl that I would somehow get Shanna to go out in it, and have her offer herself to strangers. It was a long time between Prowls but when Vivid Video asked me to revive the series, I went looking for the bride that wasn't to be.

At the time of the taping with Shanna, she was living with a latin lover who liked big assed babes and enjoyed offering them around. I knew one of his previous girlfriends and he asked me, more than once, if I would like to get together with them—I never took him up on it, but it gave me reason to believe that he wouldn't mind if I suggested that we doll up Shanna in her gown and go and get her defiled by the riffraff in a dirty bookstore. He was not only up for it, but asked if he could come along. Being an aspiring "legitimate" actor he didn't want to appear on camera in such a sordid situation, so for much of the night he hid in the toilet, a few feet away from where the love of his life was getting fucked and pawed by a parade of desperately horny, social rejects.

Once Shanna got started, she didn't seem to want to stop. After she sucked a lean, hung, young stud in a video booth and got herself fucked by him (all the while wearing the gown), a mexican named Gilberto, who had been in *Back On The Prowl Part 1*, came along and begged to be allowed to grope and jerk off on her now naked body, which was still dripping with cum from the previous encounter. Shanna good naturedly let him have his way. Then, still eager to be explored, she stepped into a short, tight black dress and sauntered out into the booth area of the store where men had dropped their quarters and were watching tapes, but were more than happy to be distracted by a real life piece of ass. Shanna was sweet and smiling throughout, as they mauled and nuzzled her various cracks and crannies. Her boyfriend now followed us around, just out of camera range, to be sure that he wouldn't miss any cheap thrills.

Interestingly enough, although it was perhaps the dirtiest, nastiest, scummiest, most perverse of all the Prowl adventures, there was something fresh and open about Shanna's approach to it all. It was like: "Yes baby, I am a big assed, hot blooded Mama and I love to see you boys scrambling after me—so come on–one at a time—or all at once—what are you waiting for?" No cock was too small for her and none too big. They were all just right.

When I hired a girl to go on the prowl it was usually with the understanding that she would not be expected to be with more than one guy during the evening. There had been others that got caught up in the free-for-all atmosphere, and were happy to throw that agreement out the window, but none did so readily as Shanna.

I've heard she recently broke up with the lover that came with us on that depraved, yet somehow also innocent, evening. Maybe I should look the babe up. Come to think of it, it might not be a bad idea to just go ahead and marry the whore—she seems to be up for grabs and the gown is only slightly soiled.

JAMIE: Ok, guys. None of us deserve this. But here in the back of Brand X Video dirty bookstore is the fabulous Shanna McCullough. In this fabulous dress.
SHANNA: Wedding gown to be exact. It's a wedding gown.
JAMIE: Wedding gown, I beg your pardon. It's a wedding gown. And Shanna, tell us, is this something you just went and got today for this video.
SHANNA: No, actually, I've had this for a few years. Because I never got to use it. It's never been worn before except to try on. I was going to get married about seven years ago or so. And planning the wedding. And then the man broke up with me and I already paid half the dress. And I said, well, could I get my money back and they said no, you already paid half. Which—it's not a cheap dress either. And I thought, well, I could either pay the rest and have the dress or just forfeit all that money and not have this beautiful dress that I wanted for myself anyway and I thought maybe someday I'll use it. So I kept it and I really love it. But I've never used it before. I've never worn it before. And I thought what a better opportunity to just show it off a little bit to some people that might appreciate it a little better.
JAMIE: As opposed to that creep who broke up with you?
SHANNA: That's right.

JAMIE: We're walking by the booths where the guys are jacking off, watching dirty movies and ...
SHANNA: It's busy tonight.
JAMIE: Yeah, it's busy tonight.
SHANNA: Alot of people here.
JAMIE: It's almost as if they knew that Shanna was coming.

JAMIE: Here we are, actually in the store proper—among all the dirty books. Oh, there's an *On The Prowl* poster! all right.
SHANNA: Hey—
JAMIE: Life imitates art. Art imitates life. Whatever.
SHANNA: (laughs)
JAMIE: Just walk straight like you're walking down the aisle. Dance on your own. Oh yes, that's it.

(hands)

Very nice. Very nice. It's very nice.

Let's see if we could look up your dress. all right boys, I'm going in. Goin' in, under the dress. Oh yeah. This is my favorite place to be, baby. Yeah. Yeah. That's it, baby. That's it. Yeah. Uh-huh. That's it. That's a girl. We're under the dress. Under the dress, guys. That's it, just stay there for me, honey. That's it. Stay right there. That's it. We're under the wedding dress. This nice wedding dress. That's a baby. Good. Good. Nice. Yeah. Ok, coming out. Yes. Very nice.

SHANNA: Ooh. It's getting warm in here.

JAMIE: It's warm, huh? Yes. Yes.

JAMIE: Pedro was around the other day with a bunch of guys. Shot a scene with a bunch of guys. Watched a couple of girls in the back. So, I don't know if you've seen him before or not, but he just happens to be here tonight.

(booth)

JAMIE: Atsa baby. Atsa baby. Good. That's it. Good. Yeah. Ok, yeah. Ok, that's it. Go with it, baby. Yeah, let's see it. Let's see it. Little more. A little more. Atsa baby. Good. That's it. Great. Yeah.

If you have any directions, Pedro, you can butt in. Y'know, if you want to see anything.

I'm havin' fun. Yeah. Ok. That's great, honey, just stay like that. That's real good. Don't do anything. Y'know. Don't move too much. I like it. Yeah.

Yeah, what an ass. What a fuckin' ass. Yeah. Yeah, that's it. Ok. Good, atsa baby. Yeah. Yeah, that's my kinda thing. I'm havin' fun now. Hee hee. Yes. That's perfect. Just hold it. Yeah.

(blow job)

JAMIE: Don't worry about me. I'm just peeking. That's a girl. That's a baby. Suck dick, honey. Good girl. Yeah. Suck dick. Good. Look at that ... all right. Yeah.

(cunnilingus)

SHANNA: Aah aah oooh aah mmmm mmmm. Oooh. He's good at this.

JAMIE: Looks like he knows what he's doin.'

SHANNA: Uh huh! Oh oh oh. Oooh. He's also got a piercing. That's good. Tee hee. Mmmm mmm.

JAMIE: He came prepared. Pierced tongue. Came prepared.

SHANNA: Oh god. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Ooh oh, oh god, oh god, oh yeah. Oooh ugh! Oh god. Oh yeah. Oooh.

JAMIE: Nice boy, huh? Yeah?

SHANNA: Yeah.

JAMIE: What a nice surprise, that he knows what to do, also. Yeah. Yeah.

SHANNA: Oh god. He knows where the g-spot is.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. I could see—we were out in the front of the store and Shanna said, 'Hey this one's good.' This one is good. She said this one's good. Yeah. Get this one.

SHANNA: Yeah. Mmm mmm. Oooh.

JAMIE: This one's good.

SHANNA: Aah aah oooh. Oooh aaahhh oooh. Mmmmmmm.

(ass)

JAMIE: That's a good boy. That's a good boy.

SHANNA: Spank it if he wants.

(slap)

SHANNA: Yeahhhhh …

(asshole)

JAMIE: Get a good look at it. Show the boys at home. What they're missing. What they could have got if they were in the bookstore tonight. Just for free. Right in the bookstore. It's a good deal. Good deal.

(hand job)

JAMIE: Go up to your pussy. Yeah. Show everybody his big dick. Yeah. Yeah. Oh yeah. That's it. It's gonna go in your pussy. Is that gonna go in your pussy? That's it. Let's see it. Yeah. Can you get fucked with that?

SHANNA: Mmm mmm.

JAMIE: Fucked with it. Let's see it. Take your hand off it. Let's see it. Yeah. Nice. You got a nice wicked curve on it, too—huh? Yeah, wicked curve. Yeah, let's see it. Wicked curve on it.

(fuck)

JAMIE: Yeah, man, go get it, get that fuckin' thing. Yeah. Yeah, man. Good. Finally got to use that wedding dress, baby.

SHANNA: (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah. Use that wedding dress.

Go from the back. Let's see 'em fuck. Yeah. Do it to her, man. Do it to her. Fuck that cunt. Yeah. That's a boy. That's a boy. That's a boy.

Pull out so I could see it, Pedro, let's see it, let's see it so I could see the full extension of the dick. Yeah.

Go up over her a little bit. So I can get a nice shot. Yeah. Stick it in. Stick it in. Lemme see that dick. Still shot. Stop fucking. Lift it out. That's it. That's it. Yeah. Good. Go get her, man. Fuck that cunt. Yeah. Do it to her.

SHANNA: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Pedro likes to fuck.

Fuck the bitch. Fuck her.

Yeah. Get into it.

SHANNA: Oh god oh god yes yes.

JAMIE: Shit. Shit. That's it. Shoot it on her tits, man. Shoot it all over her. Yeah. Good man. Good man. Good man. Good man.

SHANNA: Oh yeah. Wow. Mmmmmm mmm.

(half naked)

JAMIE: Thanks alot, man. You were terrific.

PEDRO: Thank you.

SHANNA: Thank you!

JAMIE: Ok. So long. See ya.

—This guy here was in another movie, I picked him up in another bookstore like two months ago.
SHANNA: Really.
JAMIE: And he just saw me. He's such a horny fuck. Of course, we can't let him do anything but I just thought …
SHANNA: Hi there.
JAMIE: This is Gilberto.
GILBERTO: Hi.
JAMIE: He was great. He was great …
SHANNA: Yeah, he was great.
JAMIE: … but she's tired now, she's already finished. But I wanted to let you get a look. Just a tease.
SHANNA: It's all over me. He did a good job.
JAMIE: Look at that horny fuckin' prick. Mexican motherfucker. You want a quick jerk off? You just want a quick jerk off? You gonna jerk off? Quick?
GILBERTO: No …
JAMIE: all right, hurry up, c'mon.
SHANNA: He just wants me to see it.
JAMIE: Yeah, that's right. He just wants you to see it. C'mon. Hurry up. We don't have all day. C'mon. (laughs) Motherfucker.
SHANNA: Do you want me to take my dress off? He could see the rest of it.
JAMIE: Oh, are you anxious to get it off? all right. Now, we're happening here, I can tell. all right. No, no, no. We saw the dress.
SHANNA: (laughs) Well, everyone else wants to see it.
(masturbation)
JAMIE: No, no, no. It's up to Shanna—I don't want to pay her any more. (laughs) So … ah … that's nice, huh? Eh? Gilberto. Eh? Good. Good. Nice. Go get her. Oh look at this. Whatta'ya gonna do? You gonna cum all over the fuckin' place? Fuckin' motherfucker.
GILBERTO: Touch?
JAMIE: No … I don't … You have to ask her.
SHANNA: He could touch my ass.
(laughs)
GILBERTO: Oh my god.
SHANNA: Hey man, I'm the one …
JAMIE: He's a horny motherfucker.
SHANNA: Look at that.
GILBERTO: Ooh ooh.
JAMIE: Yeah. Why are you so lucky? Oh, you fucking … You're a lucky motherfucker, she lets you cum on her. You fuckin' motherfucker. You fuckin' scumbag. You dirty prick. Look at you.
SHANNA: Can we get you in the movies too?
JAMIE: He was in it already. He was in another one.
SHANNA: No, we gotta get him in the movies.

JAMIE: Oh, we gotta get him in the movies, yeah. Jesus, this guy's desperate. You fuckin' … Gilberto's one desperate prick.
SHANNA: No, he's not desperate. He's … He knows what he's doing. He's got—he's got it goin' on. He's got it goin' on.
JAMIE: He needs it. He needs it. He needs it. I know. I like this guy. He was great. He was great.
SHANNA: We need more guys like you in the business.
JAMIE: I don't know what number he was in. I think he was in number one. *Back On The Prowl* number one. Number two. No, number one.
SHANNA: That was wonderful. That was wonderful.
JAMIE: Ok, guys, you could see more Gilberto in *On The Prowl* number one.
SHANNA: Look at that, wooo! Yeah. You know where to find them, Jamie.
JAMIE: Yeah, well, you find them in dirty bookstores 'cause they come in here with their fuckin' dicks hanging out. Their tongues hanging out. Thinking they're just gonna rent a video or whatever, jerk off in the booth.
SHANNA: Look at the size of it too. Boy, you did great. How'd you do that?
JAMIE: I know. It's a big fuckin' dick.
SHANNA: Wow. Thank you. Boy.
JAMIE: This is sickening.
SHANNA: You just hate this, I know.
JAMIE: I just hate this.
SHANNA: Yeah …

JAMIE: Gilberto, you're gonna be famous. You're doing great. You motherfucker. You cocksucker. You big dicked prick, you. You greasy fuck, you. You're too much. all right. Get out of here.
GILBERTO: Ok.
JAMIE: Thank you. See you later. You're all right.

This is a trip. all right. Ok. Gilberto just left. Let's see all that cum all over you. Look at that. Look at that slob.
SHANNA: Look at that. He came alot.
JAMIE: He came all over your tits. Yeah. He had alot backed up. Guys come in here 'cause they're backed up.
SHANNA: That's true.
JAMIE: You know what I'm saying? They're backed up. balls are all full.
SHANNA: Wait, you gotta see the back.
JAMIE: Ok. Oh, look at this shit—yeah, yeah, fuck! He came even more.
SHANNA: Where do you find them guys?
JAMIE: Find them in dirty bookstores. Find them in dirty bookstores. Shit. Now I got to reload another load. You're taking too much of my film, bitch. Wow. Shit. Can you spread your cheeks for me? I want to see the cum run … oh shit! Oh, that's so good. That's first rate. Don't move. That's perfect. Just stay like that forever.

JAMIE: So, here we are, Shanna in her slut outfit. Got her out of the wedding dress.
SHANNA: Slut dress.
JAMIE: Fucking slut. Hey—slut, wanna walk out into the store, hey, what d'ya say, look at what we got here?

(cunnilingus)

JAMIE: A guy spends a hard earned quarter on a movie and what's he doing? He's wasting it. I can't believe it. Some guys have no respect for money.
SHANNA: Ooh. Ooh. Ok.
JAMIE: Ok. No good? Gracias, senior.
SHANNA: No, that felt good.

(cunt kissing)

JAMIE: Gilberto's such a little prick. He's such a slut, that Gilberto. All he wants to do is suck and fuck. These goddamned Mexicans, I tell you.
SHANNA: Don't take it out on the Mexicans.
JAMIE: You goddamned Mexicans, Gilberto, you come over here and you start attacking our porn stars.
SHANNA: (laughs)
JAMIE: You're gonna be deported, I'm warning you.
SHANNA: You are so bad. (laughs) He's very bad. So bad, he's good.

(multiple booth strangers)

JAMIE: Everybody's trying to grab a little. Everybody's trying to grab a little. Everybody's trying to grab a little. Including the photographer. Including the genius behind all of this.
SHANNA: Oooh … well, you gotta get some. As long as we're here.
JAMIE: Ok. Go back in the corner. What filth. It's my own fucking debauchery.

(slip)

JAMIE: Easy. If you're gonna kill yourself, do it on camera, please.
SHANNA: He's a butt man.
JAMIE: Yeah. Alot of that going around these days. Butt maniacs.
You freak. You goddamned ass-freak, you.
MEXICAN: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: I want you guys to know that Shanna is the real thing. I mean, all that stuff outside, was way beyond the call of duty.
SHANNA: That was just for fun.
JAMIE: That was just for fun. She did it because it's a cheap thrill. You cheap slut. Let me shake your hand, you cheap slut. You degraded and defiled whore.
SHANNA: Well, thank you very much.
JAMIE: I love you, sweetheart.
SHANNA: Anytime. I love you too.
JAMIE: Bye bye.

WALKING TOILET BOWL 2

SHE HAD A LOVELY, TRAINED SINGING VOICE. She ate shit. Could take a punch. I just can't seem to say enough nice things about this girl. My old friend, porn star Harry Reems, discovered her. He has since gone on to settle down and get married and is selling real estate in Utah.

There was a time in the seventies though, when me and Harry would go on literal fucking rampages. We called ourselves the slut brothers, and together or separately, went hunting for almost any available female prey. He picked up Carol on his own but soon introduced her to me. She was a real find. You can expect a man to be a sick, disgusting pig. But Carol was that rare breed—a sick, disgusting FEMALE pig. We rejoiced in the liberation this offered us. There was no need to be coy with Carol. When you wanted to shove her head in a toilet bowl full of shit you just did it. No cajoling or pleading or force was required. As an extra touch you could even have her sing while her head was buried in the shit. Those were good times. I sort of inherited Carol after Harry left New York and I would call her up on occasion whenever I was feeling particularly demented. She was not simply going along with other people's sick plans; one of her favorite daydreams involved getting shit on by strange, young, gang-boys as she rode the New York subway ... She also liked the fantasy of being tied up outdoors where others could watch her being fucked by dogs.

I made this video in the very early nineties when it was virtually impossible to find shit tapes except in a couple of shops in Times Square and in one video store in San Francisco. I knew the guy who ran the place in San Francisco and he asked me if I would make a tape with Carol, who he knew only from the tales I regaled him with. I never imagined it would have any distribution outside his store but with the advent of the internet, it can now be obtained by anyone who wants a bootlegged copy, from any number of companies that specialize in sales of such material.

Over time, I made a handful of tapes with Carol, including one in which she brought along a very attractive latin girlfriend. I had the girl shit on me during our filthy threesome that afternoon. It was her first such effort, but she seemed to take to it and, while I never actually ate any of her shit, I reveled in the degradation of smearing it on myself while she teased me and smiled at my humiliation. Selfish beast that I am, I didn't share any of it with Carol—who seemed content enough, actually, to occupy herself with the evacuations received from yours truly.

I don't know what's become of Carol. We live on opposite coasts and I've made no effort to contact her in years, but she was the "sickest" female I ever met. I know of no higher praise.

CAROL: "The act of love is a precious gift. God gave it to you. And God's commands are to guide your life. They change until you wed. Chastity—say yes to chastity. Though times and trends may confuse us and test your faith. Chastity—say yes to chastity. Then give your love to your mate for life."

Would you like the second verse? Ok!

JAMIE: Yes.

CAROL: "Be strong. Lookout for the devil's trap. God is on your side. Stay pure for god until you say, with purist love, I do.

Chastity—say yes to chastity. Though times and trends may confuse us and test your faith. Chastity—say yes to chastity. Then give your love to your mate for life."

JAMIE: Thank you, Carol. Now that's regular—what they sing in church these days, huh? In some places.

CAROL: Not in my church, no.

JAMIE: No.

CAROL: No.

JAMIE: But they do sing that in some churches?

CAROL: I would imagine probably written by some nun somewhere.

JAMIE: Ok. And do you go to church, or sing in a church choir?

CAROL: I do. Well, I'm a paid christian for hire. For them. Or whatever.

JAMIE: To sing. Ok.

CAROL: Yes, I do sing every Sunday night.

JAMIE: Now—that's good. Ok, so … I want to thank you for the song.

CAROL: You're quite welcome.

JAMIE: But you're not the most chaste person in the world, are you?

CAROL: No. Not exactly.

JAMIE: Not exactly.

CAROL: I haven't said yes to chastity for quite awhile.

(slaps)

JAMIE: You haven't said yes to chastity. What are you exactly? Kind of a pig, aren't you?

CAROL: A little bit … kind of … yeah.

JAMIE: Huh? Aren't you?

CAROL: Yeah.

JAMIE: Are you kind of a whore pig? Huh?

CAROL: Mmm mmm. Yeah.

JAMIE: Stay there. So we get a nice shot.

CAROL: Owwww …

JAMIE: There you go.

CAROL: Do you have to hit the same side?

JAMIE: Oh, let's hit both sides …

CAROL: (laughs)

JAMIE: That's good.

CAROL: One side's getting a little too sore.

JAMIE: So, are you a whore? Mmmm?
CAROL: Yes. I guess you could call me that.
JAMIE: I guess you call you a whore.
CAROL: I get paid occasionally, does that count?
JAMIE: What do you get paid to do? To fuck?
CAROL: Mmmm hmm. Ooooh …
JAMIE: And what else? Suck cock?
CAROL: Sometimes.
JAMIE: Sometimes?
CAROL: Mmmm hmm … owww.
JAMIE: How many days of the week are you a whore? You work as a whore?
CAROL: Mm mm … umpf … three or four.
JAMIE: Ok. Are you a filthy whore?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: Of course you are. Yes …
CAROL: But I don't mind.
JAMIE: All right. Nice. Sit like that. Stay. I want to see if this is framed. That's perfect. Stay that way. Perfect. You look charming.
CAROL: Thank you.
JAMIE: Sexy.
Good. How many tricks do you see when you work a day? Few?
CAROL: They're called clients?
JAMIE: Clients?
CAROL: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: How many clients do you see?
(choke)
CAROL: Three or four or five ughhhh.
JAMIE: Three or four or five a day?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: And how long have you been doing this?
CAROL: Ohh … a long time.
JAMIE: Well, that sort of makes you a filthy whore, doesn't it?
CAROL: Sort of … But I'm good at it.
(spits)
JAMIE: Are you really?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: What makes you good at it? Baby? Mmm? What makes you good at being a whore? Huh?
CAROL: Because I could be anything anybody wants me to be.
JAMIE: Oh really?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: I see.
CAROL: Uh huh.

JAMIE: I see. I see.

(slaps)

CAROL: Mmmgmmph …

JAMIE: Do the clients grab your tits sometimes?

CAROL: Of course.

JAMIE: Of course, they do.

—Let's just break this up, whatd'ya say?

(rips)

CAROL: Owww oooh …

JAMIE: Oh! Tits! Nice!

(slaps)

JAMIE: How nice. How nice.

Excellent. Excellent. Excellent.

CAROL: This isn't very polite …

JAMIE: No. Now don't move too much 'cause we want to see everything. Ok? We want to see tits.

(harder)

CAROL: Ow! Aah …

JAMIE: Oh, tits are the best part.

CAROL: (grunts)

JAMIE: Excellent.

CAROL: They're bigger right now, huh?

JAMIE: Aren't they? They look very good.

CAROL: Yeah.

JAMIE: Show everyone your tits. Squeeze the tits. Pull on your nipples. Excellent. Excellent. There you go. Squeeze your nipples. Yes. Good.

CAROL: Oooh oooh.

JAMIE: Take your hands away, now. Let's kick your tits. Let's kick your tits. Whatd'ya say?

CAROL: It's dirty.

JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent.

CAROL: Mmmm mmm (giggles) shit!

JAMIE: Let's kick your tits. Oh! Very nice. Yes. Clean those fucking shoes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Excellent.

(floor)

JAMIE: Excellent. Where's your lipstick? Why don't we get it? I'll go get it.

(lipstick breaks)

JAMIE: Let's make some nice oh …

CAROL: Oh dear.

JAMIE: Look at that. You pig. Where is this? Can we get it out of there?

CAROL: (laughs) Where do you want it?

JAMIE: I wanted to make some nice little words here like—whore—on your tits.

CAROL: You're writing on me?

JAMIE: Yes. Yes.

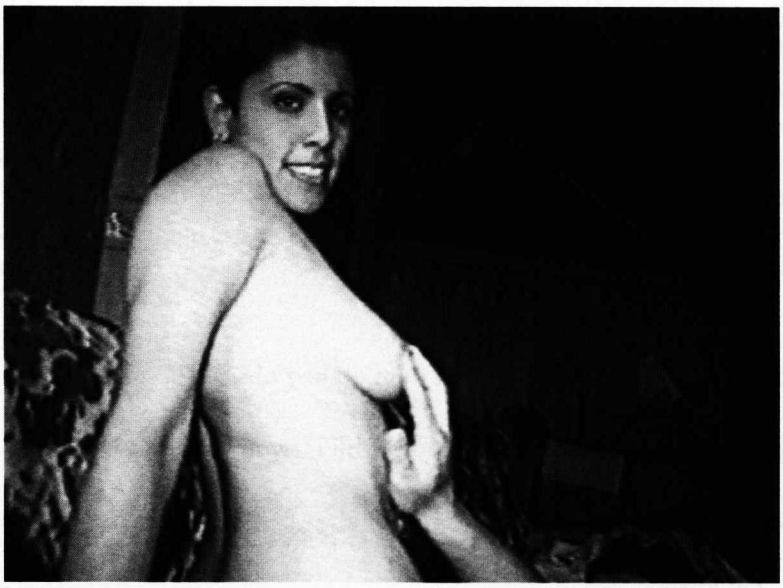
CAROL: (laughs) Talk about the scarlet letter. God.
JAMIE: Yes. Ok. Who's a whore? Huh? Who's a whore?
CAROL: Let me see it.
JAMIE: Yes.
(tits)
CAROL: Owwww! Goddamn!
JAMIE: Who's a whore? Who's a filthy whore? Huh? Who's a filthy whore? Are you a filthy whore? Are you a filthy whore.
(face)
CAROL: I am.
JAMIE: Filthy whore. You're a filthy whore. You're a filthy whore, aren't you?
CAROL: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Says so right on your tits.
CAROL: Huh? Mmmmm.
JAMIE: Right on your tits.
CAROL: Oh shit. I can't believe this shit.
JAMIE: Ohh. Nice panties. Do you have a lipstick that's not gonna fall apart like that?
CAROL: There should be a—
JAMIE: Now let me see. Let me go get it. Lipstick, pen, here we go … Now, is this a whore cunt, huh?
CAROL: Of course.
JAMIE: Pick your skirt up. Let's see the whore cunt. Let's see those panties. No! Cover that shit up. Cover that piece of crap up. That fucking whore cunt. Whore cunts. Whore cunts … are shit.

You see? Yeah? You see?
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: Are you shit? I think you're whore shit. See? That's what I think. I think you're whore shit. It says so right on your panties. And right on your stomach.
CAROL: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's what I think.
(kicks)
JAMIE: Are you a piece of shit, whore?
CAROL: Yes! Fuck …
JAMIE: Yes, you are … We're getting down to basics, here, aren't we? We're getting down to basics here, aren't we? Aren't we?
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: Aren't we? Piece of shit.
(boots)
JAMIE: Lick. Lick it.
CAROL: Oh no. Noooo …
JAMIE: Lick it you fucking whore. You fucking whore. Who the fuck do you think you're saying no to?

CAROL: Mmmmmm … why …
JAMIE: I stepped in some nice dog shit for you, now lick. Come on. Get your fucking face on it, you dog.
CAROL: No. Oh god!
JAMIE: You fucking whore.
Turn over and let me … that's it. That's it. Let's see.
(kick)
JAMIE: Let's see.
Guess what I'm writing? Can you guess? T-O-I-L-E-T.
(face down)
CAROL: (mumbles) … for me?
JAMIE: Can you spell toilet? Huh? Can you spell toilet? Filthy garbage.
CAROL: No … I've reformed … I've reformed.
JAMIE: Huh? You're reformed toilet? You're not a toilet anymore?
CAROL: Uh huh.

(strap)
JAMIE: Cunt. That's it. Now, let me see that piece of shit you call a cunt. Come on, piece of shit you call a cunt. That piece of shit you call a cunt. That piece of shit you call a cunt. Yes. Fucking whore. Fucking whore. Whore.
CAROL: Ow. Ow. Ow.
JAMIE: Filthy. Whore.
CAROL: Oh god. Hurting.
JAMIE: What do you do—What do you do for a living, Carol? Huh? Are you a whore?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: Good. Now everybody knows. Filthy whore.
(cunt kick)
CAROL: Huhhhh aaah.
Ugh! God!
(steps on wrists)
CAROL: Don't break anything, ok? Just don't break anything.
JAMIE: Don't break anything. Don't break any bones? Huh? I'll try not to break any bones! I'll try not to break any bones!
(face slaps)
CAROL: Ow! Ow! Ow!
JAMIE: You fucking whore.
CAROL: You hit hard.
JAMIE: Do I?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: Awww … awww. Tsk tsk tsk.
(strap)
CAROL: Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh god.
Ow! Oh shit!

JAMIE: Whores are supposed to be beaten, Carol. Whores are pigs. That's what whores are for. That's what pig whores are for.
CAROL: I know. Goddamn! Owwwww owww oh.
JAMIE: That's what pigs are for. To be whipped. Fuckin' toilets.
CAROL: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.
JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Nice.
CAROL: I don't like the fake shit.
JAMIE: You like what?
CAROL: I don't like the fake shit. I gotta be real scared.
JAMIE: This is the real thing, isn't it?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: You silly bitch. You silly bitch.
CAROL: Oh no! Oh no! You're making my face all red.
Do I get something …
(spit)
CAROL: Ugh. Mm mm.
Can I get something to lick?
JAMIE: Huh?
CAROL: Suck?
JAMIE: Huh?
CAROL: Don't I get …?
JAMIE: What are you begging for, whore?
CAROL: (laughs)
(slap)
JAMIE: Whore!
(grab)
JAMIE: Nice tits! Nice tits!
CAROL: Oh oh god. It hurts.
JAMIE: Does it?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Oh nice … Nice …
CAROL: You're gonna have me all fuckin' bruised up.
JAMIE: Awww. For work?
CAROL: Work … and everyone's gonna wonder what happened to me.
JAMIE: Yeah? So all the clients are gonna say what happened—what happened to the whore. Yes. Maybe they'll start beating the shit out of you.
CAROL: No. They can't. Owww!
JAMIE: It's so nice to beat some tits. Tits are made to be beaten. You know? So much fun to beat tits.
CAROL: Oh god …
JAMIE: What kind of tits are those? Are those whore tits?
CAROL: Owww.
JAMIE: Do those belong to a whore?



CAROL: Owww it hurts …
JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. How 'bout this. How 'bout this. Does that hurt? When I … I slap the shit out of you. Oh yes.
CAROL: Makes my ears ring.
JAMIE: Makes your ears ring, of course. Makes your ears ring. Makes your ears ring.
CAROL: Now, wait a minute …
JAMIE: No … we don't want to punch you in the face. No, we're not gonna punch you in the face. Are we? No. We're much too nice for that. No …
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: No.
CAROL: We can't leave bruises.
JAMIE: No, not on your face. Not on your face.
CAROL: No, we can't do that.
JAMIE: Not on your face.
Not on your face. Because we might be worthless. Huh?
CAROL: That's right.
JAMIE: Might be worthless as a whore. Yeah.
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: You're not worth much now, are you? Are you? Whatta'ya worth now? Huh?
(slaps)
CAROL: (laughs, giggles) Mmm mmm.
JAMIE: Whatta'ya get from a client, huh?
CAROL: Not fucking much.
JAMIE: Not fucking much. You've become one of the cheap whores, huh? Whatta'ya get? About twenty bucks? Huh? Huh? Every time you get fucked? Huh? You fucking garbage. Huh? What are you, a twenty dollar whore? Twenty-five dollar whore? What are you?
CAROL: Basically …
JAMIE: Thirty dollar whore? Ok. Thirty dollar whore. Piece of garbage.
(kicks)
CAROL: About a hundred and fifty, ok?
JAMIE: Hundred fifty for how much? How many tricks? How many clients?
CAROL: Sometimes one …
JAMIE: But—but, in other words, as many men as want to cum, you get the same price, huh? Huh?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: What's the most you ever did for that? Huh? How many? Tell the truth, you fucking pig whore. Come on, how many? How many for a hundred fifty? How many?
CAROL: Ha ha … about eight.
JAMIE: Eight. That's good. That works out to less than twenty bucks. So … huh? Less than twenty bucks.
CAROL: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah. Less than twenty bucks. That's what you get. Less than twenty bucks.
(spits)

CAROL: Maybe … I want to.
JAMIE: What?
CAROL: Maybe I want to.
JAMIE: Of course, you want to. That's what you were born to be, isn't it?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: A fuckin' cheap slimy whore.
CAROL: Ow!
JAMIE: Yes.
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Yes. A cheap slimy whore.
CAROL: Yeah, now wait …
JAMIE: Oh, are you afraid? Are you afraid? That I'm gonna hit your tits?
CAROL: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: I won't leave bruises.

Yeah.

Yeah. Turn over.

Turn over. Get on your fours. Get on your fours. Turn around. I want to see your face. Let's see. Crawl. Crawl. Let me see you crawl. Crawl. Crawl, pig. Crawl. Crawl. That's it. Crawl on the floor. That's it.

(kicks)

JAMIE: Crawl. That's it. Crawl. Crawwwwl. Crawl. Dog shit

That's it. That's it. Dog shit. Fuckin' piece of dog meat. You fuckin' cheap fuckin' whore.
CAROL: Ugh. Ugh.
JAMIE: All right, spread your legs. Spread your legs.
CAROL: What are you going to do?
JAMIE: Nothing much, honey. I'm just going to stick my fuckin' …
CAROL: Ow!
JAMIE: … foot up your cunt. Yeah.
CAROL: Owwww. Ah.
JAMIE: Yeah. That's all. Just stick my foot up your cunt.
CAROL: No. No. Please … please … hurt me!
JAMIE: Turn around. Turn around. Let's see your face. Down on your fours. Fours. Fours. All right, pick it up. Stick your tongue out. Stick it out. That's it.

Oh you dog shit.

(slaps)

CAROL: Aaaah aaah.
JAMIE: You piece of dog shit.
CAROL: Aaaah aaah.
JAMIE: You fuckin' filthy piece of dog shit. Yes. Yes.
CAROL: Pants …
JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Yes.

(mirror)

JAMIE: Look ... look who's there ...

(struggle)

CAROL: (screams, cries)

JAMIE: Is that dog shit? Dog shit? Is that dog shit? Look at yourself. Come on, you know what you are. Who's a fucking whore? Huh?

CAROL: Ungh ungh ... urrgh (cries)

JAMIE: Fucking toilet bowl whore. Huh? Who eats shit? Huh? Who's a fuckin' toilet? Who is a toilet?

CAROL: No! No! No! Unghh uh huh.

JAMIE: Huh? Who is a fuckin' cheap fuckin' whore? You motherfuckin' cunt. You motherfuckin' cheap fuckin' whore. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. God, look at yourself.

CAROL: (cries)

JAMIE: You fuckin' dog shit. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. Look at yourself. Look at that. Doesn't that ... Look at you. Look at you. Yes. Yes.

CAROL: (cries) Ow! Ow.

JAMIE: Get a closer look. yeah. Look at what shit you are.

CAROL: No. No. My tits hurt.

JAMIE: Your tits hurt? Sure, they hurt. Sure, they hurt. Sure, they hurt. Sure, they hurt. Yes. Yes. Tits hurt. That's right. That's right.

That's a good girl. That's right. That's it. C'mon you can do better than that.

That's right. That's right.

(boot lick)

CAROL: Mmmm mmm mmm.

JAMIE: That's right. That's right. That's right.

CAROL: Mmmm. Mmmm. Hah! Mmmm. Can I suck your dick?

JAMIE: Oh yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

CAROL: Can I? Can I? Can I?

(crotch lick)

CAROL: (moans) Oh, I like your balls. Just give me your balls. Oh god, I love your balls. Ooooh!

JAMIE: Get away! Get away!

CAROL: Ow!

JAMIE: Pig.

(kick)

JAMIE: Take my shoes off. C'mon. Get 'em off. Easy. That's a girl.

JAMIE: Look at that pretty face.

CAROL: My tits are all red.

JAMIE: Awww, are they?

CAROL: Yes.

JAMIE: Let's see. Oh, yeah, they are. Take that stinkin' bra off.

CAROL: Yes. From being fuckin' slapped around.
JAMIE: That's right.
CAROL: Oh shit.
JAMIE: That's good. That's good.
(throat)
CAROL: Ha ha. You're not going to hurt me.
JAMIE: No, I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to choke you, cunt. Can you turn red for me?
CAROL: Ugh, ugh. I don't …
JAMIE: C'mon, let's see. Lets see you turn red. Turn red. C'mon.
CAROL: I like that … oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Already.
JAMIE: Oh, pretty red. That's good. That's good. Turn red, motherfuckin' whore.
CAROL: Jesus!
JAMIE: Down. Down. That's good. … Stay there. Stick your ass up and spread … I like that … I wanna see that. That's good. Put your knees together, pig. That's better. Move forward.
CAROL: Oh goddamnit!
JAMIE: What?
CAROL: You're pissing on me.
JAMIE: I'm not pissing on you?
CAROL: Yes, you are. Oh shit.
JAMIE: I'm pissing all over your skirt. Nice skirt. I like that skirt, baby. Hot skirt.
CAROL: Fuck. Fuck. Goddamnit.
JAMIE: That's it, wiggle your ass, baby, ooh nice.
CAROL: Oooh … oooh peeing on me.
JAMIE: Move your ass more while I'm pissing on you.
CAROL: Oh shit—oh!
JAMIE: Nice ass. Nice ass, baby.
CAROL: God …
JAMIE: Nice ass … look in the mirror! That's it. Stay where you are. Just stay. What's happening, eh?
CAROL: You're pissing on me! You're pissing all over me in my clothes. … Oh shit.
JAMIE: Well, you're a fuckin' cheap whore, aren't you?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: Well?
CAROL: I'll drink it. I'll drink it. Oh god.
JAMIE: All right, well … if you're gonna beg. Turn around. Now, all right, sit back. Sit back. Open up. Open your mouth. Open your mouth. Now, I really expect you to, you know, take this, now … open up wide. C'mon. Open the toilet. Open the toilet. Are you a toilet? Are you?
CAROL: … mmm … yes.
JAMIE: Are you?
CAROL: Yes.

JAMIE: Who's a good toilet? Swallow. Swallow. Good.
CAROL: (chokes)
JAMIE: Hey!—All right—'Cause I hate pigs that don't swallow. You understand?
CAROL: Uh huh … oh god!
JAMIE: And … and the lipstick is fuckin' gone. Hold on a second.

JAMIE: Look, don't even look in the mirror, just look at me and put it on, I'll tell you when it's right. I don't want to piss in no fuckin' toilet that doesn't have lipstick on it. That's it.

Nice. You know … make it … You don't have to be so neat, just make it nice and juicy. Here, give me the fuckin' thing …
CAROL: I can't tell … (coughs, chokes)
JAMIE: Gimme it. That's all right. C'mon. That's it. You don't understand what I mean when I say I want a nice juicy sexy toilet to piss in?
CAROL: You're fuckin' putting it all over my face!

(slaps)

JAMIE: Hey!

I don't like your tone. Look at me. I don't like that tone of voice.

Don't you ever use that tone of voice to me. Do you understand? Don't you ever.

You're a fucking piece of shit, do you know that?
CAROL: Yeah.
JAMIE: Maybe I got to remind you again. Here—
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: Here. You fuckin' whore. Now I can't even write in the piss that's all over you. See that? What's that say?
CAROL: Shit.
JAMIE: Who's shit.
CAROL: Me.
JAMIE: That's good. So you don't talk back. Ok. Open your mouth. Good.

(piss)

CAROL: Mmmmm (gag) ungfh …
JAMIE: Swallow. Let me see. I don't want any spit out here. That's it.
CAROL: Ughf.
JAMIE: All right. I'd like to—lay down, so I could see your skirt more. You know, I like that. Ok. It's a sexy skirt. Close your legs. Did I say spread? I don't want to see panties. It's a very sexy skirt, though, you know?
CAROL: Mmmm …
JAMIE: Nice—
CAROL: It's short.
JAMIE: It's short, hot …
CAROL: I get looks in the street when I wear this.
JAMIE: Do you?
CAROL: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah. I bet you do.
CAROL: Yeah …
JAMIE: I bet you see alot of guys who would like to piss all over that skirt. Huh? Yeah …
CAROL: Probably.
JAMIE: 'Cause it's a hot skirt.
CAROL: Oh shit.
JAMIE: Do you walk around like that and show off and …
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And you like to look at those guys look at you. And you just think about their cocks pissing all over your crotch? Huh?
CAROL: Oooh.
JAMIE: Yeah. Show off. Be a little sexy. Show your—raise your skirt a little more, like you're gonna get pissed on. Keep it down, though. That's it. That's it. Put on a little show. A little sexy show.

(piss)

CAROL: Um … it's not wet up here … oh god … oooh yeah.

Oooh fuck! Look at me, awww.

JAMIE: There you are. Yeah. Now, raise it up a little so I could see the panties a little bit from the bottom. That's it. No … put the skirt down. That's it. Now, lift it, you know, like, from the bottom. Like sexy. Don't do it fast. That's it. Like you're doing a little show for me. That's it. That's it. That's right.
CAROL: Ha! God, it's so hot.
JAMIE: That's a good girl.
CAROL: Oh fuck—oh fuck, I haven't been pissed on for too long.
JAMIE: Is that right? Now, stop playing with yourself. That's disgusting.

(naked)

(ass on face)

CAROL: Oh good, yes … yes … no way, I want your balls. No. No. Wait a minute. Now, I told you. Right?
JAMIE: Yeah? No shit?
CAROL: No shit.
JAMIE: Yeah?
CAROL: No shit. I really told you that. I'm serious.
JAMIE: Yesss …

(kiss)

CAROL: I'm not … No! No … I'm not fuckin' taking shit.
JAMIE: Just a little.
CAROL: No … no, no, no.
JAMIE: Come on, just a little …
CAROL: No please. No please.
JAMIE: I don't come around that often.

CAROL: No please. I can't. I can't.
JAMIE: Open up.
CAROL: Uh uh … It's not goin' in my mouth. It's fuckin' not.
JAMIE: Awww …
CAROL: No. No.
JAMIE: Too bad. You know, I wasn't … How about a little … Take the mini skirt down … All right, ok ok. Don't worry about a thing.
CAROL: I can't do some things right now.
JAMIE: I know. Of course. Of course. You just don't want to.
CAROL: (laughs) I'm sure you do but …
JAMIE: Move around so I could see more skirt. Towards me more …
CAROL: Towards you? … oh dear …
JAMIE: That's it. Sideways more. Sideways more. Good. Good. Ok.
(ass over skirt)
JAMIE: This is a very nice skirt, you know.
CAROL: Oh god. He's gonna … oh, oh …
JAMIE: I like this skirt. I love this skirt.
CAROL: Oh fuckin' shit …
JAMIE: You sure know how to dress baby. You sure know how to dress.
(shit)
CAROL: Oh my god! Aah! Oh my god!
JAMIE: Stay there. Stay there.
CAROL: Oh my god.
JAMIE: Stay there. Smells good?
(smear)
JAMIE: Oh-oh, honey, I'm sorry. Did you get shit on again?
CAROL: (laughs) Oh goddamnit. You crazy person … fuck.
JAMIE: Hold on. Let me get this camera on you. Let's see. What is that? Looks good on you.
CAROL: Oh my gosh.
JAMIE: Looks really good on you. Looks good on you. Yeah. That's a girl. That's a girl. Excellent. Excellent. I like that skirt, baby, I like that skirt.
CAROL: No. No. Oh fuck.
JAMIE: I like that skirt. It's a hot skirt, huh? Very sexy.
(piss)
JAMIE: Could you pull it down a little—over your panties, so I don't see the panties. Just a little.
That's enough. Pick it up a little more. That's it. Ok. Good. Good, nice.

JAMIE: Ok. Got that new battery in, I'm all right and we're off to a fresh start. Ok. Excellent. It is a nice skirt, you know.
CAROL: (laughs, cries)
JAMIE: It is a hot skirt. Yeah. Ok. Good girl. You've done very well today.
(face)

CAROL: No, I haven't!!
JAMIE: What? Just a little wiping … no? How about some balls?
CAROL: Mmmmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Love them balls. There you go. Have some balls. Don't suck. Lick. Pig.
CAROL: Mmmm mmm. I love them.
JAMIE: You know how to lick balls, huh?
CAROL: Ummmmm.
JAMIE: Yeah. Excellent. That's a girl.
CAROL: Mmmm mmmmm.
JAMIE: Isn't that delicious?
CAROL: Mmmmm mmmmm.
JAMIE: Oh wow. Yes. Oh yes. Get your nose in that. It gets even better. The skirt's even better covered in shit, you know. It's hot. It really is hot. A hot skirt, really. Don't let anyone tell you different. That is a hot skirt. Oh, that's really a hot skirt. Really, it is. Oh, it's so pretty.
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: What are you doing there? What the fuck do you think you're doing?
CAROL: (laughs) Mmmmm … kissing your ass.
JAMIE: You're kissing my ass?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: What's it smell like?
CAROL: Shit. It's got shit on it.
JAMIE: Ooh. You really are disgusting, aren't you?
CAROL: Yes. (laughs)
JAMIE: You really are a pig.
CAROL: I can't help it.
JAMIE: What are you doing? Kissing my ass with shit on it? Oh, you are disgusting.
CAROL: Ummm mmm mmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Oh, that's filthy. Oh, that is filthy. Oh come on. Oh, that's disgusting. Oh, you fucking pig. Oh, you fucking pig. What the fuck are you doing? What kind of pig are you?
CAROL: Oh god. (scream) There's shit on me!
JAMIE: Where?
CAROL: Right there. (laughs) On my skirt.
JAMIE: On your skirt? Oh, I'm sorry. Did I get all that shit on your skirt? I'm sorry I got shit all over your skirt. But it does look good on you.
CAROL: Ummm ummm umm umm.
JAMIE: Awwww, what are you doing? Are you wiping? Oh, what the—You are a filthy pig. You are a filthy pig, aren't you?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: I can't believe what you're doing. What are you doing? Tell me what you're doing.
CAROL: (laughs) Licking your fuckin' asshole—and it's not wiped.

JAMIE: It's filthy?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: Oh my god. Oh that's disgusting.
CAROL: No, no, please! Oh god!
JAMIE: What? What's the matter?
(shit)
CAROL: What are you doing to me? What are you doing to me?
JAMIE: What the fuck are you doin' to me? That's what I don't understand.
CAROL: Again … again … oh my god. Oh my god.
JAMIE: What are you doin' to me? You fuckin' whore.
CAROL: Oh my god, stop it. Oh stop it. Oh stop it, jesus!
JAMIE: Oh, this is disgusting. This really is disgusting. Oh Carol. Just don't get those hands on me. Oh, you are disgusting.
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: Oh, you really are a pig. I knew you were a fuckin pig, but I didn't know you'd eat shit.
CAROL: Don't—don't—I'm not eating it. I'm not eating it.
JAMIE: Are you rubbing your face in it? Are you rubbing your face in it? Are you rubbing your face in it?
CAROL: Yes.
JAMIE: I guess that's where you feel it belongs.
CAROL: No!
JAMIE: What are you, a toilet?
CAROL: No!
JAMIE: Oh, you are disgusting. Oh you are disgusting.
CAROL: There's shit, it's in my face. Your ass is in my face. I want to rub my face on your ass but it's got shit on it.
JAMIE: Oh, I'm sorry honey, well, get that shit off.
CAROL: It's got shit on it—I can't, I can't. No, please …
JAMIE: Rub that shit off. Rub that shit off, honey.
CAROL: I'll rub it. I'll rub it off. Just don't make me eat it. I can't eat it. I can't. I can't.
JAMIE: You don't have to eat it. Just rub your face in it.
CAROL: Oh mmm mmm mmmm mmmmm mmmmm awwww.
JAMIE: Just rub your face in that shit.
CAROL: Oh goddamn.
JAMIE: Oh, is that where we have a problem. You just have to rub your face in it.
CAROL: I can't. I shouldn't do any of this. It's nasty. I shouldn't do it. It's nasty. Mmmmm mmmm mmmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Rub it. Rub it shit. That's right. You see? Stay. Pretty well, so far. That's good.
(masturbating)
JAMIE: Ok. I just squat. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. I love that skirt, baby, I love that skirt, yeah. It's short. Show off that skirt, yeah, show it off.

Excellent. Love that skirt. Would you like to feel some nice stuff between your thighs? Go on, baby. Put that stuff between your thighs. Go on. Yeah. That's it. Come on. Get a bunch, baby. Cream up your thighs. Cream your thighs. Come on, take a little crap. Take a little crap and cream up your thighs with it. Go on, honey.

CAROL: I can't.

JAMIE: Yeah, go on, baby. Take a little crap off and cream your thighs with it.

CAROL: I can't. Just pee.

JAMIE: Creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. Creamy thighs.

CAROL: Oh god …

JAMIE: Creamy thighs. Come on, get that hand on that shit there and get some creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. Go on, baby. Yeah.

CAROL: No ooo (laughs, cries)

JAMIE: Cream up your thighs, baby. Creamy thighs. Oh yeah, creamy thighs. Go for it, baby. Go for it, baby. Oooh creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. That's a girl. Yeah. Yeah. Creamy thighs. Go for a bunch. Go for a bunch. You know, on your thighs. Oh, I like it on your thighs. Creamy thighs. Oh yeah.

(shits in face)

CAROL: Oooh … umpfffff.

JAMIE: Looking good. Creamy thighs. That's a way to keep those thighs so nice and creamy. A little more. A little more.

CAROL: Oh no. Nooooo.

JAMIE: Creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. Creamy thighs. Excellent. You're so sexy. Creamy thighs.

CAROL: No! No! No!

JAMIE: Creamy thighs.

CAROL: Oh fuck.

JAMIE: Those are the creamiest thighs. Who's got those creamy thighs?

CAROL: I'd love to have that dick—

JAMIE: Dig for it. Dig for it, baby. Dig for it. Who's got his ass in your face?

CAROL: Oh yes! Fuck! Aah. More!

Oh no! Noooo!!

JAMIE: What happened? What happened? Creamy thighs?

CAROL: You shit—You fuckin' shit in my face.

JAMIE: No—Did I? Let me see. Where? Open your mouth, let me see.

CAROL: No. No. No. No.

JAMIE: Shit, you think? How about showin' me some creamy thighs? Creamy thighs … yeah.

CAROL: No, please. Please …

JAMIE: Nice pile. You see where that pile is right there?

CAROL: Yeaaahhh … good …

JAMIE: Go for the pile. Go for the pile.

CAROL: Goddamnit. God-fuckin-damnit. You shit. You shit. Why do you make me fuckin' do this?

JAMIE: Go for the pile. Go for the pile. Go for the pile. Go for the pile.

CAROL: No no no no godamnit!
JAMIE: What's the matter? What's the—what's happened?
(more shit)
CAROL: Nooooo (cries) no … Stop!
JAMIE: Go for the pile. Rub it on your tits. On your tits. Yes … good. Good.
CAROL: No no no no no.
JAMIE: That's what we like to see, baby. That's what we like to see!
CAROL: Oh goddamnit stop it.
JAMIE: Ooh ooh … now we're talking … now you're talking. Now, what was your concern? That someone would see this? Is that what it was?
CAROL: Yes—oh fuck! What just fell off into my hair?
JAMIE: Oh, I hope it wasn't shit.
CAROL: Uh … it felt heavier than water.
JAMIE: Blood?
CAROL: I don't think so.
JAMIE: Anyway, you're doing great, baby, you look really good down there. Yeah. Yeah.
CAROL: Oh I'm sure, I must look like a … true vision.

CAROL: You fucking shit.
JAMIE: You a little calmed down, now? You a little calmed down, now?
CAROL: Do you have a condom? I don't …
JAMIE: No, I said are you all calmed down now?
CAROL: I'm calm. I'm calm. I'm just as calm as I'm gonna get. Ever. Oh god.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Ok.
CAROL: The county fair …
JAMIE: Yes, it is.
CAROL: Yeah, seriously, it smells like walking through the barn at the county fair.
JAMIE: Yes. Ok.
(squats over face)
CAROL: Oh goddamnit! Oh fuck! Oh please, please—you're just filthy! You're absolutely goddamned fucking filthy.
JAMIE: I just need a little wipe. Come on. A little wipe. Come on. Wipe my ass.
CAROL: I can't eat shit.
JAMIE: Just rub your face in it. Rub your your face in it.
CAROL: No! Oh goddamnit! Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you.
JAMIE: Get it in your nose. In your mouth. Take it. Good girl.
CAROL: No. I'll throw up. I'll fucking throw up.
JAMIE: Puke. Puke.
CAROL: Oh god (choke)
JAMIE: Puke. Excellent. Puke. Puke.
CAROL: No mmmm mmmm
JAMIE: Atta girl. Now you're talking, honey. That's what we like.
CAROL: Aaahhh …

JAMIE: How about some balls. Go on, eat some balls. Like that. You know I like that. Yeah.
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: Oh boy. That's it. I like it. Excellent. Oh excellent.
CAROL: (laughs)
JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Balls and shit …
CAROL: (chokes, sputters, laughs)
JAMIE: Puke! Go on, puke—that's all right.
CAROL: No …
JAMIE: Oh yeah. Excellent. This is good stuff. Good stuff. Excellent. Yeah. Ha ha!
CAROL: (grunts)
JAMIE: Good piggy. Yeah. Good piggy. Excellent. Yes. Excellent. Beautiful.
(adjusts camera)
CAROL: I don't wanna see me. I don't wanna see me …
JAMIE: You want to see, ok? Go see. Go see yourself—
CAROL: No! I don't want to … uh uh.
JAMIE: Go down. Get down. See yourself! Go on, take a look. Take a look. Take a look.
(mirror)
CAROL: No!
JAMIE: Take a look, good girl, that's it. That's it. That's it. That's a girl. That's a girl.
CAROL: (screams)
JAMIE: That's a good girl. Good. Look at yourself.
CAROL: No, I don't want to—
JAMIE: Of course, you don't. Of course, who wants to look at themselves looking like shit? Let's see the thighs. Pretty thighs.
CAROL: All over my goddamned floor.
JAMIE: Oh yeah. Ok, look. That's a girl. I love you like this. You're so cute.
CAROL: I'm disgusting. So fucking disgusting.

JAMIE: You're such shit. You're such a piece of shit.
(balls lick)
CAROL: (pants, sighs, grunts)
JAMIE: You can't resist it, can you?
CAROL: Uh uh. Uh uh.
JAMIE: Yeah. You can't resist going under there, eh? What's under there?
CAROL: Shit!
JAMIE: Ha ha. Go for it, honey. Go for it.
CAROL: Ugh. La la la. Pee fuck!
JAMIE: That's a girl. You know where it is. You know where it is, baby. You know where the good stuff is. yeah.
(laughs) Oh yeah, yesss …
CAROL: Mmm mmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Oh, wipe it up. Wipe. Wipe. Ooh.
CAROL: (chokes, coughs)

JAMIE: Oh! I love that toilet paper. Puke—we don't want to miss that puke. Go ahead.
CAROL: No!
JAMIE: Yeah. Are you done? Nice and clean. Clean me good.
CAROL: (choke) No! (retch) Goddamn!
JAMIE: Excellent. Maybe you need another mouthful.
CAROL: No, please. No, please, no.
JAMIE: Are you sure?
CAROL: (wet retch)
JAMIE: That's it. C'mon. Let me see it. C'mon. Let's see you puke. Good. Let me see that! Let's see that.
CAROL: No! Fuck!
JAMIE: That's it, puke, let's see it. Yeah. C'mon, let's see it.
CAROL: (retch) Stop it!
JAMIE: Lemme see it.
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: Where's the puke? Where—where's the puke? Where is that shit? Go on, you got shit in your mouth. You gotta puke it up.
CAROL: (vomits)
JAMIE: Aha ha that's it. Excellent, excellent.
CAROL: (laughs) No!
JAMIE: Excellent. Yes. Good. Let's have some more. C'mon, you must have some more. Shoot it all over.
CAROL: Shit. Shit. It's everywhere on me.
JAMIE: Put the puke back on your face now.
CAROL: (retch) No.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it.
CAROL: Stop it! This can't be—
JAMIE: Come on! Come on. Good girl.
CAROL: Stop it.
JAMIE: C'mon. I don't want to miss anything of this, now.
CAROL: This isn't sexy, fuck!
JAMIE: It's not sexy?
CAROL: No!
JAMIE: It isn't?
CAROL: No …
JAMIE: It isn't? I'll tell you what's sexy! You hear me! I will tell you what's sexy. Where's that puke, on the floor?
CAROL: Yes!
JAMIE: Ok.
CAROL: What do you want?
JAMIE: Good. On your face. C'mon. C'mon.
CAROL: Fuckin' … (cries)
JAMIE: Spread your legs, I can't see the puke. Good. Fantastic.

CAROL: Stop it!
JAMIE: On your face …
CAROL: Grrr … (cries)
JAMIE: What? More puke? More puke?
CAROL: This is not good.
JAMIE: Excellent.
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: Excellent.
CAROL: No.
JAMIE: Excellent. Stick your fingers down your throat. C'mon.
CAROL: (coughs)
JAMIE: C'mon. C'mon, I want to see the whore puke. C'mon, hurry up.
(fingers in mouth)
CAROL: (retch, sputter)
JAMIE: C'mon. That's it. That's it. Hurry up. Hurry up. Can you move your hair, you, we can't see it. Good! Excellent! Good. Good.
CAROL: (vomits)
JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. Excellent.
CAROL: Ooooh. Shit! Shit! Shit!
JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. That's it—sit in the fuckin' puke. Jerk off in the puke, honey. C'mon. Run the puke in your cunt. And jerk off. You hear me!
CAROL: (cackle) Ooooh!
JAMIE: Excellent. That's it. Rub the puke in.
CAROL: Oh god!
JAMIE: Jerk off in the puke and shit. Come on. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Good. Excellent. Excellent. Good. Good. That's a girl.
CAROL: Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.
JAMIE: That's right. Oh good. Good. That's it—get us all off with shit and puke, come on. Get that shit on your cunt! Come on! We wanna see. You shit. You fuckin' whore shit. Come on, jerk off with shit and puke. Shit and puke. Nice. There you go. Now we're having a party. Honey. Go for it.
CAROL: Goddamnit!
JAMIE: In your cunt. In your cunt. In your cunt.
CAROL: I'll die of something.
JAMIE: Oh yeah? Hey—you're gonna go anyway, aren't you? Might as well go having fun, huh?
CAROL: Grrrr grrrr grrrr.
JAMIE: C'mon. Yeah. That's a girl. Yeah.
CAROL: Ooooh!
JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. I like it. Excellent. Always something nice to do while you jerk off in puke.
(balls lick)
CAROL: La la la la mmmmm mmmm.

JAMIE: That's a girl. This is so good, honey. See, I'm letting you jerk off now, aren't you glad?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Yeah. See, I'm not such a bad guy. Let you jerk off. There you go.
CAROL: Mmmm mmmm fuck. Oh god. Oh god.

JAMIE: Let me put you like this. That's good. There you go.

(on back)

CAROL: Shit.
JAMIE: There you go. That's the way the world likes to see you, honey.
CAROL: Uh huh. Crazy.
JAMIE: I like you best like this.
CAROL: Yeah.

(spit)

CAROL: I don't care what you put on me. You fuckin' throw up on me. I don't care. I don't care.
JAMIE: Of course, you don't. I wish I could shit, baby.
CAROL: You're going to squirt in my face, aren't you? Oh god.
JAMIE: That's good. Thanks alot.
CAROL: No. No …
JAMIE: You want more shit?
CAROL: No shit …
JAMIE: Ha ha … I don't have any more shit.

(piss)

CAROL: No. Good. Good. I finally get to … ooh ooh … take your turn too … shit on you … mmmm. Wash it off. Wash it off. Oooh. Oh fuckin' drown me. Yes. Yes. Oh god. Yes. It feels so cleaning after this shit. Oh. Oh!
JAMIE: You better spread your cunt open so I could get in there with the piss. You know what I mean? You want me to clean it up, don't you?
CAROL: Uh uh!
JAMIE: Spread it! With your hands!
CAROL: Aaaaah ooooooh yes piss! (laughs) I love it. Oh god ooooh. Swallow it. So good.

(analingus)

JAMIE: Go for it. I like to feel that face. I hope my ass is getting cleaned. I hope that's getting cleaned. I like it clean, you know that?
CAROL: Yes … oh god, pieces of shit.
JAMIE: Pieces of shit? Eat them! Eat them.
CAROL: Oooh oooh.
JAMIE: I like a girl who eats shit.
CAROL: (mumbles) Oh god. Oh fuck.
JAMIE: Getting it all right?
CAROL: Mmm mmm yes.

JAMIE: I don't want there to be pieces of shit when I go shower.
CAROL: Uh uh … oh god.
JAMIE: That's it. How are you doin' down there? Look at me. Let me see. Eating that shit up? Eating that shit?
CAROL: Uh huh.
JAMIE: C'mon. Wipe the balls good. Balls and shit.
CAROL: I know. (mumble)
JAMIE: Asshole, balls, everything. That's it. That's it. Tongue out.
(grabs)
JAMIE: Excellent tits. Excellent tits. I love 'em. Love your tits, baby. Love your tits.
Excellent tits. I love your tits. Nice tits. Especially with shit on 'em. Yeah. Let's see you jerk off some more. That's it. Close your legs a little more, that's disgusting there. I don't want to see all that. Just close your legs and jerk off. Heh heh. Good. Ok. Hands at your sides. Close your legs. You're having too much fun.
(yank)
CAROL: No! Ow! Ow!
JAMIE: That's disgusting.
(spit)
CAROL: (laughs, cries) Oh fuck. Oh fuck.
JAMIE: That's all right. Spread it so—we want to see a little pussy. That's too much. Close it.
CAROL: Ooooh ok. I'm sorry.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it. Excellent. That's it. That's disgusting, we don't want to see that shitty cunt. That's not what men want to see.
CAROL: Oh god! Oooh.
JAMIE: Men don't want to see a shit eating whore. Ah! Oh fuck. Oh Ah.
(cum)
CAROL: Oh fuck. Oh god.
JAMIE: Say goodnight Gracie.
CAROL: Bye. Oh jesus.
JAMIE: Ah good. Should we use our fade button? No, you know we got all, you know, these cameras—all this stuff on it. Make it like a real movie. Right?
CAROL: Real movie?
(laughs)
CAROL: Leave me alone. Stop. I want to be anonymous.

BROWN ON EBONY

MAN, I HATE NIGGERS. NIGGERS are the fuckin' lowest. All you gotta do is say the word "nigger" and everybody knows what you mean. Sure, niggers have taken the word and use it amongst themselves, and it sounds real cute and friendly and all. But white people know what the word REALLY means—it means "nigger," which is to say lowlife, cretin criminals who deserve to be treated as subhuman.

That's why when I see a piece of shit, nigger crack whore trying desperately to score a few dirty dollars for her next crack fix, then I make her really work for it. I can't always mistreat them as much as I'd like, some of them actually think they are worth something, and get uppity when they are insulted—but once in a while you run into an Ebony and you can really wail on her. Ebony knew she was a dirty, fuckin' nigger whore, and for a few measly dollars you could call her names and treat her like shit all night. She is now off the street and has a job, but she will always be a nigger.

Gooks are almost as bad as niggers. Once in Taiwan, I found a whore in the red light district who spoke no english. I smiled at her while telling her what a fucking piece of shit she was, and how I was going to kill her by beating the shit out of her. She just smiled back at me, thinking I was being suave and seductive.

The funny thing is that it is very hard to find a whore in Taiwan. After ambling through the red light district for an hour or so, to let myself get really aroused, I finally strolled over to my chosen prey and the girls all backed away or ran inside—I was shocked to learn from the brothel owner that they were afraid of caucasians and would have nothing to do with me. He pointed me around the corner in the direction of the older, more desperate whore that I ended up with. I was led to believe that they even thought of whites as dangerous gorillas. Imagine that. They think WE are inferior—it is to laugh. Of course, they might have perceived that I was a jew—that would have explained it. After all, what is lower than a fucking jew. Jews don't even require a special epithet like "nigger" of "gook"—all you gotta say is "Jew" and the revulsion sets in. As a teenager, I dated a girl whose mother was so ashamed her daughter was dating a jew that she told her friends I was black Irish. "Black Irish" has a solid ring to it that Jew could never have. Jews, in fact, are veritable vermin.

Years ago, I met a German girl who was traveling through the states on an Amtrak train and I coaxed her back into my sleeping compartment. She was well educated but from a family with strong anti-semitic beliefs. As we fucked I asked her to call me a dirty Jew—she did it in English—and I said, no baby, do it in German. I can still hear the

"dreckigge jude" that came from somewhere very deep inside her. She told me that she really got off on the fantasy that the police would break in and she would be arrested for fucking a jew, just like they might have in the good old days, under the Fuehrer.

Spics can be fun, too, nothing much hotter than a dirty spic. Anyway, I hope we get to a point where all niggers, spics, jews, gooks, faggots, whatever, can get past the current political correctness hysteria and we can go about taking turns treating each other with the contempt that all human beings, with the possible exception of the black Irish, so richly deserve.

And Ebony, good luck with your job, but I'd be happy to see you end up back on the street where all you fucking niggers belong—Just kidding (I think).

Irate nigger crack whores, both present and former, and would be Nazi bitches may contact me at: dirtymotherfuckinjewpigbastard.com.

JAMIE: ... maybe do a little nigger thing. Like, you know, piss on the nigger kind of thing. You know, piss on the nigger.

Crouch down. Go down like that.

EBONY: Aah.

JAMIE: Like crouch. You know, like ... no, all the way down.

EBONY: All the way down?

JAMIE: Yeah. Ok. Good. Just put this in your mouth like ...

(banana)

EBONY: Gross (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah all right.

EBONY: This is gross—what do you want me to do with this?

JAMIE: Well, you know, do like a little like jungle kind of thing.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: C'mon. Yeah yeah.

EBONY: Ah shit ... I don't know no jungle stuff.

JAMIE: Well, you know, just a ... yapping ...

EBONY: What's wrong with this banana? Why is it like this?

JAMIE: Just something I had.

EBONY: Huh?

JAMIE: Just something I had. Nothing's wrong with it.

(mouth)

JAMIE: Ok. Can you do one of these things?

EBONY: Oh—like a monkey thing? Huh?

JAMIE: Mmmm. Yeah. A monkey thing. A monkey nigger.

EBONY: Oooo! Oooo! Oooo! Oooo! Oooo!

JAMIE: That's good. That's it. That's it. Good. Monkey nigger. That's good. Good. Good. Ok, monkey nigger. Good. Monkey nigger. Are you a monkey nigger?

EBONY: Oooo! Oooo! Oooo! Oooo! Oooo!

JAMIE: Yeah yeah. Yeah yeah. That's good. That's good. That's good. That's good.

EBONY: Mmmm mmmm.
JAMIE: Ok, put the banana down. Put it on the table. That's good, ok. Pull that thing—turn around.
EBONY: Turn around?
JAMIE: Pull that thing down.
(tights, panties)
EBONY: This?
JAMIE: Yeah. Let's see.
EBONY: Down. Off.
JAMIE: Ok.

JAMIE: Do the ass.
EBONY: You could see the ass?
JAMIE: Show us the monkey ass. That's right. That's it. Spread the cheeks. Don't slap it. That's it—spread the cheeks. Good. I want to see the nigger ass.
EBONY: Yeah. It's a pretty big one though, huh?
JAMIE: Good.
EBONY: Black and …
JAMIE: Is that a nigger ass?
EBONY: Damn right, it's a nigger ass.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
EBONY: Can't find something like that …
JAMIE: Good. Ok. Spread your cheeks so I could see the asshole. I want to see that nice gorilla asshole.
EBONY: (laughs)
JAMIE: Good. Good. Ok. Good. Good nigger. Yeah. That's it. You being a good nigger now, aren't you?
EBONY: I'm doin' what you say—master!
JAMIE: Good girl. Good nigger. Ok. Ok. Turn around. Good. Good. Excellent. Ok.
EBONY: I feel like putting—

JAMIE: So, you gonna do my nigger thing?
EBONY: I'm gonna do my best.
JAMIE: Oh yeah. You gonna be a good nigger?
EBONY: As good as I can be.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Let's see your tongue, nigger. Good. Good nigger. Good. That's what I like. Nice jungle bunny. Good. Good jungle bunny. Are you a good jungle bunny?
EBONY: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah. Good. Good nigger. Good.

JAMIE: Hold it, nigger. Good. Good … yeah. That's a good nigger. Yeah. Ok. Get on your knees, nigger. Good. Good jungle bunny. Good. Good. Good. Yeah.

Ok. Turn around, sit on the floor.

Good nigger. Good nigger. Yeah.

Remember, like when you were in the movie, when you were degraded?

EBONY: What?

JAMIE: Remember—in the film I showed you, you were sitting like that? And here we are again.

EBONY: Yeah! Tsk.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Pick up the bowl, nigger. You know—there's a—I mean, the seat. So you can rest your head. Oh—you look good on the floor with your head on the toilet. Like a good nigger.

You a good nigger?

EBONY: I'm a good nigger.

JAMIE: Yeah. Stick your tongue out, nigger. Good. Yeah. Good nigger. You fuckin' nigger. Yeah.

You a fuckin' nigger? Yeah.

EBONY: Of course.

JAMIE: Good fuckin' nigger.

EBONY: I'm good.

JAMIE: Yeah. Good.

JAMIE: Let's see. Yeah. Why don't you pick the rest of the seat up. You know, the—uh … that's all right, I think, maybe you'd look better the other way. Move your head a little so you're more, like, in the bowl more. I like to see niggers in the bowl.

EBONY: Mmmmmm.

JAMIE: Are you a nigger in the bowl?

EBONY: I'm in that bowl.

JAMIE: You're a nigger in the bowl. Good.

EBONY: Just doin' what you say.

JAMIE: You do what—?

EBONY: Just like a good nigger.

JAMIE: Like a what?

EBONY: Like a good nigger. Just doin' what you say.

JAMIE: You do what you're told like a good nigger?

EBONY: I do what I'm told.

JAMIE: Good. Good nigger. yeah. Let's see your tongue, nigger.—Got unplugged for a second there—Ok, you were showing me your mouth, nigger.

EBONY: All right.

JAMIE: That's it. That's good. Where you suck whitey's dick? Huh?

EBONY: If you tell me to.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. You look nice, nigger. Good nigger nigger. You a toilet bowl nigger?

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah? Yeah. I like toilet niggers. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Get your tongue out. C'mon, nigger. That's it. Ok.

JAMIE: Get it, nigger. Don't suck. Just use your tongue, nigger. Let's see nigger tongue. Nigger tongue. Nigger tongue. That's it. Lick whitey's ass. Come on. Lick whitey's ass. You a ass licking nigger?

EBONY: Uhhhh ... uhhhh.

JAMIE: I want to hear you agree. Say 'Yes, I'm an ass licking nigger.'

EBONY: Yes, I'm an ass licking nigger.

Yes, I'm an ass licking nigger.

JAMIE: Good. Lick ass, nigger.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: That's the kind of niggers we like. Ass licking niggers. You understand that, don't you, nigger?

EBONY: I understand ...

JAMIE: Ok.

The only good nigger is an ass licking nigger. You know that, nigger? Say 'yes sir.'

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: Lick—lick ass, nigger. Fuckin' nigger. Good. That's right. Get that tongue out. Lick my ass you fuckin' nigger whore. You fuckin' nigger whore. Kiss my fuckin' ass. Yeah.

That's good. That's it. Lick the balls, nigger. You fuckin' whore. You fuckin' nigger piece of shit. You fuckin' nigger piece of shit. Are you a fuckin' nigger piece of shit, girl?

EBONY: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Let me hear you say 'I'm a fuckin' nigger piece of shit.'

EBONY: I'm a fuckin' nigger piece of shit!

JAMIE: Good.

Fuckin' nigger piece of shit.

Yeah, nigger. Yeah, chile. Mmmmm. Good.

(off face)

JAMIE: Are you a fuckin' nigger piece of shit?

EBONY: I'm a fuckin' nigger piece of shit.

JAMIE: Good. I want to hear it like you mean it.

EBONY: I'm a fuckin' nigger piece of shit!

JAMIE: Good. You a fuckin' nigger whore?

EBONY: I'm a nigger whore.

JAMIE: Good. Yeah. You do what you're told, nigger.

(balls)

EBONY: I do what I'm told.

JAMIE: Good. Do what you're told, nigger. Fuckin' nigger. Fuckin' nigger. Fuckin nigger meat. Fuckin' nigger piece of crap. Nigger bowl. Nigger toilet. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Mmmmmm.

(bathtub)

JAMIE: So, how you doin', jungle bunny.

EBONY: I'm doin.'

JAMIE: Uh huh? Yeah.

EBONY: Just standing here. Waiting.

JAMIE: Yeah. Waiting to do what you're told, eh?

EBONY: Waiting to do what I'm told.

JAMIE: Like a good nigger.

EBONY: (nods)

JAMIE: Like a what?

EBONY: Like a good nigger.

JAMIE: Say it louder.

EBONY: I'm like a good nigger. I'm waiting.

JAMIE: That's it, smile.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: Good. Like a good nigger.

EBONY: Like a good nigger.

JAMIE: Uh ... why don't you get on your fours, leave your ass up in the air so I could see your ass.

EBONY: This way?

JAMIE: Yeah. Well ... maybe with your head the other way. That's it. I want to see nigger ass. That's it. Put your head lower, nigger, so I could see the ass.

EBONY: Hurummpf ...

JAMIE: Get on your elbows, nigger.

EBONY: What?

JAMIE: On your elbows, nigger.

EBONY: Elbows. Yes sir!

JAMIE: Good.

EBONY: Yes sir!

JAMIE: That's good. Are you a piece of shit, nigger?

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: Good. You're a piece of shit who does what she's told.

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: Good nigger.

Ok, turn around, nigger. Sit down. That's it. Ooh yeah. Now lay back. Yeah. You know what I think I'll do? I'm gonna take a piss on you, nigger. I'm gonna take a piss on you, you know why?

EBONY: Why?

JAMIE: 'Cause you're a toilet. You're a nigger toilet. Is that right?

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: What are you?

EBONY: I'm a nigger toilet.

JAMIE: Good.

JAMIE: Ready toilet?

EBONY: I'm ready.

(piss)

JAMIE: Good. Just right on the nigger cunt. Nigger tits. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

JAMIE: That's it, just relax, nigger. You're gonna look like some homeless nigger, ok? That people come up and piss on, all right?

EBONY: That's right.

JAMIE: You a fuckin' sleeping homeless nigger?

EBONY: Mmm mmm. Yes sir.

JAMIE: Homeless fuckin' nigger. That's where I found you, right, out in the street?

EBONY: That's right.

JAMIE: That's right. Good nigger. That's what you're good for. Homeless nigger whore. Good for use for a toilet. Right, nigger?

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: Yeah good. Ready to be shit on tonight, bitch? You haven't had that before.

EBONY: (laughs) No, I haven't.

JAMIE: It's about time.

EBONY: I certainly hope it's gonna be worth it.

JAMIE: Yeah … nothing comes right up.

EBONY: That's good …

(shit)

EBONY: … Eh! No! It's got to be up here!

JAMIE: I understand. You don't want any in your pussy.

EBONY: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Ok. Ok. Can you rub it on your tits a little, maybe?

EBONY: Oh I got to touch it?

JAMIE: Mmmmmm …

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: Well, we'll see … maybe. Ok.

JAMIE: I know you're not used to this. You've never been shit on. Right?

EBONY: Never.

JAMIE: Wow. And how many tricks have you turned?

EBONY: Uh … a few.

JAMIE: A few. Right. Like maybe a few hundred?

EBONY: I don't know.

JAMIE: Yeah. But probably right around there, right?

EBONY: I don't know.

JAMIE: You don't know—you're too fucked up to even know. Mmmm?

EBONY: (laughs) I just … just don't know.

JAMIE: Get shit on.

(more shit)

EBONY: It's pretty warm.

JAMIE: Yeah.

EBONY: Never had shit on me before.

JAMIE: You haven't?

Stick your tongue out. Say 'shit on me.'

EBONY: Shit on me.

JAMIE: Good. Say 'I'm a toilet.'

EBONY: I'm a toilet.

JAMIE: Good. I'm a nigger toilet.

EBONY: I'm a nigger toilet.

JAMIE: I'm a fuckin' nigger toilet.

EBONY: I'm a fuckin' nigger toilet.

JAMIE: Fuckin' nigger toilet. Nigger toilet.

EBONY: Nigger toilet.

JAMIE: Gettin' shit on. Love to shit on niggers. Yeah. Look at that. Look at that. Nigger, close your eyes. Like you're fuckin' sleeping. Fuckin' homeless nigger. Fuckin' homeless nigger whore. Getting shit on. Look at that. It's a good one. Yeah. Good. Now, just stay there. Good.

Yeah. Yeah. Good. That's spiffy. Just relax. Lay there. Lay there with shit all over you. Yeah. That's nice. Yeah. Look at me. Say 'thank you.'

EBONY: Thank you.

JAMIE: Say 'thank you for shitting on me.'

EBONY: For shitting on me.

JAMIE: Good. Are you a toilet?

EBONY: I'm a toilet.

JAMIE: Good. You a fuckin' nigger toilet?

EBONY: Yes sir.

JAMIE: Say it.

EBONY: I'm a fuckin' nigger toilet.

JAMIE: Yes.

Just relax a little. Sit back. That's it.

(masturbating)

JAMIE: Oh that piece of shit looks real good on you. That's good. Stay there. Stay there, you fuckin' nigger. You piece of shit. That's it, baby. Lay there, you fuckin' whore. You fuckin' piece of nigger shit. That's it, baby. Just lay there.

Lay there you piece of nigger shit. You piece of shit. You fuckin' piece of nigger shit. You fuckin'—you're still nigger shit, you know that? You'll always be nigger shit. You'll always be a piece of shit. Always. Always. You're a piece of shit now. You were a piece of shit. You'll always be shit. You'll always be a piece of shit. A piece of nigger shit. That's what you are, bitch. You'll always be shit. You'll always be shit. Yes. Yes.

(cums)

JAMIE: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the sickest one of all?
EBONY: Jamie!
JAMIE: Oh god. all right.
(laughs)
JAMIE: all right. Now, don't go anywhere. I'll help you clean up, all right?
EBONY: Yes.
JAMIE: Ok. I want to thank you very much for your participation today. Uh … let me see if I can find the fade button there. Never can find it. There it is. Says fade. Ok. Now, are you ready to say goodbye to all these white motherfuckers. Hope they're white motherfuckers—any nigger motherfuckers are gonna kill me.
(laughs)
EBONY: Bye white motherfuckers.
JAMIE: Ok.

BROWN ON EBONY (part two)

(lingerie)
JAMIE: Oh yeah … nice … oh yeah. Oh yeah. Good. Yeah! Do it. That's right. Nice. Yeah. Good. That's right. That's right. Good. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That's it. Good. Yeah.
Yeah. Look at me. That's it. Stick your tongue out. That's it. Flick your tongue. Good. Good. Yeah.

(seatless chair)
JAMIE: Good. Good. Nice. Yeah. Nice.
Turn around the other way. So your ass hangs out over it.
EBONY: This way?
JAMIE: Good. That's it. Show it to us. Show us asshole. Good. Good. That's it. That's it. Good.
Yeah. Yeah.

(lipstick)
JAMIE: Boy. Good. Good. Good. Ok. Ok. Tongue stuff. Tongue stuff.
Yeah.
… On your knees. Good.
Back up a little. That's it.
Stick your tongue out. Come over. Get on your fours. Good. Good. Crawl over. Good.
(balls lick)
JAMIE: Good. Good. Good. Good. (laughs) What a good nigger. That's it. That's it. Look at me. Say 'I be a good nigger.'
EBONY: I be a good nigger.
JAMIE: Good. I be whitey's good nigger.

EBONY: Mmmm hmmm! I be whitey's good nigger.
JAMIE: Ok.

Back up. You're doing good.

Ok. Get your tongue down. Ok. Get on the thighs. And go down to the foot. C'mon. Like a good nigger.

Yes. Nothing like a good nigger. Hmmm?
EBONY: Mmmm hmm.
JAMIE: Yeah. On the foot. Yes. Good nigger, aren't you? You a good nigger, girl?
EBONY: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Nice. Good nigger. Good.

Nigger! Here you go. Do the balls.
EBONY: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Ok. That's a good nigger. Nice nigger. Come up a little higher and get some dick. That's it. Not too high. That's it.

Nigger bitch. Good nigger. Yes. You a good nigger?
EBONY: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Yes. Good. Let's see you sit up and beg like a dog. That's it.
EBONY: You want me to bark?
JAMIE: You don't have to bark, no, just put your hands in front of you—you know, paws—in front of you. Good. Good.

Good nigger?
EBONY: Good nigger.
JAMIE: Stick your tongue out like that. Good. Good. Ok. Ok. Turn around. Let me see your ass. On your fours. Good. Bend over. Good. Ok.

Ok. Why don't you crawl over to the toilet, nigger.

That's it. We love to see niggers crawling to the toilet.
EBONY: (laughs)
JAMIE: Good. Good. Yeah. Let's see your ass. Ok.

JAMIE: Why don't you get in the tub?
EBONY: Ok.
JAMIE: Oh, you look sexy. Yeah. Yeah. Now sit down. Now, we're gonna ...
EBONY: Kinda cold.
JAMIE: Mmmm mmm. Yeah. all right. yeah. Pretty, huh? Yeah. Time to take a pee pee. Put your hands on my balls. Gonna take a pee pee. Yeah. Why don't you slide down a little? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

(piss)
JAMIE: Piss on your cunt. Yeah. Yeah. Piss on your cunt. Good. Why don't you lay down. C'mon. So I could piss on your face. Come on. You're getting a chunk for this. C'mon. C'mon.
EBONY: (laughs) I don't want it in my hair.
JAMIE: Not in your hair. Hold your hair. And let's just go for your face. Just for the face. Just for the face.

Ok, roll over, let's see the asshole.

EBONY: That's ok.

JAMIE: Good. Ok. Ok.

Turn around. That's it. Lay down. Look at me. Full of piss, huh?

EBONY: I can't open my eyes yet.

JAMIE: I know. Ok, well, let's see. Here's for your eyes.

(towel)

EBONY: (sniff)

JAMIE: Yeah. Ok. Good. Mmm hmm.

(standing shit)

JAMIE: Can you see the shit in the asshole?

EBONY: Yeah.

JAMIE: I don't know if we'll be able to get a shot of it …

(…)

Do you want to reach up, with your hand,—take it—it'll be easier for you.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: Hold on. Take some. Take some out. Come on, grab a chunk. Ok, hold on—

EBONY: Now, I don't have to swallow this, right?

JAMIE: Depends on how much you want. Chew it. Let's see. Where is it?

EBONY: It's in my hand.

JAMIE: Let's see it.

Oh, you're worried about a piece of shit like that?

EBONY: It's shit!

JAMIE: Rub it on your face. Around the mouth and nose. Good. Good. Good. Take some more.

EBONY: Urgh …

JAMIE: Let me see it. Good. Let's see your teeth get brown. Good.

Make sexy things with your tongue. C'mon, you're gonna end up eating it anyway, you know that.

EBONY: (spits, laughs)

JAMIE: Ok, now we're gonna go for—try and do it on your …

Does it look like it's gonna hit you on the head? In your face?

EBONY: It might …

JAMIE: Open wide. Now, try and catch it, right? Twenty bucks extra if you catch it.

EBONY: Twenty bucks?!

JAMIE: In your mouth! In your mouth!

EBONY: I already got …

JAMIE: Come on. Catch it. You missed it. C'mon.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: Let me see it. Let me see what you got. Good. In your mouth. C'mon, baby …

EBONY: You know what?

JAMIE: What?

EBONY: I'm getting two hundred bucks for this.
JAMIE: How much?
EBONY: Two hundred.
JAMIE: Let me see what you got. Swallow that.
EBONY: Swallow it? No way.
JAMIE: C'mon.
EBONY: That's too much.
JAMIE: Let me see.
Do it. You want the full two. C'mon. Do it.
EBONY: Not all of it.
JAMIE: Put it in your mouth. Let me see. I wanna negotiate with the shit in your mouth. C'mon. Let me see. Let me see it. Good. How much did we offer you so far?
EBONY: Two hundred.
JAMIE: No, we offered you one fifty so far. Let me see it. Put it your mouth. I want you to talk with shit in your mouth. How much did we offer you so far? Huh? Come on … How much?
EBONY: (shit) Ta hundre …
JAMIE: One fifty? You know what it is.
(in hand)
EBONY: I know it's one fifty.
JAMIE: I want you to talk with shit in your mouth. Come on.
EBONY: (shit) Ah kint tal wih si' n ma mof!
JAMIE: That's why I want you to talk. That's the fun of it. Would it be easier if you sat up? To talk?
EBONY: (shit) Mmmm mmm 'hars sill si' n ma moff!
JAMIE: Sit up a little. No, put it in your mouth. Ok.
EBONY: (shit) Ah kint swa'ow i.' Ahm no' kidn.
JAMIE: Ok. all right. Now, come on. Sit up on your knees more.
Ok, now you have a piece of crap in your mouth, right?
EBONY: (shit) Uh huh.
JAMIE: And what did we say the one fifty was for? I want you to talk with the shit in your mouth.
EBONY: (shit) Fah 'hewin it, no' mus mmmm …
JAMIE: Say that again?
EBONY: (shit) Fah 'hewin it!
JAMIE: For chewing it. That was one fifty for chewing it. all right.
Well, we haven't really seen you chew much, you know.
EBONY: (shit) Weh, ahv 'hewd si.'
JAMIE: Huh?
EBONY: (shit) Ahv 'hewdt schick!
JAMIE: You chew shit?
EBONY: (shit) Ah dit.
JAMIE: Well, you chew a little tiny taste. I still have more in me.

EBONY: (shit) Mah 'homach's ged'n sic …
JAMIE: Your stomach's getting sick? It's all right, if you puke it's ok.
EBONY: (shit) Urgghhhh …
JAMIE: It doesn't matter. You know, what the hell. You know? Um … now, what's your favorite food?
EBONY: (shit) 'Ambahga. (laughs)
JAMIE: Pretend it's like hamburger. C'mon, baby. So far … I'll tell you what we're working up. So far, you got one sixty.

Come on. It's alot of money, honey. Show you girls who do this for thirty bucks, come on.
EBONY: (shit) Ah don' believe it.
JAMIE: I'll show it to you.
EBONY: Ah ha …
JAMIE: Come on. Put it in your mouth. You want to puke, it's all right. Let me see you puke. It's all right. it's all right.
EBONY: (spits)
JAMIE: Let me see it! Let's see, that's it. Come on. That's it.
EBONY: (spits)
JAMIE: Ok. In your mouth. Come on. Open your mouth, sexy. Are your hands dirty? Let's see. Spread your crotch. Let me see your crotch. No, no, I want—keep 'em in front of you. Ok. Let's see that shit on your pretty white panties. That's it. Good. That's right. That's good. Good. Let's see the panties. Spread your legs. Good. Nice. Ok. all right. Now, hang on for one second. Now, chew it like uh … oh, that's it. That's it. That's it. Do it. Come on.
EBONY: (retch, spits up)
JAMIE: That's all right. That's all right. I don't care if you puke—
EBONY: (wet retch)
JAMIE: Puking is fine. But if you're not gonna puke, just pick it back up again.
EBONY: (spit, choke)
JAMIE: Let's see what your mouth looks like. Go ahead, pick it up. Let's see. In your mouth.
EBONY: (cough, spit, retch)
JAMIE: It's all right. You want to stick your fingers down your throat, go ahead.
EBONY: (tremble)
JAMIE: Ok. You ready to go?
EBONY: Uh uh.
JAMIE: Let's go.

(laughs)
EBONY: (belch)
JAMIE: If you're gonna puke, just be sure we see it.
EBONY: (laughs)
JAMIE: Let's go. all right. Pick it up.
EBONY: I can't do it anymore.

JAMIE: Oh come on, you're just puking, that's fine.
EBONY: It's gagging my stomach.
JAMIE: Come on, so far, you've only got one sixty. Come on, you want to make the extra bucks, don't you?
EBONY: Yeah.
JAMIE: Come on.
EBONY: I do, but …
JAMIE: Don't you need to get some stuff? You know, it's alot of extra money just for a little, you know, afternoon's delight. (laughs)
EBONY: Do you have a toothbrush?
JAMIE: Well—you'll clean it up. You'll clean it up.
EBONY: I'm telling you, I can't chew it, I'm gonna gag.
JAMIE: That's all right. I don't mind you gagging.
EBONY: Huh? I know you don't mind me gagging.
JAMIE: Gagging is fine. It's a normal reaction. Pick it up. Come on.
EBONY: Arrrgghhhh …
JAMIE: Come on. Ok. Do it.
EBONY: I don't know. I'm not sure about this.
JAMIE: Come on, you did it already. You're just gagging. Come on. Come on. Come on. Pick it up.
Ok.
(in, cough, out)
EBONY: I can't do it. I can't put it in my mouth anymore.
JAMIE: Uh … How about you brush your teeth with it. 'Cause you're not gonna get the two unless you swallow it, you know that?
EBONY: I'm not swallowing all that shit.
JAMIE: all right.
EBONY: I can't do it. I can't put it in my mouth anymore.
JAMIE: all right. 'Through with you. all right, well—let me see. Once more in your mouth, I'll give you an extra five—make it up to one sixty-five—just sort of chew on it and rub it around a little.
EBONY: (laughs) Five!
JAMIE: Well, you're not swallowing.
EBONY: Well—just give me an extra … one seventy-five.
JAMIE: For what?
EBONY: For chewing it!
JAMIE: For chewing what?
EBONY: For chewing that shit.
JAMIE: One seventy-five for chewing it? Can you swallow it, I'll give you one eighty.
EBONY: If I swallow it, I get two hundred. But I can't swallow it, I'm gagging already.
JAMIE: Um …
Um … let's see.
You want a fresh piece? Maybe that'll help.

EBONY: Uh uh. (laughs)
JAMIE: 'Cause I got some more.
EBONY: I'm sure you do. (belch) 'Scuse me.
JAMIE: Why don't you just push it onto your pussy and ass? You know. Like sit on the shit and squish it around.

That's it. That's it. Good girl. Good girl. Sit on the shit. How much we up to so far?
EBONY: One ... sixty.
JAMIE: One sixty? all right. Ok. Sit up there, that's it. Let's see the shit. Ok, move forward, so I could see the shit on your ass. Stick your ass up a little. Bend your body—your top part—forward so I could see the ass. Ok. The top of your panties looks pretty clean, can you take some shit and rub it on the top of the panties? That's it. Good. Get shit all over you. Good. That's better.
EBONY: Uh huh
(ass to back)
JAMIE: Good.

Look at it! Stick your tongue out.

Take the piece off the end.

Ok, see the shit over there, push it over towards the top of the tub. Like that. Ok. Ok.

Now, why don't you lay on your side, sort of, like you're trying to get to it, you know? Get your hair out of your eyes, so you could see. Ok. Tongue out. Now I want you to go down like; lick. You know, just chew it. And lick it. Lick on the shit. You know, like sexy. Like it's a dick. Come on. Try and get it so I could see. Lick it. I want you to really lick it. Make love to that shit. It's hard to get it ... pick it up in your hand. Ok, make love to the ... make love to it. Like you were doing it before. Make love to it. Make love to it. That's the hottest dick and balls you ever saw. Yeah. That's hot. You love shit. You love shit. That's good. You love it. You love shit. You can't get enough shit. You can't get enough shit. You can't get enough. Yeah. Say 'I can't get enough.'
EBONY: (long belch)
JAMIE: Yes!
EBONY: (laughs)
JAMIE: That's it. Lick your tongue. Put it in your mouth. Yeah. Good. Ok, pick the shit up. You love the way shit feels on your tits. You'll look like a piece of shit when we're finished with you. Mmmm mmm. Spread your legs, let's see your crotch. Jerk off with shit. Come on, jerk off. Put your hands down there. Yeah. Come on, get hot baby. Get hot. That's it. Cover yourself. That's it. That's good. That's fine. Keep doing it. I want to see that cunt stink of shit. Pick it up to your mouth. Put it near your mouth. And rub it right around your—you know, that—place. You could close your mouth if you want. Get some up your nose so I know you're sniffing it. Good. Say 'thank you.'
EBONY: Ooooh ugh. Thank you.
JAMIE: Good.

EBONY: Aaaaahhhhhh!
JAMIE: You having a hard time eating that?
EBONY: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Yeah.
EBONY: I'm havin' a very hard time.
JAMIE: What did we get you up to, so far?
EBONY: We should be up to one seventy-five.
JAMIE: Ok. Let's say … one … let's say one sixty-five.
EBONY: One sixty-five …
JAMIE: Put the shit in your mouth and let's see how far we could go financially. Come on.
EBONY: I can't do it.
JAMIE: Come on, another ten. Just put it in your mouth.
EBONY: I … I get one seventy-five.
JAMIE: What?
EBONY: I get one seventy-five if I put it in my mouth.
JAMIE: Well, but I want you to, you know, play with it in your mouth. You know, not just put it there. Come on, pick it up and do it. Pick it up.

That's it. Ok. Now we got you at one sixty-five. That's good. Let's see teeth get brown. Yeah. Ok, you're up to one seventy. One seventy to brush your teeth with shit.

Put it back in your mouth, now that your teeth are brown. That's good. Just leave it there. Take the hand and put it in your crotch—like you're having a great time.

Chomp down on it. Chomp on it. Good. Let me see you chew. Chew! Chew! Chew! Chew! Chew it. Chew it up. Chew it up.
EBONY: (spat out, spit)
JAMIE: Yeah. Good. Good. Mmmm.
EBONY: (spit)
JAMIE: Good. Ok. Move it down towards your body, away from your face.
EBONY: I'm …
JAMIE: Ok, lay flat. Just lay flat, you don't have to eat it. Just lay on it. Lay on the shit. I want to see you laying in shit. What are we up to now, one seventy-five?
EBONY: Yeah.
JAMIE: Ok. Lay in it. Go on, take it. Make love to it. Take it. Take it, rub it on your body. Go on. Come on, you're making a fortune here today. Good. Good. Use some more shit.

Good.
EBONY: Ugh!

(masturbating)
JAMIE: That's good. Open your mouth. See that tongue. (laughs) Nigger tongue. Nigger tongue. Nigger toilet. Mmmmm. Good girl. All over your tongue. Yeah.

EBONY: (gag, spit)
JAMIE: Open up. Let's see your tonsils. Put your head back so I could see if there's any shit in your mouth. Tilt your head near my dick so I could piss.

(piss)

JAMIE: Open up. Come on, get some of that shit off. Open up. One eighty—come on, open up—if you open up. Open up. Keep it open.

EBONY: (cough, retch, spit)

JAMIE: Move the shit over there.

EBONY: What?

JAMIE: Move the shit more close. That's it. That's it.

(piss on shit)

JAMIE: Put your hand down there. Pick it up. Pick it up. Let's see.

(piss on hand)

JAMIE: Ok, put it on your face. Come on, come on. One eighty-five. Put it on your face. Come on. Come on. Just on your face. You don't have to eat it. On your mouth. Come on. Better with fresh piss on it.

EBONY: Shit is drying all over me.

JAMIE: That's why I put some piss on it.

Ok, just open your mouth, dump it in and I'll give you one ninety. C'mon. Just dump it in your mouth.

EBONY: (cough)

JAMIE: C'mon. Come on. There's some nice fresh piss on it.

EBONY: And then what?

JAMIE: Huh? We'll see. Leave it there. Let me see.

EBONY: One ninety.

JAMIE: Yeah, c'mon, one ninety baby. That's alot of money. C'mon. C'mon. That's it.

Put both hands up like that. Like a doggy. Ok. Open your legs.

Open wide, let me see.

Say 'my name is Ebony,' like that

EBONY: (shit) Mah nam i' ebona.

JAMIE: And I'm a shit eating nigger.

EBONY: (shit) An ahm a si' ean' nigger.

JAMIE: Good.

(masturbating)

JAMIE: I like you like this. very sexy. Open wide. That's it. How much are you getting for this? No—leave it! Leave it.

EBONY: (shit) Ta hundre.

JAMIE: Isn't that alot of money?

EBONY: (shit) Yeh.

JAMIE: Ok. Oops!

(cock, shit, mouth)

JAMIE: Ok. Head back, let me see. Let me see the shit more. Move toward me, that's it. Chew it baby. Let me see you chew. One ninety-five. Chew. Open your mouth, let me see that shit.

JAMIE: Bring your face closer to me.

EBONY: (spit) I can't hold it anymore.
JAMIE: Can't hold it anymore? Ok.
EBONY: (spit)

JAMIE: Come on. Come on. That's it.

(shit, mouth)

JAMIE: (laughs) But act sexy. Can't get off, if you don't act sexy. Come closer to me. Bring your face closer. Act sexy. You ever make this much money in one time?
EBONY: (shit) Mmm mmm.
JAMIE: Yeah? Did you have to eat shit?
EBONY: (shit) Mmm mmm.
JAMIE: (laughs) Act sexy. Come on, you want me to get off, don't you? Act sexy. Sexy. Open your legs. That's it. Put your hand between your legs. Come on, let me hear you do moans and groans.
EBONY: (shit) Mmmm mmm.
JAMIE: Yeah. That's it. Like you're lovin' it. Moans and groans. Bring your face closer.
EBONY: (shit) Mmmm mmmm. Mmmm. Aahh aah.
JAMIE: That's it. Moans and groans. Act real sexy. That's it. Act real sexy. Let's see the pussy. Let's see the shit on your pussy. Keep your head back. That's it. Good. Act real sexy. Act sexy. Open your mouth and act sexy.

(cum in face)

JAMIE: Yeah. Open your mouth and act sexy! Stay ... don't ... Ok ok, hold on, hold on.

'Cause we're still on. (laughs) Ok. Ok. You thought the show was over. (laughs)
EBONY: Ha ha ha ha!
JAMIE: You thought the show was over. It's almost over. Ok. Heh heh. It's almost over. Ok.

Hold on a second. Let me wipe the shit—the scum—off my hand. And then I could get to my button. You see; that shuts the camera down. 'Cause we want to go out ... See, I could just push the stop button but I like to fade and say goodbye, you know what I'm saying?
EBONY: Yeah.
JAMIE: Make it a more happy ending and romantic.
EBONY: (spit)
JAMIE: Ok. Hold on. Maybe you want to hand me that—No, don't hand it—you're filthy. (laughs)

Ok, Ebony, this one's for you—you're probably ready to go now, huh?

(laughs)

JAMIE: Ugh! all right. Hold on a second, I never know where the fade button is.
EBONY: I know.
JAMIE: I think it's this one. You remember that? Yeah?
EBONY: I remember that.
JAMIE: I think it's this one. Now, is there anything you'd like to say before we say

goodbye? Wait a minute—I gotta take a shit. Oh god. I don't think anybody wants to see me take a shit on the toilet.

EBONY: (laughs)

JAMIE: I didn't do it all. Wanna do a sequel?

EBONY: (laughs) Not right now. Thank you.

JAMIE: all right, Ebony, it's been a pleasure, a delight. As always. You're a trooper, as always. I think if there were more people like you around—there'd be less shit in the world.

(laughs)

JAMIE: Or something like that.

EBONY: Hurghhh …

JAMIE: all right. You want to say anything?

EBONY: Bye.

JAMIE: Ok. (laughs) Ok. Ciao, baby. Ok. We're fading out slowly and going off into the sunset. Ok.

MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING
(part 1)

THERE IS SOMETHING FASCINATING about descending into hell with some fucked up crack whore or some incredibly disturbed psycho bitch or just some poor pathetic creature who is going to be kicked out of her apartment if she can't, one way or another, make the rent money; but there are also higher levels of interaction, even in pornography. Tiki, for example, loves sex and shows no sign of being a victim. She does, sometimes, allow herself to be a victim, because that can be fun and hot and sexy and she just feels like it.

I first met her on a Redboard video shoot, and of the many times I worked for that fetish company, I think I had the most fun with Tiki. I guess the thing that makes her stand out is the feeling I got that she seemed so ready, willing and eager to be there. She reminded me a little of myself, I guess, especially as I was in the early days of my career, when I would travel to a set wearing no underwear so I could readily feel my dick throbbing in my jeans, and was wildly turned on thinking about the day's work ahead of me.

I loved the way Tiki fed me juicy bits of stimulating information about her private life as I spanked and belted her ass. There was a realness to her behavior that is almost never seen in porn—a fetish film is not technically porn, but you know what I mean.

Whether it was a case of mutual attraction—I was certainly attracted to her—or whether she was getting all wet because she was excited about exposing herself to the camera, I don't know, in any case, she seemed to be as turned on as I was.

Not long after that shoot I was asked to make a tit torture tape, and was thrilled when Tiki agreed to do it: "Of course, Honey" she said, as if she was just sitting around waiting for someone to offer her such a fabulous part.

I was a very excited little boy as I waited for Tiki to show up—now it was going to be just her and me at my place.

There is a small shelf in my apartment where I keep some favorite tapes, which I often turn to for late night jerk-off material. The Tiki tit torture tape is there; which is pretty remarkable considering I have never in my life had a tit torture fantasy.

She pulled out even more stops that day than on the Redboard shoot. She was being ultra-feminine, almost a parody of femininity. Sometimes she flashed a Presley leer, or a Monroe pout, and all the while I was tearing at her tits or otherwise abusing her. She seemed to be reveling in bringing out the animal in me, and, as in the earlier film, delighted in telling me of "bad" things she had done in her life, as a way of goading me to further depravities.

Tiki, while more intelligent, more open, and healthier than most girls I have encountered in the business, did have something in common with many of them—she came from

a "good" catholic home. I have this theory that catholics are purposely raised to be repressed sexually, so that when they are finally of an age to have families, they will fuck like crazy and produce more "good" catholics.

Things have changed in the last generation or so, though, and not even catholics are getting married and raising families like they used to, so we are left with all these raging nymphos who are looking for an outlet, and many of them find their way into the "bad" world of porn.

Come to think of it, I distinctly recall hearing that the vatican has the world's largest porn collection—could this include videos? If so, perhaps this is an even more devilish conspiracy than I imagine. Is it possible the holy fathers are getting off on the idea of their "good" catholic girls being used and degraded in the latest anal gang bang? No offense. Just asking.

I haven't seen Tiki in a few years and I don't know what's become of her. I would hope that she is busy raising a couple or more "good" little catholic girls—there are some traditions that deserve to live on. Thank you jesus!—And keep 'em coming, forever and ever. Amen.

JAMIE: Hi, I'm Jamie Gillis. I'm here to spank a couple girls today. So, without further ado, let's bring the first one out. Right this way, miss. Ok. Here we have—who do we have here?
TIKI: Tiki.
JAMIE: I'm sorry?
TIKI: Tiki.
JAMIE: Tiki? Is that some kind of Hawaiian name? What's that? Tiki? You don't look at all like a Tiki. Between you and me, that's not your real name, is it?
TIKI: No. (giggles)
JAMIE: No. You really weren't born Tiki. Where'd you get a name like Tiki?
TIKI: Well, it's for when I'm really bad.
JAMIE: Tiki is for being bad?
TIKI: My real name sounds too good.
JAMIE: Oh, I see. So your idea of a bad girl is Tiki. That's like a really bad girl. Are these bad girl clothes you wore today? This is what you wore?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Turn around. Look at this schmatah—what is this? This is your idea of a bad girl?
TIKI: No. This is for having fun with the boys.
JAMIE: all right. Well, all right. This is Tiki's—what she brought today to wear. Let's see, what do you have on here? These are jockey shorts. Turn around. A bra, let me see … all right, Tiki—Tiki, put on some bad girl clothes or something because this is …
TIKI: Some real clothes?
JAMIE: Well, this doesn't exactly look like much of anything. It's not what you'd call sexy, I guess, right? So …
TIKI: You want something sexy?
JAMIE: Well, Tiki—it's your name, it's your idea. Tiki. So get into some Tiki clothes. Have you ever been Tiki before?

TIKI: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Where were you Tiki before?
TIKI: Oh everywhere.
JAMIE: Oh really? So you've been bad before.
TIKI: Oh, I've been more than bad.
JAMIE: Really?
A ... move it along, Tiki, 'cause, you know, it's a spanking movie, not a dressing and undressing movie.
TIKI: It's just taking a little ... harder. Maybe you should help.
JAMIE: I'll help, I'll start the spanking while you get dressed. Now, move it along, come on.
TIKI: Ooh! I'm hurrying. It just takes a long time.
JAMIE: Come on. Come on. Tiki. Tiki.
TIKI: Ooh!
JAMIE: Is there anything that takes a short time?
TIKI: No! Do you want me to put this red underwear on?
JAMIE: Well, put something ... this is garbage here. Come on, get those off. Get 'em off.
TIKI: Ok. They're off!
JAMIE: Now get something sexy on. Come on.
TIKI: I'm getting it on. Ow!
JAMIE: C'mon, men who want to see these movies want to see sexy girls. You know?
TIKI: Oooh ...
JAMIE: They don't want to see garbage like this.
TIKI: Oh.
JAMIE: Why didn't you dress in something exciting, so we didn't have to take all this time?
TIKI: Well ...
JAMIE: Tiki.
TIKI: I was out running around with the boys.
JAMIE: Out running around with the boys, huh? Tiki.
TIKI: Ow.
JAMIE: all right. Come on, move, move.
TIKI: I'm hurrying.
JAMIE: all right.
TIKI: Ow!
JAMIE: Let's go, come on.
TIKI: Is that better?
JAMIE: Well, I suppose, in the sort of sexy ... Come on, you've got it on backwards. Tiki. Are you sure you have some experience being a bad girl? Huh? Aren't you embarrassed? I mean, what is this? Oh there it is ... it's just inside out. all right. all right. Now, let's see. Come here. Let me zip you up. It doesn't have ... it's a button.
TIKI: It's just a button.
JAMIE: all right. all right. Tiki. Have you ever been spanked before, Tiki?

TIKI: Ummm … Once …
JAMIE: Tell the truth. I want the truth, I don't want any fuckin' games here.
TIKI: Once.
JAMIE: By who?
TIKI: My boyfriend.
JAMIE: Your boyfriend spanked you?
TIKI: Uh huh.
JAMIE: What? Did he just do it? He just said, 'You're gonna get spanked tonight'? Or what happened—were you bad?
TIKI: No, I did something really bad.
JAMIE: What'd you do, Tiki?
TIKI: Ow!
JAMIE: What'd you do?
TIKI: Fucked his best friend.
JAMIE: You fucked! His best friend?! That is kind of bad, isn't it? You fucked your boyfriend's best friend? Is that a true story?
TIKI: Yes … And he watched.
JAMIE: Oh no, he watched. You're just a horny little slut, aren't you, Tiki, huh?
TIKI: … ow.
JAMIE: What were the circumstances? Tell us about it.
TIKI: I liked his best friend more than I liked him.
JAMIE: Oh, I see. Uh huh. So, his best friend was over at the house, what happened?
TIKI: Oh, his friend was over and he wanted it.
JAMIE: And he what?
TIKI: He wanted it.
JAMIE: He wanted to fuck you?
TIKI: Oh yes. So, he told my boyfriend. My boyfriend said to take me.
JAMIE: Oh yeah? Well, he's very nice to his friends. He's very nice. Did your boyfriend like seeing you get fucked?
TIKI: Oh, he liked it. He got off.
JAMIE: He got off? Watching you get fucked?
TIKI: Mmm hmm!
JAMIE: Did you get off?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: You didn't get off?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: I thought you liked his boyfriend.
TIKI: I liked his friend but his friend couldn't do it.
JAMIE: Oh really? He wanted to fuck you and you wanted to fuck him but he couldn't get it up?
TIKI: No. He just couldn't get me off.
JAMIE: Oh. He couldn't get you off. You're hard to please, huh?
TIKI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: You're hard to please, huh?

Ok, well, that looks a bit better. Did you bring any lipstick or anything?

TIKI: Red lipstick?

JAMIE: Yes! Cocksucker red, nothing like that?

TIKI: No. I never wear it.

JAMIE: Just red lipstick, huh? Don't wear any lipstick—did you bring any lipstick?

TIKI: Oh kind of …

JAMIE: What color is it?

TIKI: Pink.

JAMIE: Pink. I don't know. Pink. Well, go get some. Hurry up, is it around?

Go get it. Hurry up. Hurry up. Hurry up. Bring it right back. I'll put it on.

TIKI: I'm running.

JAMIE: Let's go!

We don't have time for this camera just to be on me. That's it. That's it. Bring it over here. Come on. Did you find it?

TIKI: I'm hurrying.

JAMIE: Hurry up, Tiki, I mean it. Get your ass in here. all right. And what's this fucking bruise on your leg? Give me those. Sit down.

TIKI: Uhh …

JAMIE: What is that? Where'd you get that fuckin' bruise?

TIKI: I was playing softball.

JAMIE: You sure?

TIKI: Yeah, I'm sure.

JAMIE: You were only spanked once? Were you into pain and bondage and all this stuff? Is that where that's from? Tell us the truth.

TIKI: No.

JAMIE: No. It just happened, huh? Naturally.

TIKI: It just happened.

JAMIE: Did your boyfriend spank you good? You call these sexy lipsticks, c'mon?

TIKI: Well, those are the sexiest I have. They make me look really good.

JAMIE: They do? Let's see. If you're lying to me, I'm gonna spank you real good.

TIKI: Ohhh.

JAMIE: Put your legs together, you slut. C'mere. Open your mouth. I mean, close your mouth. Whatever. However you put this shit on, here.

all right. Ok. all right. That's not bad. Yeah, that's pretty good. Give you a little lip extension thing here. I should be a make-up artist. Very good! See, now it's a little sexier. Got some on your teeth.

all right, now let's see. all right. all right. Now get on your knees.

TIKI: Get on my knees?!

JAMIE: Yes. On your fuckin' knees. On your fours. all right. Good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Come on. Get on your elbows. Elbows! Elbows! Elbows! Come on. You want to move when I talk to you. Understand?

TIKI: Ow!

JAMIE: Your boyfriend give you a good spanking?
TIKI: Yeah. My boyfriend gives it to me good.
JAMIE: I mean, a good spanking?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Oh. He gives it to you—a good fucking?
TIKI: Mmm hmm!
JAMIE: You like to get fucked, huh?
TIKI: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Yeah, you do, huh? Huh? Yeah? Do you have favorite positions that you like to get fucked in?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: No. Anyway eh?
TIKI: No. I like him to do it.
JAMIE: You like what?
TIKI: I like him to bend me over.
JAMIE: Bend you over, huh? Bend you over—like you're bent over now or what?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Show us how you get fucked! C'mon, show us. Get into your fuck position. Like that?
TIKI: Like that.
JAMIE: And you're just like that? And you get fucked like this?
TIKI: Ooh yes.
JAMIE: That's how you get fucked?
TIKI: Yes.
JAMIE: Huh? Ok, stay like that.

Ok—I'm going to spank you in your fuck position. Standing up just like that, huh? That's how you get fucked? Speak up, Tiki!
TIKI: Yes it is!
JAMIE: Good. Uh huh. Uh huh. And he only spanked you once? Huh?
TIKI: He only spanks me when I'm bad.
JAMIE: Oh, I see—so, you have been spanked, huh? Yeah. Ok. Does he use any instruments on you like a belt or a hand or—what does he use?
TIKI: No. We have whips.
JAMIE: Whips! You have whips. You have whips. (laughs) Well, let's see, I've got a little whip …
TIKI: Oh no.
JAMIE: Hold on. let me see. I've got a little whip right here. Let's see, we'll try it. It's a small whip. It's a small whip. Are you used to a bigger whip? Huh?
TIKI: No … I'm used to a flimsier whip.
JAMIE: A flimsier? This is a little rough for you, huh? This'll hurt a little, huh? Does that hurt? Does that hurt—it's ok, you could say yes.
TIKI: A little.
JAMIE: Y'know. Ok. Stand up. Very good. Tiki. Tiki. Are you going to show your boyfriend this movie? Huh?

TIKI: Well …
JAMIE: Is he going to want to see this?
TIKI: He probably will.
JAMIE: Yeah. Because he likes to see you get fucked and whipped, doesn't he? Huh?
TIKI: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Has he ever seen you get whipped before? By anyone else?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Bend over in your fuck position. Come on, hurry up. … So he might get off on this, huh?
TIKI: Oh, maybe.
JAMIE: Huh?
TIKI: Maybe.
JAMIE: Well, it'd be nice, eh? Yeah.

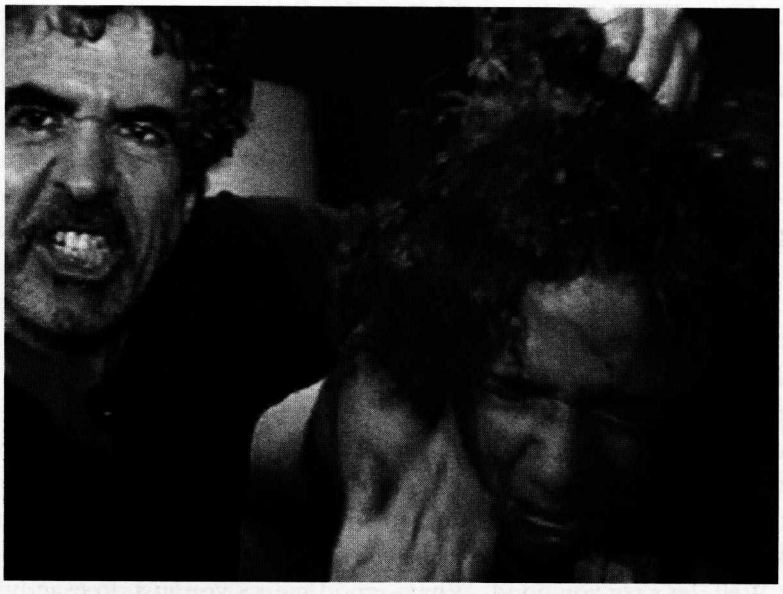
Ok. Now, you just stay there? It's your favorite fuck position—just like that, huh? That's how you get fucked. Well, now everyone knows how Tiki gets fucked! Ok. Ok.

Get on your fours. Tits are hanging down on your fours. That's it.

No—you don't have to be on your elbows, I want to see the tits. That's it. Ok.

Ok. Very good. Very good. Coming along, very nice. Ok. Why don't you just move around in a close circle. That's it. That's it. Hold on. That's it. Keep moving. Slowly. So we get an overall view of it. That's a girl. That's it. Keep moving. Good girl. That's it, Tiki. That's good. That's good. Ok, slower—a little slower! Come on!
TIKI: A little slower?
JAMIE: A little slower. That's it. I don't want you to get dizzy. And we want to see the whole thing.
TIKI: And you want me to fff …
JAMIE: Huh?
TIKI: And you want me to be good? Particularly good? Ow!
JAMIE: Do I want you to be good or bad—is that what you said?
TIKI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Well, let's try you good. What—good means you just do exactly what you're told?
TIKI: (yes)
JAMIE: Ok. And what happens when you're bad?
TIKI: I don't do anything I'm told.
JAMIE: You don't do what?
TIKI: Anything I'm told.
JAMIE: Oh, I see. Well, let's try … First, let's be good for a minute. Do what you're told. Crawl around. That's it. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Ok. That's good. That's it. That's it. Ok. Very good. That's it right there. Ok. Now sit back on your ass. That's it. Sit up a little bit. That's it. Ok. Very good.

Ok. Ok. Very good. Ok. Now, let's see what happens when you don't do what you're told, ok? When you're a bad girl. When you're a really bad girl. Ok? We'll play that game.
TIKI: Ok.



JAMIE: Ok? Ok—get on your fours.
TIKI: Mmm.
JAMIE: I thought you were gonna be a bad girl! I thought you were gonna be a bad girl! Now what is this?
TIKI: I'm doing what I want to do.
JAMIE: Oh—now, you're doing what you want to do? Ok. Very good. all right. Get on your fours.
TIKI: Uh uh.
JAMIE: Get on your fours!
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Get on your fours.
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Get on your fours.
TIKI: Uh uh.
JAMIE: Get on your fours ...
TIKI: Uh uh.
JAMIE: I said get on your fours!!
... Very good. Very good. Very good.
... So you do eventually come around, don't you, Tiki?
TIKI: Mmmm ... yeah, but I just wait 'til you ...
JAMIE: Huh?
TIKI: I wait 'til you're least expecting it.
JAMIE: I see. Then you return—revert—to the other way. Huh? Get on your elbows.
TIKI: Umpf ...
JAMIE: Ok. Ok. On your fours. On your fours.
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: On your fours!
TIKI: ... Ulp.
JAMIE: Ok. That's better. That's better. Put your knees together. Good girl.
Now, we don't want too much back-talk, do we, Tiki?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Because we know what happens.
—That's what happens.
TIKI: That one hurt.
JAMIE: That's what it is.
TIKI: Oh.
JAMIE: Well, the more problems we have with you, the more it's gonna hurt. Tiki. Understand me?
TIKI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Good girl. Get on your elbows. Stick your ass up in the air.
TIKI: Uh uh ... Ow!
JAMIE: On your elbows. Ass in the air. Good girl. That's it—you could move around a little bit. Shake your ... I want to see your ass shake. That's good. Good girl. That's a

good girl. That's a good girl. We don't want to have to hurt you too much, do we? Huh? Do we?
TIKI: Uh uh.
JAMIE: What hurts the most? The belt? Or the hand?
TIKI: The belt.
JAMIE: The belt. But, that's not even full force on the belt. We only use full force on the belt when you're really bad.
TIKI: Ok.
JAMIE: Ok? That's not too bad, is it?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: No. That's a girl. That's it. Now, just stand up. You could stand all the way. That's it. Spread your legs. That's it. Now sit down. Good girl. That's it. Good girl. Do you want to come forward?
TIKI: Yes.
JAMIE: That's a baby.

That's a baby. Mmm hmmm. Good girl.
TIKI: Ow.
JAMIE: That's it. Ok. That's a girl. Good baby.

Ok. Now, I'll put the belt down a minute. If you act up, we're gonna get it out. Ok?
TIKI: Mmmmmm.
JAMIE: Come on. Come on back. That's right. That's right, baby. That's a good girl. Good girl. That's right. Good baby. That's right. That's right. That's right. That's right. That's right. That's a baby.
TIKI: Mmm!
JAMIE: A little rough, huh? Huh?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: No. You're just being a bad girl, huh? Who's being a bad girl again, huh? Who's being a bad girl again? Do we know someone who's being bad? Huh?
TIKI: No. Not at all.
JAMIE: Not at all. Huh? Could that be our little Tiki, being a bad girl? Huh? Huh? Our little Tiki being bad?
TIKI: Ooh.
JAMIE: Ooh …
TIKI: Ooh.
JAMIE: Ooh. No. It hurts, eh? Yes.

You're being a bad girl, huh? Being a bad girl. Ooh. Yes. Yes. I know. Yes. Come on, honey.
TIKI: Mmmm.
JAMIE: That's a baby. That's a baby. That's it. It's much easier … when you just do what you're told. You see, eh? You see how easy that is?
TIKI: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Uh huh. It's much easier than the belt, isn't it?
TIKI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Good girl. That's right. That's right, baby. Nice. Good girl. That's a good girl. That's right. You can get up. Stand up. Stand up—that's it.

Ok. Ok, come here, honey. Why don't you just come over my knee. Ok?

TIKI: Over?

JAMIE: Yes. Over my knee. You know like old fashioned over the knee spanking. Have you had that?

TIKI: No!

JAMIE: No … You haven't had … An! Old! Fashioned! Over-the-knee! Spanking … Why that's the most common kind! That's the most common kind.

TIKI: Ow!

JAMIE: That's what most bad girls get …

TIKI: Oooooh …

JAMIE: … is old fashioned over the knee spankings. Yes. Yes. That's what most of 'em get. That's what most of 'em get. Yes. Uh huh. Now that's a girl. That's a girl. Yes. That's a girl. Nice old fashioned spanking. Yes. Yeah. Mmm hmm.

Get on your knees, honey, that's a baby. Sit up. Sit up so I could pull this down, ok? What you got here? Oh I see you got this with your shorts. Ok. Stand up. All the way up. All the way up. That's a baby. Put your hands on top of your head. That's it. Like this. That's it. Good girl. That's a baby.

So … you'll just have it out of the way. I mean, if you do what we have to do to you. That's it.

Lift your foot. Good girl. This one. Good girl. That's right, honey. Ok. That's very good. That's very good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good girl. Mmm hmm.

TIKI: Ow. It's hurting.

JAMIE: It's hurting?

Ok, lay on the floor flat. Come on. I know it's nice and red, it's gotta be hurting. Nice and red, huh? It's gonna be a nice bruised butt to show your boyfriend, huh? Eh?

TIKI: Yeah.

JAMIE: Yeah. Are you going to be embarrassed, when you go home, to show him?

TIKI: No. I'll just show him my little bunny tail.

JAMIE: You gonna show him, huh?

Is that the first thing you do when you go home?

TIKI: No.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Is he gonna see it tonight?

TIKI: No.

JAMIE: He's not. No.

TIKI: No.

JAMIE: Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.

TIKI: He's out of town. So I'm going out.

JAMIE: You're going out tonight?

TIKI: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Is anyone else going to see your whole ass?

TIKI: Um … maybe.

JAMIE: Maybe. You're gonna go out on the town, huh?
TIKI: Maybe I'll go out with his best friend.
JAMIE: Maybe you'll go out with his best friend. Think you might get fucked tonight?
TIKI: Mmmm … maybe.
JAMIE: Maybe.
TIKI: But I don't necessarily want to.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. But anything's possible. You think he might see your ass?
TIKI: Maybe if I show him, just out of spite.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. You show your ass off. You mean, tease him a little, huh?
TIKI: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. You like showing your little ass off, don't you? Mmmm. Alot of people are going to see this little ass now, you know.
TIKI: (giggles)
JAMIE: That's right. Yes. People go into the store and say 'Oh—' …
TIKI: Look at that little ass.
JAMIE: 'Look at that ass, all red.' Might even have your picture on the box.
TIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: And say, 'Look at that ass—let's buy that.' Yeah. Let's buy that ass. Nice and red and juicy. Yeah. Yeah. You might be a popular little girl. Yeah? Mmm hmm.

Yeah. Yeah. Someone might even recognize you, you know?
TIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: They'll say, 'Hey—didn't I see you get your ass beat?'
TIKI: No … me?
JAMIE: Maybe, huh?
TIKI: Maybe not.
JAMIE: Maybe not. Say 'Is your name Tiki, by any chance?'
TIKI: Oh, it never could be …
JAMIE: It never could be you, eh? No. No. Not a sweet little girl like you. Sweet little girl like you? Getting spanked? In a movie? For everyone to see? No, that's not possible, is it?
TIKI: No. What would my parents say.
JAMIE: Huh? What would your parents say—exactly.
TIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: You think there's any chance of your parents seeing spanking movies, huh? You hope not.
TIKI: No. Not at all.
JAMIE: You hope not.
TIKI: They're good catholics.
JAMIE: Good catholics, huh? Uh huh. We get alot of good catholics in here, did you know that, Tiki?
TIKI: Ooh.
JAMIE: Alot of good catholics end up doing spanking—getting punished. I think there's something about being catholic.

TIKI: Being a bad little catholic girl.
JAMIE: Huh?
TIKI: Being a bad little catholic girl.
JAMIE: That's right. What could be worse than this? Yes. Bad little catholic girl. Yes. So, catholic girl ass, huh?
TIKI: (giggles)
JAMIE: Getting hit and spanked.
TIKI: Mmmm.
JAMIE: Yeah.
TIKI: You sure do spank really good.
JAMIE: Oh yeah? Well, glad to hear it, Tiki. Yeah. Yeah. I've had some experience with little catholic asses. Yes. I know about these little catholic asses, yes I do. Yes I do. Get up on your fours. Come on. That's a girl. That's a girl. That's nice. That's nice. Yeah. Yeah. Yes. That's right. There. Very nice. Very nice. Did you have other boyfriends that spanked you, too?
TIKI: Mmmm ...
JAMIE: Huh?
TIKI: That's ok, you'll spank them back.
JAMIE: Oh, I see. How about when you were a girl, did you get spanked?
TIKI: No, I was daddy's favorite little girl.
JAMIE: You were? I bet you were. Daddy's favorite little girl. Do little catholic girls get punished in school still? Or is that old fashioned?
TIKI: Oh, it's old fashioned.
JAMIE: I see. I see.
I don't know ...
Yes.
TIKI: Ooh.
JAMIE: Yes.
Does your boyfriend spank you while he fucks you?
TIKI: Sometimes.
JAMIE: Sometimes.
TIKI: When he wants me to go faster.
JAMIE: When he wants you to go faster?
TIKI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Uh huh. How do you go faster—when you're on top or ...
TIKI: Oh, when I'm on top.
JAMIE: 'Cause you can't go faster when you're bent over, can you?
TIKI: Oh, well ...
JAMIE: Tell us the truth, what d'ya do? Come on, tell me.
TIKI: You can. There's ways.
JAMIE: You can? Oh, I see, you can move—you can try and move your ass around, huh?
TIKI: Yeah.

JAMIE: So he'll spank you when he wants you to move. Yeah. Does he ever fuck you in this position?
TIKI: Sometimes. But I don't like it.
JAMIE: You don't like it. You'd rather stand up. Well, show us. Stand up again. That's all right. Come on. Show us your fuck position.

Ok, now say your boyfriend's fucking you, right? Ok. Now he spanks you 'cause he wants you to go faster. Show us what you do. Show us what you do, Tiki! That's it. Come on. That's a baby. That's it. That's a girl. Good. Show us what you do. Show us what you do when you get fucked. Come on! Faster! Faster! Come on. That's a girl. Come on. Go.
TIKI: I'm going as fast as I can.
JAMIE: Oh, are you? Ok, good. Well, we wanted to know that. We wanted to know how fast you could go. That's why we did that. We wanted to see—we wanted to see how you fucked. You're not too shy, are you? To show us how you fucked? Huh?
TIKI: No.
JAMIE: Of course not. Of course not. Y'know. I just wanted to see how you fucked. You don't mind showing us how you fucked, do you? Huh? Of course not. Of course not.

Yeah. That's a baby. Good. Show us how you fuck. Show us how you fuck!
TIKI: Oh!
JAMIE: Good girl. That's right. That's right. Good girl. Put on a little fuck show. That's a baby. Wanna see a little fuck show. That's a baby. Want to see how it looks when you're getting fucked! Good girl. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby.

Let's pull 'em down so you could see! Good girl. Come on. Fuck! Good girl. That's a baby. That's what I like to see. I like to see good little catholic girls get fucked. That's right. That's it. Nothing like good little catholic girls getting fucked! Come on. That's a good girl. Good little catholic girl getting fucked. Show us you fuck. We all want to see how you fuck! Everybody wants to see a good little catholic get fucked. Come on, show us. That's it. That's a baby. That's it. Good girl. That's a baby. Show us how you fuck, baby. Show us how you fuck. Good girl. Uh huh.

all right. Get on your knees. On your knees. Good girl. Sit up. Uh huh. That was very good, huh? That's very good. Very good. Uh huh. Yeah, ok.

I think we're about finished with you for today. So you could go get ready, go see your best friend—your boyfriend's best friend. Huh?
TIKI: (laughs)
JAMIE: Show him your ass. Show him what you did today. You could say, 'Look! Look what I did today'!

That's right. That's right. Ok. Turn around, face the other way. Come on, that's it. Now, I'd like to see you crawl out of here. I'll get your clothes ready.
TIKI: Ok.
JAMIE: Down on your fours and crawl out of here! Come on!
TIKI: I'm crawling!
JAMIE: Go on, ya … go on, now, you could move faster. Move faster!

Ok. Next!

MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING
(parts 2 & 3)

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE A FEW EXTREME ADVOCATES of vanilla sex who would cringe at the thought that beating women could ever be considered good, clean, wholesome fun, but after taking a look at the rest of the video that Tiki and I did: *More Bad Girl Handling* (from Redboard Video, 1994, or, if you prefer, MCMXCIV, as it says on the box.) I have to conclude that it is perfectly possible to dispense punishment in a warm and loving manner. At least that's how I interpret what happens between me and Tiki, and also between me and Jojo and Taj on that same video.

The scene with Taj is not mentioned on the box because the producer used to like to throw in an occasional surprise.

I guess one of the things that makes the video seem so friendly is that all three girls involved had previously had positive spanking experiences, and they seemed to react warmly to the idea that they were to be beaten by the big, bad man.

There is a lot of smiling all around, so if you need to see real abuse, then definitely don't look for it here; but if you want to crack open the door to perversion to convince some innocent partner how nice it might be to get over your knee, then this tape could get things going for you.

I am known by many in the industry as being a bit of a sicko, so I was glad to see this tape and be reminded that what I really like to do is just go in the direction that the energy seems to be flowing, wherever that might be leading. Some years back I had a few friends who considered me an authority on women's sexuality, and they would half jokingly point out passing women and ask me to tell them what they liked—my response was usually immediate—"She needs to get her hair pulled and fucked up the ass," "she's mainly a cocksucker," "she likes to be on top," "she needs a whipping," etc. I took the game seriously. Somewhat arrogantly, I truly thought I knew what most women wanted.

I would hope that if there are any women who believe that they ever suffered any real abuse from me, they will accept my apology. More preferably, they would, on reflection, come to feel that I only did what they, deep down, really wanted me to do.

Special thanks to Tiki, Jojo and Taj, though, for allowing me to remember that, when presented with a nice friendly malleable piece of ass, instead of some bitch who needs to be taught a lesson, I might not be such a bad guy after all.

JAMIE: Ok, we got rid of the catholic girl and we're on to the next one—and let's see what she's like. Ah … Miss? Would you like to come in this way? There she is … the next girl.

So. And what is your name?

JOJO: JoJo.

JAMIE: Her name is JoJo. Also probably not her her real name but … ah … now, let's see what we've got on today. This is kind of interesting. Let's see. Let's see. That's it. Oh this is cute! That's kinda cute—do you walk around the streets like this? Do you?

JOJO: Sometimes.

JAMIE: Sometimes. Well, you're just another bad girl, aren't you?

JOJO: Sometimes.

JAMIE: Aren't you? You walk around the streets like this and everyone could see your little heinie, huh?

JOJO: Yeah. (laughs)

JAMIE: Everyone could see your little heinie. Well … that's kind of cute. I think lots of guys who see girls walking around like this and would love to just go over and say 'What a bad girl'! Showing off her little heinie. What a bad girl. What a bad girl. Walking around with her ripped jeans over her ass. Yes. Yes. Ripped jeans over her ass, what a … Bad! Bad! Girl! What a Bad! Bad! Girl! Tsk tsk tsk. I'm telling you. Some people.

And what else do you got here? Oh! Now you really are a bad girl. Everyone knows only bad girls have nipple rings. And what's on this nipple ring? A skull … that's a supreme bad girl. Here you at least have the decency to have a little whatever—just a little bead. But here is a goddamned skull on her tit.

JOJO: (laughs)

JAMIE: Oh god. I can't believe kids today are just getting badder and badder. You know when I was a boy, you could hardly ever find a girl with a skull on her tit. Today, you're not even shocked. You know what I mean? C'mere.

Have you been spanked before, JoJo?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yeah? Do you get spanked alot?

JOJO: Not alot.

JAMIE: Have you had any other kinds of things used on your ass beside a hand?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Like what?

JOJO: Vampire mittens. Paddles.

JAMIE: Tell us—for the sake of these poor uneducated slobs who'll be viewing this—tell us what a vampire mitten is.

JOJO: A vampire mitten is a leather mitten in which the studs are placed from the inside going out and the metal flaps, which would pull it into the leather, are not folded, so that the little spikes stick out. And that's what's used on the ass.

JAMIE: And you've been spanked with that?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: That's pretty serious.

JOJO: It was fun.
JAMIE: Does your ass keep bleeding when that happens?
JOJO: Um … You'll get some like blood blisters but, other than that, not much.
JAMIE: Why don't we step out of your jeans, eh?

Cute little socks, huh?
JOJO: Thank you.
JAMIE: Cute little socks. Yeah. very cute little socks. Nice.

C'mere baby. Spread your legs. C'mere. That's a baby. Sit on my legs. That's good. That's a girl. Good girl. Good girl. That's right.

… yeah, yeah, yeah, all right, that's right, yeah, that's right, she's taking a beating like a good girl … that's right … that's right … good girl … that's right … that's right … nice … nice … good girl … nice … good … good.

Good girl. Good girl. You're a good girl. That's right. Mmm mmm. Yeah. Sit up a little. Look at what we got over here. Look at that. We got a whip.
JOJO: Goodie.
JAMIE: And we got a belt.
JOJO: Goodie.
JAMIE: Yeah, goodie. Goodie, goodie, goodie. I wonder what we should try first, huh? You don't know—it's hard to say. Maybe you think the whip is a little small. Maybe start with the small one, eh? Are you ready for the whip?
JOJO: (yes)
JAMIE: Good girl. Good girl. She's ready for the whip. Yes. She's ready for the whip. The whip's ready for you too.
JOJO: Mmm ok. Good.
JAMIE: Yeah. The whip's ready for you. So, you're gonna get your ass whipped now, ok? Ready? Get your ass whipped? Ok?
JOJO: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Let me hear you say, 'I'm ready to get my ass whipped.'
JOJO: I'm ready to get my ass whipped.
JAMIE: Good. Ok. Good girl. Ok. Yes. She's ready to get her ass whipped. Nice juicy ass.
JOJO: (laughs)
JAMIE: Ready to get her ass whipped, eh? Yeah. Show everybody how you get your ass whipped?
JOJO: Huh?
JAMIE: Show everybody how you get your ass whipped. Stick it out—so everybody could see. That's right. That's it. That's right. Everybody wants to see how your ass looks when it gets whipped. Right?
JOJO: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's right. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. all right, stand up now. Get over my knee, baby, ok? That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Ok. That's a baby. This nice little ass is gonna get whipped, huh? That's a baby. Yes. Let's show everybody how nice your ass looks when it gets nice and red from it being whipped, ok?

JOJO: Ok.

JAMIE: Good. Yeah. Yeah. Nice and red from being whipped. Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

Good girl. Mmmm. Nice baby. Nice baby. Yeah. Yeah. Good girl. That's a baby. Yeah. Nice and red. Nice and red. Ok, sit back on your knees. That's it. Whoa yeah! Let's see your tits again. Nice little tits too! Yeah. Yes. Nice little tits. Everyone wants to see the tits too.

JOJO: Yep.

JAMIE: Let's show 'em the tits, ok? Nice tits. Good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Nice and still, taking it like a good girl, huh? Can you take it like a big girl? Yes, you can—good girl. Takes it like a big girl. Very nice. Good. Have you had your tits whipped before, too?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: You have. Good. Good. That's very good, honey. That's very good.

Ok, lay down. Flat. That's it. Good. We get a nice shot of your ass that way. Yeah. that's a girl. That's a baby. Yeah. Nice ass. Nice ass. Nice ass. Yeah.

Good girl. That's right. That's it. We all want to see it. Look at that. Nice. Nice. Nice.

JoJo?

JOJO: Mmmm?

JAMIE: I have a belt. What d'ya think? It's about time to get a little belt. What d'ya think? Does that look ok? Think you can take that? Why don't you give it a little kiss—to be sure. That's it.

That's it. You ready for the belt, now? Let me hear you say it.

JOJO: Yes—I'm ready for the belt.

JAMIE: Look back. Look back at me.

JOJO: I am ready for the belt.

JAMIE: Good girl! Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. That's right, baby. That's a baby. That's it. Very nice. Very nice. Yeah. Good girl. That's nice. Good girl. Good girl. That's nice. That's very pretty. Looks nice. Looks real nice. Looks real nice. Yeah. Does that hurt more than the other two things?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Does it? Yeah. You gonna be a big girl with the belt, huh? Mmmm. Big girls take the belt, don't they?

JOJO: (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah. That's right. Who's gonna be a big girl? Who's gonna be a big girl and take the belt? Huh. Yeah. Yeah. Gonna be a big girl. Who's gonna be a big girl and take the belt.

How 'bout we stick a foot on your ass, is that ok? Huh? How 'bout we put a foot on your ass. How about a couple of feet. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That's a girl. That's a baby.

JOJO: (laughs)

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Good girl. Yeah. Who takes a beating like a big girl, huh? Do you take a beating like a big girl?

JOJO: Ye—

JAMIE: Good! Yes, you do. Yes, you do. Yeah.

Since you're being such a good girl, get up on your knees, honey. You want a pillow for your knees, there you go—I'm being nice to you because you're such a good girl. Taking your beating like a big girl. Don't want to hurt your little knees.

JOJO: Thank you.

JAMIE: Ok. There you go. There's a good girl. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's it. Yes.

C'mon. Stick it out, hon. Stick it out! That's right! We want to see that. We want to see that thing get beat. Yeah, we do. Yeah, we do.

JOJO: Ugh!

JAMIE: We want to see that. We want to see it get whipped! Yeah. good. Who's getting it, huh? Yes, baby, yes. Yes. Cute. Looks very nice. Looks very nice. Yeah. We like to see your little ass get whipped, you understand, don't you? Yeah. You know about that. Good girl. Good girl.

Stick it right up there. That's it. Good. Stick it out. Good. Stick it out. Stick your ass out, good. Stick your ass out. Stick your ass out. Stick your ass out. Good. That's real nice.

(kiss kiss) Crawl over here. Nice and easy. That's it, baby. You're doing very nice. You've done very nicely. You even crawl good, don't you? You even crawl good. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Good. This way we get to see the tits and the ass. Yeah, we like that. See the tits and ass. Yeah. Yeah. Good. Ok. Sit up like a little puppy so we can see the tits better. Good. Good girl. That's nice. Keep it ... Rise up, that's a baby. Good girl. Good girl. Put your hands on your head. Good girl. Very nice. Yes.

Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. That's right. That's right. Good. Good girl. Inch over to me. Just like that, don't go—don't go too much. Nice and slow. Turn and face me. Slow and easy. Good girl. Good girl. Nice. Good girl. Keep your hands there.

good ... nice ... very nice ... that's a good girl ... that's right ... good ... good girl ... who's a good girl ... who's a good girl ... good girl ... nice ... good ... nice.

Ok, stand up. Keep your hands on your—that's it. That's a good girl. Good girl. You think you could—there's a little whip over there on the couch, you see that?

JOJO: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Ok, keep your hands on your head, go over there, and see if you can take the whip in your mouth.

Very good. Very good. That's a very good girl.

Very good. Very nice.

You're a good girl.

Ok, doing good. Let it go. Stick it in your mouth. Good. Good. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. There we go. You ever been beaten with your own belt?

JOJO: Uh uh.

JAMIE: We'll see if it's any good. See if it's any good. First, we'll see if it fits. That's a nice fit. Good.

Which is harder, mine or yours? Can you tell? Let's see.

That's yours.

Mine.

JOJO: Mine. Mine stings more.
JAMIE: Your's stings more. Ok. So, we'll use that.
JOJO: Ok.
JAMIE: That's a very brave little girl. That's a very brave little girl.

Ok, we'll let you go for today. Ok?

Get on your knees. Ok. Get movin.' Keep movin.' Stay up though. That's good. That's it. Nice. Good. C'mon. Good girl. Good girl. Ok. Bye bye. Good girl. Yeah mmmm. Very nice.

Ok, c'mere back. C'mere. You were very good. Let's see. Very good. C'mere. Very good.
JOJO: Thank you.
JAMIE: Wave bye bye.

Say 'bye bye.'
JOJO: Bye bye.
JAMIE: Gimme a kiss.

MORE BAD GIRL HANDLING (part three)

JAMIE: Ok, we got a few minutes left here … Tail end of the tape, so there's a girl waiting to come in. We'll spend a few minutes with her.

Taj?
TAJ: Yes?
JAMIE: Here she is. This is Taj Mahal, she calls herself. Hee hee hee. Stand up! Stand up! I'd like to see this.
TAJ: Ok!
JAMIE: Ok, you're kinda cutie.
TAJ: What would you like me to do for you?
JAMIE: Well, just stand there for a minute, you're doing fine so far. Why don't you face the camera, so everybody could see you. That's it. Just look at the guy. Now just stand there. Keep—look in the camera while I talk to you.
TAJ: Ok.
JAMIE: Ok? Ok, why don't you turn around also and face me just so they could take a look at you. Boys like to see the girls.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: So … Taj Mahal, huh, eh?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Now, you look like you've been spanked before.
TAJ: No …
JAMIE: No?
TAJ: I've been in a few porno movies but I've never been spanked.
JAMIE: You've been in porno movies? I'm not talking about movies! I'm talking about, you know, laying around, getting spanked. Do you get spanked? You can say whatever …

TAJ: Well, my father used to spank me.
JAMIE: Your father used to spank you? C'mere—
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: Your father used to spank you when you were bad. Were you bad alot?
TAJ: No.
JAMIE: Oh yeah? And what would he do? What would he do? Would he—what would he say?
TAJ: Well, he'd bend me over his knee and start whacking me and telling me I wasn't good—
JAMIE: I see.
TAJ: And spanking me.
JAMIE: And did he pull your clothes down? Were you naked or how did that work?
TAJ: No, he kept my clothes on.
JAMIE: He kept your—oh well, so you'd be standing here and he'd say 'Taj'—or whatever your real name is.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: And he'd say 'Taj, you've been a bad girl.' And then what would he do, bring you down like this?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: And he'd go over the knee.
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: Show us—and daddy would do like this?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: Just like this?
TAJ: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And he kept your clothes on, right? He didn't remove anything.
TAJ: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And then what would happen?
TAJ: He'd whack me on my butt.
JAMIE: Like that!
TAJ: Yeah. (laughs) Ow!
JAMIE: And how old were you when he did that?
TAJ: Ow!
JAMIE: How old were you?
TAJ: I was six or seven.
JAMIE: Six or seven. And you were a bad girl then, huh?
TAJ: Yeah. Aah …
JAMIE: What kinds of things would you do?
TAJ: Mmm … I wouldn't do the dishes or something.
JAMIE: You wouldn't do the dishes? In other words, you didn't help around the house. Huh?
TAJ: No.
JAMIE: What are you—a little In … , what kind of nationality are you? Are you a little Indian girl? What are you?

TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: You are, you're a little Indian girl. Oh …
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: You were a bad little Indian girl. Who wouldn't help around the house, huh?
TAJ: No. I wanted to have fun.
JAMIE: You wanted to have fun, of course. But daddy had to spank you, didn't he?
TAJ: Yeah …
JAMIE: Uh huh. Daddy had to spank you.
TAJ: You spank me just like him.
JAMIE: Oh yeah, well sure, I know how to treat bad little girls who don't want to do the dishes.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yes. You are a bad little girl, aren't you? Yes. Uh huh. Yes.
TAJ: Oh—I don't want to be a good girl but I don't like being spanked either.
JAMIE: You don't like being—you're not supposed to like it, are you? Are you supposed to like it?
TAJ: No.
JAMIE: Here, stand up, honey. C'mere. You know you're not supposed to like it. That has nothing to do with liking it. It's supposed to be punishment, isn't it?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: And did you show your stuff to boys when you were a little girl, too—that's probably … a bad habit … is that why you had to get spanked, huh? You were probably a little exhibitionist, from what I could see here. Huh?
TAJ: Yeah. (laughs)
JAMIE: Is that what happened?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Daddy probably knew he was gonna have a bad girl, huh?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Yeah, I bet. When did you know you were a really bad girl?
TAJ: When I was thirteen.
JAMIE: When you were thirteen? Huh? I'll bet you were out of control by then.
TAJ: (laughs) Yeah.
JAMIE: You were out of control by then. Yeah. Uh huh.
TAJ: Do you like that?
JAMIE: Do I like this, what—spanking?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Well, it's kinda nice, yeah. Yeah. It's kinda cute. Y'know. Yeah. Y'know. You got a nice ass, you could watch it jump a little, you know …
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Why don't you put your knees up on here.
TAJ: Ok.
JAMIE: That's right. Show everybody your ass. Show everybody what a bad girl you've really become. Daddy was right, wasn't he?

TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: Yes.
TAJ: Ow!
JAMIE: He didn't spank you enough.
TAJ: Owww.
JAMIE: Because you've become a really bad girl, haven't you?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: What do you do now, you dance, huh?
TAJ: Yeah. I'm a stripper.
JAMIE: You're a stripper, aren't you?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Now, didn't your daddy tell you that only bad girls become strippers? Huh?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah. Well, sure. Yeah. Yeah. See, you knew that from the beginning.
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: That's what bad girls do, huh?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: And didn't you even do some dirty movies?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: Uh huh. And what do you do as a stripper, don't you sit on laps?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: You sit on hard cocks all day, don't you?
TAJ: Yeah. (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah. Uh huh. Yeah. all right. So for people who have never been to one of these places, what happens? The guys are sitting there, they watched you dance, now you're going through the audience, right?
TAJ: Uh huh.
JAMIE: 'Cause I've been there—you can't fool me.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: So, you're dressed in something teasing, right? Maybe there's some panties like this, huh?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: And what happens.
TAJ: Will you sit on my lap.
JAMIE: No, what happens—let's go through it.
TAJ: Ok.
JAMIE: No, no—you don't just sit on a lap, I know that.
TAJ: Yeah you do!
JAMIE: Well, don't you say anything first?
TAJ: Would you like some company?
JAMIE: Ok, so just do it. Like, go through the motions, like, as if you just came down.
TAJ: Would you like some company?
JAMIE: Well, ok.

TAJ: Ok.
JAMIE: And then you'd sit on them?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: What a bad girl.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: What a bad girl.
TAJ: And you just …
JAMIE: What would you do then?
TAJ: Grind on them.
JAMIE: You grind on them? Like a bad girl, huh?
TAJ: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: (laughs)
TAJ: Like that.
JAMIE: Uh huh. So your job is dancing and grinding on hard dicks all day, huh?
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: Is that right?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: And do they sometimes squirt in their pants?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: They do?
TAJ: Does that make me a bad girl?
JAMIE: Well, I don't know—it doesn't sound like—it's not IBM, let's face it.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: I don't know. Does it make you a bad girl. Mmmm … daddy would be really upset, now, wouldn't he?
TAJ: Yeah. He'd be very mad.
JAMIE: Does he know?
TAJ: No.
JAMIE: If he knew what you were doing.
TAJ: He'd beat me very bad.
JAMIE: He'd beat you, huh?
TAJ: Yeah.
JAMIE: Yeah, well, why don't you get over here. Why don't you show us your ass? Huh?
TAJ: Ow!
JAMIE: Yeah.
TAJ: Ow!
JAMIE: Daddy would beat you real bad, wouldn't he?
TAJ: Yeah-ow!
JAMIE: Daddy would really give it to you.
TAJ: Yeah … aahh.
JAMIE: Yeah, you little slut, huh? Yeah, you little tramp, huh?
TAJ: Aah!
JAMIE: Yes!

TAJ: Aah!
JAMIE: Yes!
TAJ: Aah!
JAMIE: Yes!
TAJ: Aah … oooh …
JAMIE: Are you a bad girl?
TAJ: Yeah! Yeah …
JAMIE: You know you're a bad girl.
TAJ: You're hurting me!
JAMIE: Well, of course, I'm hurting you 'cause you're a bad girl.
TAJ: You don't have to hurt me because I'm bad. You could be nice to me.
JAMIE: Well, I should be nice to you because you're bad—get out of here. Get out of here. I should be nice to you because you're bad. Get out. Get out. That's it.
TAJ: (laughs)
JAMIE: All right. That's all we have time for. (laughs)

HUMILIATION OF HEIDI

I'M NOT ASHAMED OF ANYTHING I'VE DONE, and I'm not really ashamed of *The Humiliation Of Heidi*, either. It's like a lot of other stuff I've shot. What does make this one different, though, and what makes me feel a little queasy, is that I got an award for it. The general public, and I myself for that matter, laughs at the notion of awards for "adult" videos, but they are taken seriously within the industry and they do have an effect on sales. Once a year the most "prestigious" of these awards are granted by *Adult Video Magazine* at an affair in a major Las Vegas hotel.

At the 2001 ceremony, I was given the trophy for best S&M/bondage video for *Heidi*. I didn't attend, but was phoned by a rival producer/friend, who is also in the business of brutalizing people, who passed on the good news to me, while expressing some dismay at his own loss.

The tape consists of me abusing and degrading poor little Heidi in every way I could think of, within the bounds of what might be considered mainstream S&M (I was shooting it for Bon-Vue Enterprises, a company that wanted no shit, piss, blood, etc., so that it could be sold in a market that was as wide as possible).

It's true that these tapes are only only tapes, and girls are generally told that they can say "cut" at any time. But I know that financial pressure will often make people reluctant to object, and they will tolerate great abuse to get that almighty dollar. Even though she was reduced to a sniveling wreck by the end of the taping, I was under the impression that she was ok, though, because she never complained. She did not, however, return calls I made to her afterwards, about other possible jobs, and I gave up after several tries. It may be just that the boyfriend, who picked her up after the shoot, was outraged when she told what the tape consisted of, I don't know. In any case, she has dropped out of sight.

Heidi, if you read this, I hope it will be of some small consolation to know that your degradation and abuse, both mental and physical, was heartily approved of by the judges. They clearly loved seeing you get spit on, kicked, slapped, whipped, etc. etc. etc. and the good folks at Bon-Vue are, I'm sure, happy that I was able to deliver an award winner to them. I enjoyed myself too, and along with hundreds of other satisfied customers, I have masturbated to your maltreatment. We are all delighted that you were so desperate that you allowed this to happen to you. Thank you dear, from the very bottom of our souls.

JAMIE: I'm Jamie, you know me—have you seen this man? Anyway, this is my first project for this company. You know who you are! 'Cause you looked at the box—I mean, you know what company it is.

So ... we talked about names that you had used in previous incarnations then I said, 'Let's go with your real name.' So, what is your real name?

HEIDI: Heidi Noel. (laughs)

JAMIE: Is that your real name?

HEIDI: Yeah.

JAMIE: How old are you?

HEIDI: Twenty-two.

JAMIE: Ok, I usually shoot alot in LA where you get the typical blonde goddess but Heidi has a kind of an interesting look. So I said, 'Hey—instead of shooting this typical LA kind of woman, let me try something with somebody who has kind of an interesting look to her.' Not the usual run of the mill kind of look. And maybe we'll see what kind of things Heidi is good at. And because she has the boots ... I thought maybe we'd give her a host shot at being dominant, I mean it won't last long 'cause that's not the kind of movie this is. Well, let's see if this—if this bitch can handle it.

Have you ever been dominant with a man?

HEIDI: (shakes head) (laughs)

JAMIE: No? You're a little pussy, huh?

HEIDI: (nods head)

JAMIE: A little submissive pussy?

HEIDI: Yeah. (laughs)

JAMIE: all right. Well, let's take you all the way down—let's start you trying to be. Let's see your pathetic attempt to be dominant.

JAMIE: So? Want to try to be dominant? Huh? You try to be dominant today? Huh? I know you're not going to be very good at it.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: You seem like a little sad pathetic—here you go, have you ever had a whip ...

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: See what you could do, bitch. I know you got some nice boots here.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: C'mon, now didn't your boyfriend say these weren't submissive boots? He's right, so what are you doing with them then, huh?

JAMIE: Oh well, let's do something with some backbone, cunt, c'mon cunt.

(heel to balls)

JAMIE: That's a baby. Yeah, that's right. C'mon. Come on, don't give me this squeamish shit, come on. That's a baby.

HEIDI: (laughs) I don't know.

JAMIE: That's it. That's it. That's a girl.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: Good girl. That's a girl. Uh huh. Ok. Yeah. Don't—don't be scared. Just—just go on—squish it. That's it. Come on. Come on. That's a baby. Good. Yeah.

That's a bitch, c'mon. That's a bitch. That's it. C'mon. That's it. Grind it, baby. Go on. Get your fuckin'—get your fuckin' boot in my crotch, you fuckin' piece of shit. C'mon, you gonna be dominant or not?

That's a baby, dig in. C'mon. Not a fuckin' wimp.

Yeah, that's it baby. Yeah, that's right baby. You can tell—if your boyfriend got these boots, that's what he wants. Secretly. Secretly. Every once in a while, you don't have to do it every day. Heh heh, yahh! Yeah—ooh, that hurt a little. Yeah. You're getting a little kick out of this now, huh?

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: Fuckin' little whore.

C'mon baby, that's it. That's it, baby, come on—work that dick. That's a baby. Go on. Step on that fuckin' thing. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That's a baby. Yeah, uh huh. Oooh!

HEIDI: (laughs) Sorry.

JAMIE: Oooh, god, yeah. Yeah. Bringing out the best in you, baby.

Mmm hmm, that's a baby. That's a baby, don't be shy. That's right. Don't be shy, honey. That's it.

Don't try this at home. Or try this at home. I don't know. Whatever the fuck you want. Don't look at me.

Go baby. Stomp that shit. Go on baby. That's it, good, yeah.

Good. Mmmm. Yeah.

Yeah. Look at little Heidi, all grown up. Huh? All grown up. That's a baby. Little wussy pussy stompin' on dick, yeah.

Did you ever whip a dick, huh? Hey—hey honey, this is a big day for you, trying all kinds of new stuff. Yeah.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: You want to get on your knees too? Come on, that's a baby. all right. Yeah. Come on. Don't be scared. Don't be scared.

HEIDI: (giggle) Aah …

JAMIE: That's a baby. Go on. Don't be scared. Hit that fuckin' piece of shit. Go on. Go on, baby, we'll train you. We'll train you as a dom. Look at you. Look at you—takes direction very well, guys. You know, 'cause sometimes, guys, even the most dominant guys get tired of the same old shit. You know, you just want to relax sometime. Even though you just want to take some little piggy bitch and fuck her up the ass and choke her and beat her and torture her … Still, every once in a while, you gotta relax.

JAMIE: You don't think it's significant that your boyfriend got you these boots? I got news for you, baby, it's significant.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: 'Cause he's a mean nasty guy. I saw him.

HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: He's tough—he's a tough motherfucker. I know, I can tell. But even tough motherfuckers want to relax sometimes. Don't they, baby?
HEIDI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: If mommy could see you now, little Heidi. Huh? Whipping cock. Little Heidi whipping cock. If the gang girls could see you now? Huh Cinnamon?
HEIDI: (laughs)
JAMIE: Huh? Yeah. Uh huh. Yeah. Yeah.

JAMIE: Just staring at your crotch, baby. That's a baby. That's the other crotch. Good. Yeah. Good girl.

Yeah.

(knees)
JAMIE: Nice. Nice. Yeah. Tired of being a little toughy, huh?

Now you're getting too hot now—you're getting too ah …
HEIDI: Kiss my ass, motherfucker. (laughs) Down—. I can't … (laughs)
JAMIE: all right, how about … come on, say 'Lick my boots.'
HEIDI: (laughs) Ok … (laughs) Lick my boots you piece of shit … (laughs)
JAMIE: That's better. Now you're talkin.' Now you're talkin', baby. all right. all right. I see, can you keep it going a little bit? 'Can you lick my boots you fuckin' piece of shit … you fuckin' turd' or whatever … I don't know, whatever … lick my boots …

HEIDI: (laughs)
JAMIE: Go on, go on. Go on. Get it. Get it.

… all right, do the back now. Come on, whip the back.

(whip test)
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Eh? Did it hurt?
HEIDI: Yeah.
JAMIE: That's good, find one you like. That's a baby.
HEIDI: That's good. (laughs) Here … ok.
JAMIE: You like that one?
HEIDI: Yeah.
JAMIE: all right.
HEIDI: Yeah. That's cool. (laughs)
JAMIE: Yeah, that's cool?

JAMIE: Come on! Harder, stupid.
HEIDI: Ok.
JAMIE: That's it. That's it. Come on, harder! See what you can do, bitch. Come on. Beat … Come on, do it. That's it. Go on. That's it. Yeah. That's it.

JAMIE: Harder, will you? Harder! Let's go. I said let's go! That's a bitch. Come on. Good. Now we're getting somewhere …

Look at you. Look at you, all right. Look at you, all right. all right. Yes.

Nice. Nice. Very good. Yes.

(choke)

JAMIE: Well, so there you are, little miss dominant. Huh? You were pretty good. You got into the whipping a little bit.

Did you ever whip a guy before?

HEIDI: No.

JAMIE: No? Never whipped a guy? Never kicked him in the nuts?

HEIDI: Mmm. Mmm.

JAMIE: No … what else did you do? Whipped me, kicked me in the nuts …

HEIDI: Made you lick my boots.

JAMIE: Lick your boots. You fuckin' little piece of shit, who do you think you are, huh? Who do you think you are? You know you're a bad girl, huh? You're a bad girl—make me do that. all right. Get punished, huh? (kiss) Now you're gonna have to be punished. (kiss) Little cunt. Nasty little cunt.

JAMIE: She wanted to piss … but I told her—uh, now guys, you probably can't see this—but I told her now she won't be able to piss until I tell her she can piss. Isn't that right, honey?

(slap)

HEIDI: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Oh yes. You go to the toilet now when daddy tells you. (kiss) Right?

(slap)

HEIDI: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Of course. Yes. That's right. Mmm hmm. That's right.

(slaps)

JAMIE: That's it. Does she have a pretty face? Are you getting nice and close on this?

Yes. Doesn't she have a cutie face? Little Heidi. Little Heidi. Yes. Sit on the stool. That's it. Sit on the stool like a good girl. That's it. That's right. That's right.

What a good girl. You're going to be a good girl from now on, aren't you?

HEIDI: Uh huh.

JAMIE: You know what? Maybe we should put you in some little good girl clothes because these are your meany girl clothes, huh?

HEIDI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yeah. That's right. That's right.

HEIDI: Oh shit! I'm sorry …

JAMIE: Can you look at the camera? Look pretty while I kick your ass.

HEIDI: Mmmgh …

(kicks)

JAMIE: Look pretty, honey. Can you look pretty for the camera? Guys are trying to jack off to this.

HEIDI: Ugh!

JAMIE: They saw you being a little bitch before—kicking me in the nuts. They don't like that.

HEIDI: Ugh.

JAMIE: They don't like that.

HEIDI: Ow! Ugh …

JAMIE: You were a bad little girl, weren't you? You were a bad little girl.

JAMIE: What do you say?

HEIDI: Ahhha … !

JAMIE: Was that a good idea?

HEIDI: Yes …

JAMIE: Good. Of course, it's a good idea. Everything I say is a good idea, isn't it?

HEIDI: Ugh! Yes …

JAMIE: Good. Of course. That's right. (kiss, kiss) Of course. That's right. That's right. Yeah.

JAMIE: We're gonna pose for a picture now. That's it. Pose for a cunt picture.

JAMIE: You're a little more feminized, huh?

HEIDI: Yeah. (laughs)

JAMIE: Got you out of your bad girl clothes …

HEIDI: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: And you're going to be a nice, attractive woman, aren't you?

No shit from you at all. Is there going to be, eh?

Like 'em nice and attractive. Nice and attractive and obedient. Excellent. Excellent.

JAMIE: This is the way we really like 'em. This is the way we really like 'em. See, guys, isn't that what we really like—no bullshit at all. No bullshit at all. This is the way we really like 'em. Yes. Very good.

HEIDI: Umpf!

JAMIE: Very good. Very good. Very good. Put your hands on your head so you get them out of the way. That's it.

HEIDI: Heh!

JAMIE: That's a good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Show everyone how cute you are.

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: Don't we like this, guys?

HEIDI: Mmpf!

JAMIE: Isn't this the way we like 'em? Give daddy a kiss.

HEIDI: Ugh!

JAMIE: This is the way we like 'em.

That's the way we like 'em. That's the way we like 'em. There you are. Nice attractive young lady. all right, hands at your sides again. That's it. That's what we like. That's what we like. Attractive young lady ... with a cut-out crotch so ... you know ... if she's anywhere, at the movie theater, whatever ...

JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. She's just an all around kind of girl. Just do whatever you want to her, guys. That's it, look nice and delicate. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. Just, you know, you can molest her—do whatever you like with her, she's available.

And this is Heidi's, also, new production for this company and she wants to make a good impression ... don't you?!

HEIDI: Ah!

JAMIE: Don't you?!

HEIDI: Yeah.

JAMIE: Well, tell the camera. Tell the boys. Say 'I want to make a good impression'!

HEIDI: Ow ... want to make a good impression ...

JAMIE: Excellent. Good. Yeah. That's a good girl.

JAMIE: Nice and lady like. Very nice and lady like. Just sit there and look attractive.

HEIDI: Mpff ...

JAMIE: That's it. Look attractive. Smile for the camera and look attractive.

HEIDI: Mppff.

JAMIE: That's a girl. She's trying so hard. She's trying so hard to please.

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: This is her first try with this new s and m company.

Yes, you might get some more work out of this. Wouldn't that be nice?

HEIDI: Yeah ... oh!

JAMIE: Yes. She's auditioning, guys, this is her first job with this new company. Yes. Yes. Excellent. Yes.

Yes. Yes. Are you trying hard, honey?

HEIDI: Yeah.

JAMIE: Good. Good girl. Good girl.

HEIDI: Ow.

JAMIE: Stand up. That's a good girl. Nice. Stand like that ... You know what I forgot, honey?

HEIDI: Huh?

JAMIE: This is also a bondage ... now, the nice man who asked me to do this work for him, said he likes torture and bondage. See, not just this little stuff. So ... let's give me a little bit of ... put you in handcuffs, ok, honey? Yeah.

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: Put your hands behind your back, cunt! That's a good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. There we are. There we are. Look at you, now you're all bound up.

JAMIE: Get on your fuckin' knees!

See, this is the way we like 'em. Isn't that the way we like 'em, guys? This is the way guys like 'em, honey.
HEIDI: Ahhh!
JAMIE: Bound. Helpless. Bound, helpless little slut. (spit)
HEIDI: Ooh!
JAMIE: You see—that's the way guys like 'em.
HEIDI: Ugh!
JAMIE: Spit in their fuckin' faces. That's what we like.
HEIDI: Oooh!
JAMIE: That's what you're good for, honey.
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: That's right. That's what you're good for. Look—I'm getting all excited. Look at that. I'm getting all excited. Guys love this.
HEIDI: Owww!
JAMIE: You know, this is their favorite part of the movie. Really, it is, honey, it is. See, you can't go anywhere, you can't do anything.
HEIDI: Aargh!
JAMIE: You're all prettied up. Helpless little slut—are you all wet? I think so. Yes. Helpless little slut. Look at the camera!
HEIDI: Ow! Ow!
JAMIE: Smile! Smile! Smile! You love this shit, you fuckin' whore, smile. Yeah, see? See?
HEIDI: Aah … aah … aah …
JAMIE: This is a good job, isn't it? Isn't this a good job, huh? Isn't this a good job?
HEIDI: Aah! Ow! Argh …
JAMIE: Good. C'mon, baby, we know you love this work.
HEIDI: Ow! Ow!
JAMIE: This is your favorite kind of work, isn't it?
HEIDI: Argh!!
JAMIE: Fuckin' cunt.
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Yes. Sure it is. Spread those fuckin' legs! Some guys want to see crotch, you fuckin' pig. That's it. Sit. That's it. That's it.
HEIDI: Aah … ooh …
JAMIE: That's it. Say 'I'm a fuckin' pig, look at my crotch.'

(spit)
JAMIE: Girls we can spit on are the best.
HEIDI: Ugh …
JAMIE: Bound bitches we can spit on. Yes. Yes. Yes. You like this job, honey? Say 'Thank you—I like this job.'
HEIDI: Thank you … I like this … job.
JAMIE: Say 'I'm a fuckin' cunt.'
HEIDI: I'm a fuckin' cunt.

(spit)

JAMIE: Good. Good. Show cunt! Show cunt! That's it, show cunt. Show cunt, you fuckin' pig. That's it. That's it. Say 'I'm a fuckin' pig, I like to show cunt.'

HEIDI: I'm a fuckin' … pig … I like to show cunt.

JAMIE: Good. Good, you're coming along fine, honey. You're coming along fine. Good.

JAMIE: I don't know why more of you guys don't get into the movie business 'cause this is fun. You know what I'm saying? This is fun.

(slaps)

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: Aren't we havin' fun, honey?

HEIDI: Aah … ow!

JAMIE: Yes. Yes.

HEIDI: Ow.

JAMIE: That's right, baby.

HEIDI: Ow. Ow.

JAMIE: If more guys got into the movie business, more guys would be available to beat the shit out of you and spit on you. Wouldn't that be nice?

HEIDI: Uh huh … !

JAMIE: Sure, it would be nice.

HEIDI: Oompf!

JAMIE: Are you still a cunt? Good. Good. Good. Good. Good, dog shit. Good. Good. Good. Yeah.

HEIDI: Mmmph …

JAMIE: Yes. That's good. Yeah.

HEIDI: Ah.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. That's good.

HEIDI: (whimpers)

(spit)

JAMIE: Good.

HEIDI: Ugh!

JAMIE: Good. That's very good. You look very pretty there. Are you nicely handcuffed? Huh? Are you nice and helpless?

HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: Oh, they're so cute when they're helpless. Yeah. So fuckin' cute when they're helpless, eh guys? Yes. Sure. Pretty sexy shoes. Ass! Ass! Look guys, ass! All the ass you could want. Fuckin' pig ass. Yes. Hey—honey, look at me.

JAMIE: Yeah. Excellent. Mmm hmm. Look at me, can you see me, I'm over here! Stupid. That's it. Sit up. That's good. Stay like you. Stay like you. Good. Yes. Good. Are you a pathetic piece of shit? Huh?

HEIDI: Yeah.

JAMIE: What d'ya mean yes?! Yes what!?
HEIDI: Yes, I'm a … pathetic piece of shit.
JAMIE: Excellent. Excellent. That's jerk off stuff, honey. Guys like to jerk off to pathetic pieces of shit. All bound up. That they could spit on, kick around.

(belt)
JAMIE: Look what I got. Look what I got. C'mere …
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Look what I got!
HEIDI: Aagh!
JAMIE: Look what I got! Get your hands out of the way! Get your hands out of the way, I'm gonna beat some ass …
HEIDI: Uhhhh …
JAMIE: I'm gonna beat some ass, honey.
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Let's beat some ass. Get over here! Get over here. Get over here.
HEIDI: Ow! Ow!
JAMIE: Stick your ass out! How d'ya expect people to jerk off? Huh? How d'ya expect people to jerk off to this? Fuckin' …
HEIDI: Owww!
JAMIE: Hurts, eh?
HEIDI: Yes.
JAMIE: Does that hurt? Oh yeah? Can't do it again if it hurts a little, yeah … How about the tits?
HEIDI: Ah … ow.
JAMIE: Does that hurt too? Spread. Let me see. Let me see. Let me see.
HEIDI: Grrr … oh!
JAMIE: You're not good with pain, huh? You're not good with pain, huh?
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Fuckin' cocksucker. Fuckin' cunt. Useless bitch.
HEIDI: Ow. Ow. Arrghh …
JAMIE: Fuckin' useless bitch. Fuckin' useless bitch.
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: Fuckin' useless bitch.
HEIDI: Oh!
JAMIE: Useless bitch.
HEIDI: Eee! Eee!
JAMIE: Yeah. You beat me before, huh?
HEIDI: Ooh … (whimpers)
JAMIE: You beat me before, yeah …
HEIDI: Eeep! Huhhhh … !
JAMIE: Let's just beat your pussy a little bit. Just a little bit, honey. Come on. Come on. Spread for us.

HEIDI: Eep! Eep!
JAMIE: I won't hurt it honey. I won't hurt it.
HEIDI: Aaaagghhhh …
JAMIE: Oh yeah, I won't hurt it. Good. I won't hurt it. I wouldn't hurt your pussy!
HEIDI: Ooh arrgh!
JAMIE: Oh, oh. Look at you! Oh, guys, look at that. Oh, she hates it. Oh … And all we're trying to do is beat a little pussy.
HEIDI: Uh.
JAMIE: We're just trying to beat a little pussy.
HEIDI: Mmpff … oohhh … yaaaa …
JAMIE: Oh come on, honey. Come on, aren't you still having fun?
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: Show cunt, baby, show cunt.
HEIDI: Aaaaah!!
JAMIE: Boy, oh boy, that's nice. Oh, I love that, honey. Oh, you're so pretty. Oh, you're so pretty. Oh, you're so cute.
HEIDI: Aah aah aah … aah.

JAMIE: Oh, you'd probably rather be fucked wouldn't you?
HEIDI: Aaarrgh!
JAMIE: You'd rather be fucked than … but that's not the kind of movie it is, honey. This isn't one of those cheap sex things.
HEIDI: Ooh … argh!
JAMIE: This is real torture. This is torture the bitch. This is torture the bitches, eh? This is tie up the bitches and hurt 'em.
HEIDI: Ooh!
JAMIE: That's the kind of movie it is. You understand. That's the kind of movie it is, honey. Tie up the bitches and hurt 'em. Yeah, I thought you knew that. I thought you knew that. Tie the bitches and hurt 'em. Yeah. That's what it is, honey.
HEIDI: Grrahh!
JAMIE: What kind of movie is it?
HEIDI: Aaah!!
JAMIE: Tie up the bitches and hurt 'em.
HEIDI: (whimper) … and hurt 'em.
JAMIE: Yes. That's right.
HEIDI: Aaah …
JAMIE: Tie up the bitches and hurt 'em.
Come on back again. Yes sir.
HEIDI: Haah …
JAMIE: all right. Oh honey. Now, people are trying to jerk off here. They want to see a little pussy.
HEIDI: Aaaahhhh …
JAMIE: They're stroking.

HEIDI: Uhh … uhh …
JAMIE: You want them to stroke, don't you?
HEIDI: Aaarrgghhh!!
JAMIE: Oh yes, now they're stroking. That's it, boys. Say 'Stroke boys.'
HEIDI: Aah! Stroke gmmmpf … boys.
JAMIE: That's a good girl. That's a good girl. That's a good girl.
HEIDI: (whimper)

JAMIE: All they want to do is fuck cunt!
HEIDI: Uhhh!
JAMIE: These movies are not for people who want to fuck cunt.
HEIDI: Aaarrgh!!
JAMIE: These are for cunt beaters.
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: You understand the difference, don't you, honey? Cunt beaters. Guys who can't get enough of beating pussy. So much fun to beat pussy. You understand. You understand. Yes. Yes.

JAMIE: That's a girl.
HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: Yes, you're alot of fun, you know? A guy could have alot of fun with you. You know? Yeah. Mmm hmmm. Yeah. A guy could have alot of fun with you. Yeah.
HEIDI: Oooh.
JAMIE: A lot of fun. Yeah. Ready to change clothes again?
HEIDI: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Maybe the guys are getting a little bored with the same shit, huh?
HEIDI: Uh huh.
JAMIE: You gonna be a little girl? Huh? A little teddy bear? Huh, would you like that?
HEIDI: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Would you like a teddy bear?

(pacifier)
JAMIE: You sure?
HEIDI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: 'Cause you know what happens when you're not. That's right. You know what happens when you're not. You know daddy gets mad.

JAMIE: Hi honey. You being a good girl today? You're all dressed up as a little girl, huh? You like dressing up as a little girl?
HEIDI: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Yes. Sure you do. You like your teddy bear? Give me that fuckin' teddy bear! Give me that fuckin' teddy bear! You know you're a bad girl. You know you're a bad girl,

don't you? Don't you? You know you're a bad—give me that fuckin' pacifier! Yes. That's right. Pacify this, bitch. Pacify this. Yes. Pacify this. Let's see your ass.
HEIDI: Aah …
JAMIE: Think you're cute, dressing up like a little girl? Huh? Huh? Think you're cute?!
HEIDI: Aah! Aah!
JAMIE: Cute little white pants on.
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Huh?
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Bitch.
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Bitch.
HEIDI: Aaaah …
JAMIE: Huh? How old are you?
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: How old are you?! Huh?
HEIDI: Eek!
JAMIE: Didn't you say you're twenty-two?
HEIDI: Uh huh!
JAMIE: So what kind of kinky bullshit is this?! Huh?
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: What kind of cutesy bullshit is this? You think you're cute—spread your fuckin' legs, bitch. (spit)
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: That's what I think of your fuckin' cute little white panties and cute little girl shit. Your cute little girl shit. Huh?
HEIDI: Aah! Aah! Aah!
JAMIE: Your fuckin' cute little girl shit. Your cute little girl shit, huh? Who the fuck you think you're kidding? Huh? You trying to be cute? Huh? Huh?
HEIDI: Aaaahh.
JAMIE: You trying to … turn guys on with this crap? Huh?
HEIDI: Huhh!!
JAMIE: You piece of shit. You piece of shit. You're trying to turn guys on with your cute little white panties, huh?
HEIDI: Haah … aah!
JAMIE: You fuckin' whore.
HEIDI: Aaah …
JAMIE: You fuckin' piece of shit whore.
HEIDI: Owwww!!
JAMIE: Say you're a piece of shit whore.
HEIDI: Aahhww … piece of shit whore …
JAMIE: That's right. That's right.
Now that's better. Yeah, that's better. I got something for you now.

HEIDI: (whimper)
JAMIE: This is what all you piece of shit whores get. Think you're so cute dressing up like little girls, teasing the bad guys …
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Here! Go on, it's a lollipop. That's it. See, that's what good little girls get.
HEIDI: Nooooo!
JAMIE: Sure, for your cute little white panties.
HEIDI: Aah.
JAMIE: You piece of crap! Yeah.
HEIDI: Owww!
JAMIE: Yes. That's good. That's good. That's good. Nice. Nice. Yes.

JAMIE: Here's a little treat, piece of shit.
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: Bad girl!
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Bad girl!
HEIDI: Aaaahhh!
JAMIE: You're a bad girl, huh?
HEIDI: Aaaaaahhhhh.
JAMIE: Who's a bad girl, huh? Who's a bad girl? Who's a bad girl? Who's a bad girl? Who's gonna put on these panties, bad girl, huh? Yes, she's a bad girl. She's a bad girl.
HEIDI: Aaahhh.
JAMIE: Yes she is. Bad girl. Bad girl.
HEIDI: Huhhhh.
JAMIE: Bad girl.
HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: Yes. Bad girl. Yes. Who's a bad girl? That's right. Who's a bad girl? That's right. That's right. Who's a bad girl. Huh? Hardly any breasts, eh? Hardly any breasts yet, huh?
HEIDI: Oh!
JAMIE: Oh yes. Hardly any breasts. Open those fuckin' legs!
HEIDI: Ooh.
JAMIE: How do you expect people to jerk off? Huh? Stupid. How do you expect people to jerk off?
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: Smile for the camera. Look guys, hardly any tits. Just the way we like 'em. Huh? Nice little tits. Yes. Just like the real thing, huh guys? Just like the real thing. Yeah.
HEIDI: Aah …
JAMIE: Yeah, very nice. Just like the real thing. Yes. Just like the real thing, huh guys?

JAMIE: Yes. Hey guys—
HEIDI: Aaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!

JAMIE: Looks just like the real thing. Take the lollipop. That's it. Hardly any tits. Hardly any tits. Mmmm. This is the real thing.
HEIDI: Aahh …
JAMIE: Tell everybody 'I'm the real thing.'
HEIDI: Aah … er … real … aah …
JAMIE: Good, she's the real thing, guys. Yes. She's the real thing.
Yes. Yes. Very good.
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: You know what? You know what? I'm already tired and sick of your fuckin' little girl act. Yes. Let's change the game. Ok! Wanna play doggie some more!
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: You wanna play doggie, cunt?!
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: Go on. Let's see you bark! Like a little dog—go on, woof, can you bark?
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: Let's go change clothes, come on doggie!

(naked)
JAMIE: Piss.
Piss for everybody. Everybody wants to see the dog piss.
HEIDI: (laughs)

JAMIE: Ok, guys, here we are—I think we got her reduced pretty well. You know? You know … you know … you know … she started out kicking me, remember? Kicking me in the nuts. But look at her now, guys!
HEIDI: (whimpers) Oh! Oh!
JAMIE: Look at her now. She's a fuckin' pet now. She's a fuckin' pet now.
HEIDI: Aah aahww!
JAMIE: She's fun—you can do anything you want with her now.
HEIDI: Aarrrgh! Aarrrgh! Noooo!
JAMIE: You're not gonna kick me in the nuts again, were you bitch? You fuckin' whore!
HEIDI: Ow! Noooo.
JAMIE: You fuckin' piece of shit whore.
HEIDI: Aaaaaah!
JAMIE: Yes. Now we're talkin.' See, she's real helpless now, guys.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: She's real helpless. Real helpless. I'm gonna do a mousetrap thing. Have you ever had a mousetrap on your tits? No? Try it. Try it. Come on.

JAMIE: Oh, this is our kind of girl. Remember how we started out, baby? You were the boss then—what happened? Now look at you! Now look at you. Now look at you.
HEIDI: Ooh! Ooh! Owww!
JAMIE: All bound up with no place to go, eh? All bound up—no place to go.

HEIDI: Ow! (cries)
JAMIE: Yes. That's just the way we like 'em.
HEIDI: Aarrgh! Noooo … nooo …
JAMIE: Is that how we like 'em, guys? That's it—show your ass off. Hey guys, want to jack off? Here! Hey—hey, look. Pussy and ass. All you could want. There it is. Yeah. Come on, baby, give them their money's worth.
HEIDI: Nooo! (cries)
JAMIE: Give 'em their money's worth. Yeah, do a good job, Heidi. Maybe they'll let you do another film for them. Yeah. Would you like that? Would you like that?
HEIDI: Aagh aah! Aah! Aah!
JAMIE: Look guys, more work. Come on, baby … See, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
HEIDI: Aaaarrrghhhh yahhh yah.
JAMIE: Look guys, dog cunt.

JAMIE: Just the way we like 'em. Just the way we like 'em. Yeah.
HEIDI: Jamie!!
JAMIE: Oh, look it hurts. She's trying to say it hurts. It hurts. It hurts. It hurts. Come on, look at 'em.
HEIDI: Aaaah … (cries)
JAMIE: There's a … look at her. Yes, it hurts. It hurts. It hurts. It hurts, guys. Oh look at that. It hurts. Oh yes. It hurts. Just look at 'em. Just keep looking at them. Let me get my camera. Let's see how much it hurts.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: This is nice stuff 'cause you're so pretty. Yes. Hey, honey, look at me too. Over at me, over here. Look at me, you piece of shit. That's it. Oh yeah. Here we go.

Oh yeah! Yeah. Oh, this is kinda good. That's good, honey. You're gonna be on the box. Yeah. Guys are gonna look at this in the store and say 'Oh yeah—I wanna buy that movie! I'm gonna buy that movie.' Hey—show cunt! Show cunt! Come on, spread. That's it. Down. Down. Head down, down, where it was! Fuckin' pig.
HEIDI: Aaaaaahieee!
JAMIE: Head down where it was! Show cunt and head. Stupid! Stupid piece of crap.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: That's it. We're gonna take another picture. Ready? Yes! Excellent. Excellent. Excellent. Good girl. That's excellent. Yes. Look, I'm making … Look at the camera! Down, down, lower! Lower. Lower, Heidi. Come on, sweetheart, that's it. Oh look—see the make-up running. Ohh yes, you look so nice and miserable. Oh, makes you flinch? Doggie, doggie, doggie. Doggie. Oh yes—oh yes. Hey—anything in the world. Yes, that's … guys …
HEIDI: (cries, drools)
JAMIE: The gang gonna see this? Huh? You proud of yourself? Huh? Huh? Are you proud of yourself? When they see the film? Show cunt! Show cunt. That's it.
HEIDI: Aaah!!
JAMIE: Good. Yes. Doggie. Doggie fuckin' pig.
HEIDI: Aaaaaahhhhh …

JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Yes. Wanna say hi to the camera? Huh? Yeah? Yeah? Come on, say 'Hi mom'! Say 'Hi mom'! Yeah—yeah.
HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Stick that ass out. That's it. Hey, guys, look—asshole. All the asshole you want. See? There's some face. There's some face. And there's some asshole. Look at that. Piggy.

JAMIE: Oh you're doing such a good job. You're everybody's favorite pet. Little Heidi is gonna be everybody's favorite pet. Yeah. Yeah. Little Heidi is going to be everybody's favorite pet. Here we are. Little Heidi Noel—so christmas-y. And—you know—just in case people don't know, it's practically the christmas season.
HEIDI: Aaow!!
JAMIE: And this is exactly what we all should have for christmas! Yes.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: Come here, honey, let me take your collar off. Yes. You're exactly what we want for christmas. Oh look!
(nipple clamps)
HEIDI: Aaaaahhhh!!
JAMIE: Oh look. all right. I won't yank it, I'll just take it off. Oh it hurts, oh it hurts. It hurts.
HEIDI: Yaah! Ah!
JAMIE: Of course it hurts! It's supposed to hurt, you fuckin' doggie! It's supposed to hurt. That's the idea.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: What do you think this is—a fuckin' fuck movie? It's supposed to hurt, babe, that's what we're doin' here!
HEIDI: Aah. Aah.
JAMIE: It's supposed to hurt. Get on your fours like a fuckin' dog!
HEIDI: Aaargghhhh.
JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Come on. Hunch your back—stick your ass out. Hunch your back. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. On your fours, doggie. Let's see you walk. Let's see you crawl. That's it.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: Get that ass in the air. These people want ass in the air, that's right.
HEIDI: Aaarghh!
JAMIE: You're supposed to look sexy, stupid, I don't care how it hurts. You're supposed to still look sexy. 'Cause that's what we're here to look on. Sexy girls that are hurt. You see? Sexy girls that are hurt.
HEIDI: (cries, drools, sniffs)
JAMIE: That's what we like. Yes. Ok. Yes. Show 'em. Show everybody. Show everybody what a fuckin' pig you are. That's it. Show everybody. Show everybody. She's a little frightened, guys. 'Cause she's sort of been destroyed a little bit.
HEIDI: Aah!

JAMIE: You know? Yeah, she's sort of been a little bit destroyed. (laughs) Yeah—kinda the way we like 'em. Oh yes. Yes. Oh, let me see—I'm gonna turn this thing.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: Keep the camera. Keep the camera. But let me just turn it around so I can see. See—now we can see ourselves, honey. Can you see yourself? You see—that's you!
HEIDI: (whimpers)
JAMIE: Can you believe it!
HEIDI: Aaah!
JAMIE: Can you believe it! That's you! That's you, honey!
HEIDI: Ow!
JAMIE: That's you, see, look at you. Look at you. We just want to see asshole. Get around. Show us your asshole. Fuckin' pig. Come on, get it in front of the camera. That's it. That's it.
HEIDI: Aaaah!
JAMIE: Guys—look at what we got. Look at what we got. Asshole! Asshole. Yes. See—see, look at her asshole. Look at her asshole. Ok, yes. That's for the asshole freaks. Hey—c'mere, let's see you again. Let's see you again.

Hey—hey, aren't we havin' fun now? Just the young couple at home. Yes, see—she's got dog tags, she's owned.
HEIDI: Owwwgrgh!
JAMIE: This one's mine. Get your own! Get your own, guys, get your own.
HEIDI: Aaaoooohhhh.
JAMIE: This one's mine. This one is mine.
HEIDI: (cries)
JAMIE: Yes, this one is mine. Yes. This one's mine. Yes, she does what she's told. She does what she's told. Do you do what you're told?
HEIDI: Aah … yes.
JAMIE: Say it!
HEIDI: Yes.
JAMIE: What do you do? 'I do what I'm told'!
HEIDI: (cries) … ahh … I do what I'm told.
JAMIE: That's right. Hey—see, you guys, you want to make a movie with her.
HEIDI: Aah!
JAMIE: She may be available! (laughs) Yes—and don't forget to call the people. You know—on the box, the name on the box of this video. And ask for … Heidi! Ask for Heidi! Say 'When are they gonna see another Heidi video?' Yes. Yes.
HEIDI: Aarghh owww! Argh …
JAMIE: 'Cause she needs the work. She needs the work, guys. Say 'I need the work.'
HEIDI: Arrghhh … I need the worroughhhh …
JAMIE: Yes, she needs the work, see. Help Heidi pay the rent, see? Yes. She's not doing this just for the fun of it. Yes, she's entertaining. She's entertaining you. Yes. So call up the people that make this—that produce this video and say …
HEIDI: Aarghhh!
JAMIE: 'We want to jerk off to her!' That's right, guys, come on, more Heidi—that's it,

whatever you want to do. You know? She's available—nice little tits, you can do just about anything with her. She can't take alot of pain. But she could be bound up, spit on, kicked around … you know … basically …

HEIDI: Aarghh! Aahh …

JAMIE: You know. Yeah? Is that true? Is that true, honey?

HEIDI: Yes … aah! (cries)

JAMIE: Yes. Yes. You know, alot of people are jerking off—'cause if they're not getting off, we're in trouble.

HEIDI: Aah!

JAMIE: You know? You know. And what about the people that do this video? The nice man who says—'Hey Jamie, come over and do a video, yeah, let's see what happens.' Tell the nice man. Tell the nice producer—'I hope you like me.'

HEIDI: Aarghh … like … me.

JAMIE: Yes. Was that sincere? Say 'Pretty please—I hope you like me.'

HEIDI: Pretty please … like me.

JAMIE: 'Cause I'm letting you off light. 'Cause he asked me to do a bunch of things.

HEIDI: Owwww! Argh. (cries)

JAMIE: He said 'Oh—I want a big scenario.' But he gave me complete artistic control. But he said he'd like some more scenarios. We've only had about four different fuckin' scenarios here.

HEIDI: Aahh!

JAMIE: You know that! So, this better be good.

HEIDI: Aargh!

JAMIE: I hope you're liked! I hope you're not—I hope they don't call me up and say 'Jamie' and—

HEIDI: Aargh! (shrieks) Aah aah … noooo.

JAMIE: You know, I hope they don't say that to me. 'Cause then, I'll be upset. And then you'll be—you know? Yeah. And the worst part—you may never perform in this town again. (laughs) Yes. Yes. You're doing well. You're doing well, honey. What else can we do with her? There's so many things—and we just don't have time. Here, just stay there. Just stay there.

JAMIE: Out with a bang, ok, honey?

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: Look at the camera so we could say—

HEIDI: AAAARGHHHHH!!!

JAMIE: Go out with a bang.

HEIDI: (screams)

JAMIE: Going out with a bang now.

HEIDI: (cries, screams)

JAMIE: Yes. Going out with a bang. Hey—let's take another still of this.

HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: 'Cause now your make-up is running even better than it was.

Hey! Let's take a look at you, honey.

HEIDI: Aaahh!

JAMIE: Let's take a look at you. You look lovely. You've never looked better, I'll bet. You never looked better.

You never looked better. Yeah. Especially for the kind of people who buy this movie. You know? They can see a nice smiling girl any time! Yeah—you know, some stupid porno—

HEIDI: Aah!

JAMIE:—ow fuck me fuck me I love it I love it. But this is the real thing.

HEIDI: Ow!

JAMIE: This is more fun. This hardly anyone can see. Come on, look right at the camera, that's it. That's it. Come on. Yes. They're all jerkin' off on your face. That's right.

HEIDI: (cries) Ow!

JAMIE: You know how much we love this thing? We're jerkin' off on your fuckin' face. Yes. Yes. Ok. There we go. Look at me, you pig!

JAMIE: (laughs) What else can we do with her? I think that must be about it. Yeah. Let's just look at her. Let's just look at her. Yes. That's right. Look at her. I hope you guys are enjoying yourself. Let me hear you say that. And mean it sincerely.

HEIDI: (whimpers)

JAMIE: No, come on. We can't even hear that.

HEIDI: (cries) ... guys ... enjoy ... yourself ...

JAMIE: That's good. That's right. Just to be sure they're enjoying themselves. Good. That's it. Yeah. Excellent. Say 'I hope you like me.'

HEIDI: I hope you like me.

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Say 'Thanks for watching.'

HEIDI: Thanks for watching.

JAMIE: Heh heh ... super. Super.

HEIDI: Ok ... jesus ... (cries)

JAMIE: (spits)

HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: Where'd that spit go? Let's see.

HEIDI: (sniffs)

JAMIE: Good. That's a sweetheart. That's right. That's a good girl.

JAMIE: That's it. all right. Come on, honey. We're just saying goodnight now. Sayin' goodnight now.

HEIDI: Goodnight.

JAMIE: We don't want to show anyone what's coming. 'Cause I don't think they could take it.

HEIDI: (cries)

JAMIE: Fun is just about to start for us, isn't it, honey? Isn't it, honey?

HEIDI: Mmm hmm uh huh ... (whimpers)

JAMIE: (laughs)

AFRICA INTERVIEW

THIS INTERVIEW WAS ORIGINALLY commissioned by the owner of the Redboard.com site. He wanted some interesting material to go along with the videos he was selling but then decided that the subjects that were touched on made it a little TOO interesting to post. It is being published here for the first time.

Africa had a very unusual upbringing. I had never before met a girl whose prostitute mother offered her as a bonus to her tricks. if you are offended by hearing true tales of child molestation, then please don't read the interview.

If, on the other hand, you have an interest in the subject, perhaps for scientific or sociological reasons, then you might want to look it over.

Africa did express concern to me that people might be aroused by reading her sad story—so please, for her sake, NO MASTURBATING.

The interview is chock full with priceless tidbits, but my ears particularly perked up when she told me she had lately developed a desire to shove men's heads into toilet bowls. I made a mental note to hire her the next time I required such services. In fact, not long after the interview, I was indeed commissioned to make a scat tape, so I called and offered her the job.

Shit is sometimes hard to get on demand. On the morning of her arrival, I took the precaution of shitting into my doggie bowl (it says "good dog" on it—a female admirer sent it to me). I know some fans of the genre will be upset to know that the shit in some scat videos does not always come from the female star's ass, but in the long run, I believe my insistence on being honest about my work will only further endear me to the public. There are some scat video makers who actually employ peanut butter or chocolate, etc.—such people are beneath contempt—if a customer is paying for shit, he/she has the right to expect shit and nothing less.

Africa spent a couple of hours spitting on me, punching me, rubbing my face in the shit, and, of course, sticking my head in the toilet. She seemed to be having a good time.

I am glad to report that, at least from my point of view, that she appears to be happy and well adjusted and shows no outward sign of being harmed by having been passed around to mom's customers.' Also, to her credit, she has a little girl of her own now, and never once offered her to me.

Enjoy.

JAMIE: I think we're on. Okay. This whole interview is just an excuse so I can put my hand on your leg.
AFRICA: Well, okay.
JAMIE: My tape recorder is resting on … what's your name?
AFRICA: Africa.
JAMIE: Africa, on Africa's big brown, not too big brown, just impressive brown thigh. Okay, so there are no right or wrong answers here today, okay?
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: The truth is nice, though.
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: And we can even make it totally anonymous. If you said something and you said, oh, I don't want … so we don't … So, Africa …
AFRICA: Is this for a magazine?
JAMIE: Yeah. For the moment, it's just for Duck's website … When you go to redboard.com … it won't be voice, no. When you go to redboard.com, he has different things on it. He sells tapes and so on, including the tape we'll be doing today. And then, he'll have different things on the website. People will pay and they'll have a column, from my column, because I'm sort of well known to some people in the business because I've been involved in it for a long time.
AFRICA: Good.
JAMIE: Okay. So, he asked me to do a column. You're the first one. all right. So, here we are. Where are you from?
AFRICA: Stockton.
JAMIE: Where are you from before that?
AFRICA: Stockton.
JAMIE: Really? Okay, a Stockton girl.
AFRICA: It's my home.
JAMIE: So, you want to give us like general stuff like age?
AFRICA: Twenty-six.
JAMIE: Twenty-six and measurements, we want to hear about those.
AFRICA: Okay, I think it's forty-two, probably forty-four or thirty-eight, twenty-seven, and thirty-eight.
JAMIE: Sounds great. They're visualizing. If you guys don't see it, picture Africa as this, which you might, big beautiful brown girl. So, what's your background, your nationality?
AFRICA: I'm african american.
JAMIE: Totally african american?
AFRICA: Well, I have some indian.
JAMIE: Yeah, I can see it.
AFRICA: Mainly african american.
JAMIE: Okay, do you know what tribe indian?
AFRICA: You know, someone told me, but you know I was a teenager then and I really wasn't interested.
JAMIE: Okay.

AFRICA: Okay, indian.
JAMIE: Right, because I can see there's something else besides just the black. Okay, so, do you know what you're supposed to be doing here today?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: Just tell us.
AFRICA: I'm supposed to, in my words, I'm getting beaten, but then, I haven't done this before.
JAMIE: This is your first time?
AFRICA: Getting hurt, yeah. I thought I was going to be hurting you.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: And there you go, so I'm pretty scared.
JAMIE: In other words, you're more used to hurting guys?
AFRICA: Well, I'm not even used to that, but I like that better.
JAMIE: You like it better.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Okay. I can tell you, from my point of view, I would be just as happy, if not happier, so it's not like I'm here because I hate women.
AFRICA: Right, right.
JAMIE: I'm happy. If Allan says, 'Hey, this big brown gal was going to kick you around,' I'd say, oh.
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: You know what I'm saying?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: But as a matter of fact, we can even discuss it with him and see if we could switch it around.
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: But if he insists that this is what he needs today, I understand that, because I've been on both ends with him. I'm a go with the flow kind of guy. So, what is it you like about dominating guys, because it's easier?
AFRICA: I've been … well, I don't like being … because I … I think subconsciously, I equate it with when I was younger and … and physically abused, I think subconsciously, it gets equated with that. It's not a sexual thing.
JAMIE: In other words, you equate what with being abused?
AFRICA: This, like even just a spanking, like the girls know not to … Even though it's a fun thing for them, it's not fun for me.
JAMIE: Right. In other words … tell us about a little bit of your background.
AFRICA: Um … extension cords, whatever my mom could get her hand on.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: But it was not like … because, I've also had like three whuppings with a belt and I could tell they came from a place of concern and last … just last alternative and nobody really wanted to do it. I've been there, I know when … so I understand that there's a difference between … even if they're using something or if you're getting, lets just say if you're getting physically disciplined. I understand that there's—there's a right way and a wrong

way because I've been so … I've had it both ways and the majority of my childhood is the wrong way, just for nothing, just whatever they could get their hands on.

And so, when someone just, you know, spanks me and they think it's funny, it's not funny to me, in my subconscious, because I was wondering why. Why does everybody like it and I don't? Subconsciously, I equate it with, you know, I'm supposed to have done something bad or maybe it's my mom who was abusive or … it's—it's—it's not a good thing.

JAMIE: So, who was it that you were growing up with?

AFRICA: Me and my sister.

JAMIE: Your sister and your mother?

AFRICA: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Father wasn't around at all?

AFRICA: Father, when he was around, he wasn't a good father, but he wasn't abusive, like that kind …

JAMIE: So, was your sister beaten by your mother?

AFRICA: Yeah. She had favorites.

JAMIE: So, you think she favored your sister?

AFRICA: Well, I know it and she knows it. Everybody knows it, but me and my sister we …

JAMIE: Is your sister older?

AFRICA: No, she was younger and she was lighter. She had longer hair. She was like a little angel.

JAMIE: Right. Just the average psychiatrist here, do you think that your looks now may have anything to do with like protecting yourself? In other words, your sister used to be like her little angel, but now, you look like the one … I don't know your sister … but I don't imagine she could be … would you say she was as pretty as you are?

AFRICA: She wouldn't, but still, she's very … she was going to be a model.

JAMIE: Okay.

AFRICA: She didn't. She just turned out to be a mom. But I never really like, as far as the jealousy thing, I didn't really discuss this or even … her, I don't really have a problem. There's not a jealousy issue, it's just that I know that my mom …

JAMIE: Okay.

AFRICA: Wasn't … she didn't love me.

JAMIE: Okay.

AFRICA: And I wasn't upset that she loved her more, because I love her too. I mean …

JAMIE: Okay, and when did these start?

AFRICA: Little.

JAMIE: And she … what did she use?

AFRICA: She used … her main thing was extension cords.

JAMIE: Uh huh, and was it just an extension cord lying loose around the house or did she use it as a weapon? Did she unplug it?

AFRICA: She had cords that … she used cords for everything, but she would, I guess, cut the—cut—you know the plug end, cut that off. She had some … because she used them for everything, anything you'd use cords for.

JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: To plug them in around … I mean to connect wires for everything.
JAMIE: I see.
AFRICA: She had a lot of them.
JAMIE: Right. And was the abuse … where would it take place and how, just spur of the moment, come here?
AFRICA: It was spur of the moment a lot of the time. Because I was an issue.
JAMIE: So, you didn't really deserve this?
AFRICA: No. And I had three whippings where I actually did deserve it, but it wasn't … one was actually by her and I could tell because she didn't want, she didn't want to go there, she really didn't. It was just that it got bad. This was the first time she was actually home to worry about me. We were just down the street. If she was really worried, she could have just went down there … to really go down the street, she would have just went to the gate and called us. We were just sitting. We were supposed to be in the house before the streetlight … and I didn't really understand the rules. I didn't really get how serious it was. And she apparently was worried.
JAMIE: She wanted you to stay by the house?
AFRICA: She wanted me in the house before the streetlights come on.
JAMIE: Oh, I …
AFRICA: Uh huh. And I didn't really … I didn't get how serious that was. I was little.
JAMIE: Okay, but the abuse that happened that wasn't called for—she would just pick up something if she was in a bad mood?
AFRICA: She wouldn't even have to be in a bad mood. It's just something … she could control me … Kind of like, it's a control, I'm her's. It's a control thing.
JAMIE: Power?
AFRICA: Power, yeah.
JAMIE: And to what age?
AFRICA: Um, we were taken away from her for a little while, but ever since I was little.
JAMIE: Were you taken away because of the abuse or …?
AFRICA: In the end … we were taken away before the abuse … because of the abuse and then they just sent us right back, I'm sorry. The last time, they didn't send us back, I was twelve.
JAMIE: And how did the abuse … how did they find out about the abuse?
AFRICA: We called the police and told them about it.
JAMIE: Who called the police?
AFRICA: We called my aunt and my aunt called the police.
JAMIE: When you say we, who's we?
AFRICA: Me and my sister.
JAMIE: You and your sister called the authorities, or you called your aunt about sex abuse by who?
AFRICA: By a friend of my mom's.
JAMIE: Woman or man?
AFRICA: A man.

JAMIE: A man. So, how old were you when that happened?
AFRICA: We were—we were twelve, eleven.
JAMIE: Both of you were … tell me about that.
AFRICA: I don't want to stick this in there.
JAMIE: Well, I think it's … the wonderful thing about the internet now is that a lot of people are seeing things and able to touch onto things that they're all ashamed of. We all have things that we're ashamed of.
AFRICA: Just me and my mom. Don't say a name.
JAMIE: Okay. all right, so we'll say that abuse was happening to you, which is true, okay, and it was a friend of your mom's. A boyfriend?
AFRICA: Uh huh. Oh, no, no, no. They had sex, but I mean … um … she was just friends, he was just a friend.
JAMIE: He was just a friend, but a friend who had sex with her?
AFRICA: He had sex in the past with her.
JAMIE: Oh, in the past, I see. So now, he's sort of …?
AFRICA: It's kind of she gave—she gave me to him and I'm thinking, the way it happened was, she … I guess I was really good with my hands.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: Just … but she shouldn't have said that. She was like advertising. And then, before they took me, I mean, after they took me away from her, they told me that she was going to start selling me for prostitution, but, it was … she was testing to see … yeah.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: They found out she was going to do that and was just saying, oh, my daughter is really good with her hands …
JAMIE: She said this to …?
AFRICA: To the guy.
JAMIE: Right.
AFRICA: Yeah, she's really good with her hands and the next morning when I woke up, she was gone and he told me, oh, you owe me a back rub and that's how it started … and I was told, you listen to grownups all the time. You listen to grownups. You have to listen to them, so no matter what they tell you to do and I just accepted, when I became an adult, I was—
JAMIE: Uh huh, so she told her friend, in front of you …?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: That you were good with your hands?
AFRICA: To my dad, too.
JAMIE: She told your dad that too?
AFRICA: Yeah, she told me that when I was nine or ten, he was going to take me to go somewhere and she told him, oh, she doesn't know how to touch herself down there, so do that, so help her do that. And she knew what that meant, she knew that would make him have to touch me down there, but I … my aunt told me when I was five. I've been knowing how to do that since I was five. And she didn't know …

She wasn't home or she didn't know whether she just wanted to get him to touch me. For some reason, not just him. It was she who was testing the water, she really wanted, she had a plan, she wanted to …

JAMIE: And do you think your mother had some of this as background in her own childhood maybe or you don't know?

AFRICA: I think she had a little of it, but I don't think as much as I, because that's from three to thirteen.

JAMIE: And do you think she did it, that she was getting off on it or was just … why would she just …?

AFRICA: Money.

JAMIE: For money. So do you think the man, her friend—certainly your father didn't pay her.

AFRICA: I think he did give her money.

JAMIE: Oh, the friend paid her?

AFRICA: I think he did give her money and my dad, not like big lump sums for services, but I mean, money, I need this, I need that.

JAMIE: So, she was sort of selling you even at this age, eleven or twelve, to your father and to the friend?

AFRICA: Uh huh.

JAMIE: And so, what did you do for your father and for the friend?

AFRICA: Whatever they asked me to do.

JAMIE: And what did they ask you to do? What did the friend do?

AFRICA: They just, actually, sometimes, they didn't ask me to do anything, they just told me to come in and they did whatever. One time I remember, my dad told me to play with myself down there and he masturbated in front of me. It's like not just those two. I've been with other people. She would bring customers home even.

JAMIE: Was your mother selling herself also?

AFRICA: She was.

JAMIE: So, you were like a bonus for the guys?

AFRICA: Yeah, she was advertising like that.

JAMIE: … money …

AFRICA: But then, you know what the thing was? When she … she would fall asleep. It wasn't like I was a financial bonus, it was like she was really just testing the waters. She wasn't really throwing me out there yet, but she was throwing me out there.

JAMIE: When she fell asleep, she would leave you with a customer?

AFRICA: Well, the guy was, sometimes, they were … She'd fall asleep … from alcohol. And then they'd either come in my room, because she's advertising or they'd pick up and go.

JAMIE: I see, so you were pretty much doing anything the guy wanted, even at that age?

AFRICA: Because I was—

JAMIE: Full sex and anything?

AFRICA: They'd try to penetrate, but they couldn't. It was too little.

JAMIE: Anyone ever want anything unusual, kinky?

AFRICA: The most kinkiest for now seems like nothing, but then, just being asked to touch myself and then, I guess the others, the other bad thing, I don't really know it was kind of like a physical thing when I just tried and tried to fight, fight, fight and …

JAMIE: Okay, I'm sorry, you're saying that there was a situation when you were fighting?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: One of the customers, one of the …
AFRICA: And actually, this was her boyfriend.
JAMIE: This was her boyfriend?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And what happened?
AFRICA: I couldn't. He was … and I was little and he was like—laid all his body weight on me and you know how you lose your breath?
JAMIE: Yeah.
AFRICA: And then, eventually, he ended up cumming on me and it was everywhere and I tried to go into the bathroom after, when he let me up and tried to get it off with toilet paper because I was in the bathroom. But try and get if off and he said, 'When you grow up, you're going to be something, just like your mom.' It was a compliment, for him, a sexual compliment.
JAMIE: Did you take it as a compliment?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: No?
AFRICA: I took it, well, actually, I didn't take it as … either way, I just—when I get eighteen, I don't have to listen to you guys anymore.
JAMIE: And do you have any idea how much money your mother was getting for you?
AFRICA: Uh uh. I don't think she was getting a set amount for me. I don't think she was even getting paid for me, I just think … and that she didn't know about. And when I told her about it, 'Oh, you're too ugly for that to happen,' so …
JAMIE: Too ugly for …?
AFRICA: For that, for anybody to want to do that.
JAMIE: To fight?
AFRICA: No, to want to have sex with me.
JAMIE: She said you were too ugly for a guy to want to have sex and how old were you?
AFRICA: I was nine or ten.
JAMIE: And this was after you were fighting with her boyfriend?
AFRICA: After, yeah, after that happened …
JAMIE: And what was the fight, was the fight because you didn't want to do something?
AFRICA: Yeah, I didn't want to have sex.
JAMIE: And he was forcing you?
AFRICA: I didn't … I was tired of it, I knew it was happening and I just wanted … what would happen if I fought.
JAMIE: So, he got off because you were fighting, he still got off?

AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And came all over you. And when did the guys start ... did they ever start penetrating you?
AFRICA: Everybody tried, but they couldn't get in there.
JAMIE: And so you sucked them, you gave them oral sex?
AFRICA: If they—if they asked for it, yeah.
JAMIE: And was there any time—was there anything that was sexually ...?
AFRICA: You know what?
JAMIE: Go ahead.
AFRICA: I don't want people to think, get ideas and get ... I kind of don't want to talk about this.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: Because, if the wrong people hear it, I could see how this could turn somebody on listening in to this.
JAMIE: Well, the thing is ... it turns people on, some people, a lot of people, but the other point is it's a way to deal with things and get it out there. You're not saving anybody by keeping this hidden in the closet, you know what I'm saying?
AFRICA: Yeah, but it's on the wrong ... see, if I come on a different—a different ... this atmosphere is an adult atmosphere, it's not really a ... this is where people go to get turned on.
JAMIE: Well, but one of the things I'm trying to do is talk to the people and also talk to the people who do these things. I've been in this business for a long time.
AFRICA: If I did it and I was listening to this, I would like what I was hearing.
JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: This sounds very sexual.
JAMIE: Honey, you see the point is, we all gotta deal with that. We have to deal with the fact that we, even you, like what you're hearing.
AFRICA: I don't like this what I'm hearing.
JAMIE: Because it's you, but maybe if it was someone else, whatever.
AFRICA: I've heard it before and each time it gets me upset when I hear something happening to kids, that's like the main thing that gets me like pissed.
JAMIE: Okay. But I think what people have to deal with is the fact that children are sexual and that people are aroused by children. But the point is, these are not things to act on and it doesn't mean that you can't have a fantasy. There's nothing criminal about fantasies. Everybody has a fantasy.
AFRICA: Yeah, but I don't want, if there's a little kid in that person's house who's getting turned on by this he just goes right to her room or his room. And it will happen.
JAMIE: You know what they always find, when they get sex criminals, it's not the people that have been exposed to things, it's the people that haven't, the people that have been repressed. It's all kind of—it's the people who all they know is—don't do this, don't this, don't do this.
AFRICA: ...
JAMIE: What?

AFRICA: They were always … the type of men that my mom dealt with, they were all exposed, they weren't repressed. My dad wasn't repressed, her boyfriend wasn't repressed. These men are in there, they're not being denied anything.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: They were not repressed. My dad, his explanation was, because I asked him why, naturally, when my aunt told me that I had a voice and I could speak, I started telling people, even before they did it, that I don't want this. It makes me sad when you do this. This is … you know, hopefully try and stop it and they'd say … my dad would say, 'I know, I'm just a terrible, horrible motherfucker, low down,' all this other stuff. And he'd say—it's just that he'd run down this list of things that it was … that were out of his control, something bad at work or mom, mom, she … he came and she had cum all over or whatever, and she's passed out, just stuff that was out of his control. Now me, I'm his daughter, I'm—I'm ready to do anything he wants me to do, just because he's my daddy. And he could control me. He could … whatever he wanted to do, it was like a dog. I mean, you get a dog, you don't really want to love it, you want it, you really do want to come home and just be able to tear into something, if you're having a bad, or even if you don't. You just want to be able to do … and with kids, it's easy to do that.
JAMIE: Right. Okay, let's bring you up to date then, okay? We won't talk about that anymore. Let them just finish that question. Were you sexually interested in what was happening, was it arousing to you at all?
AFRICA: My sexual abuse therapist, because sometimes there was some things that were arousing, but the thing was, the actual—the whole event made me want to cry or made me sad or made me just, you know, but they explained that even though you don't like what's happening to you, sex is meant to feel good.
JAMIE: Right, right.
AFRICA: So sex … it's not that I like this guy touching me. And you know what, I have poor orgasms because … most of my orgasms, I don't even know that I have an orgasm. I have to think, well, maybe that was it, because … and I know, when I was little, when people touch … when I was touched, there's a more—there was a more tingly sensation. They took it all away because, when he asked me, 'Oh, did you like this,' I don't want to give that to them, so I say … I don't say anything or I have to say yes, because they want to hear that, but inside, I just clammed up, so now, it's harder … like Jasmine, she even … it's harder, she gets upset because it takes that long to get me to orgasm and when I do, it's a very small one. They took that from me.

That's another reason you should not be messing with kids. They think it's good for them, but it really messes up the … if they even don't commit suicide, you know, it messes up their sex life. Not all of them but a majority of them.
JAMIE: Were you having sex with kids your own age at all?
AFRICA: A lot of kids, for some reason, especially little girls, want … if you want to be … like with white girls.
JAMIE: You like …?
AFRICA: The little white girls.
JAMIE: What about little white girls?

AFRICA: They would always … and then, my cousin … they'd be like, well, you want to do this? They'd show me their mom's book that they found and then, they want me to be the man.
JAMIE: Your mom's book, you mean …?
AFRICA: Their mom's *Playboy* or they're little and then they'd want me to be the man and they get to be the girl. And I'd do it just because I'm used to listening and everything and doing what people want me to do, but then, after a while, it would get to a point, I don't want to do that …

JAMIE: Okay, we'll cut this now and maybe come back to the interview later. So, let's talk about … actually, I think it's the most interesting part of what we'll do today. In terms of the scene we're going to do, what did you say about your face?
AFRICA: I don't like to be slapped in the face. I heard that … I don't know if it was you.
JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: Actually—and then my hair.
JAMIE: Is it going to maybe come off?
AFRICA: It'll hurt.
JAMIE: It'll hurt?
AFRICA: It'll hurt and it might tear it out. It'll hurt.
JAMIE: Oh, but I can pull it a little or no …?
AFRICA: Umm …
JAMIE: You want me to turn this off?

JAMIE: … So, all right. And what about your face, because I don't want to mess …
AFRICA: Make-up and everything.
JAMIE: So, but I'm going to tap you a little. I won't … So, we'll just do things and we'll have fun, okay?
AFRICA: You want to hurt me?
JAMIE: If I hurt you, then you just say, 'Hey motherfucker, what the fuck do you think you're doing' …?
AFRICA: What can I do to you?
JAMIE: Whatever you want. I mean, to tell you the truth, I'm not really good with pain, but I'm good with … have you had much experience with … by the way, if you were doing things to guys, let's say … you never had one of these customers who wanted you to abuse him, right?
AFRICA: I did but he got mad at me.
JAMIE: He wanted you to abuse him and then he got mad?
AFRICA: He wanted me to abuse him, but then, I was too concerned about—'are you okay, are you okay'?
JAMIE: Okay, so he got pissed that you were being so kind?
AFRICA: Yes, he didn't want that … I would get trained.
JAMIE: How old were you?
AFRICA: Oh no, I was grown then.

JAMIE: Oh, you were grown—was that the first time?
AFRICA: Yeah, that was the first time someone asked me to do that.
JAMIE: Oh, someone asked you for the first time and you were just being too nice?
AFRICA: I was like, 'Are you okay.'
JAMIE: So, what were you doing to him?
AFRICA: Just … actually, I didn't even get …
JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: I didn't even get there. Actually, he asked me and I said, well, honestly, I'd be concerned.
JAMIE: So, what's this bullshit about how you prefer to be dom? You don't really have much experience being dom?
AFRICA: I know, but I know that if I have a choice of the two …
JAMIE: Right.
AFRICA: Because even the dominant thing, I just got into that.
JAMIE: Right.
AFRICA: Well, I can't say that, but I mean, with blackfem.com, that person and I had to get used … it was funny to us because they don't know me, but I'm a nice person. We were looking at the tape. I was busting up, because I'm not usually …
JAMIE: Well, you could be a nice person and still be dominant. By the way, what's blackfem.com?

You can't say?
AFRICA: No, I didn't think that you would want that.
JAMIE: What is it?
AFRICA: It's supposed to be where black women are dominatrix and everybody … I think it's just a name, because …
JAMIE: You're on there?
AFRICA: Yes.
JAMIE: And what happens, guys call up?
AFRICA: We have—we train slaves.
JAMIE: Train slaves, so you've done some of this so far or no?
AFRICA: I have done just a bare minimum and I think because the site is very soft. It looks like it's going to be really hard, but …
JAMIE: You meet these guys in person?
AFRICA: No, just on the Internet.
JAMIE: Oh, on the Internet, so you talk to them …?
AFRICA: Tell them what to do.
JAMIE: So, guys can reach you at blackfem.com if they want?
AFRICA: No, we have a guy, a slave that we beat, but we don't even get to … there's only … my imagination, when they got me all pumped up to hurt him, because at first, I couldn't … but now, I have all these ideas in my head—what I would do that would actually hurt.
JAMIE: I see.
AFRICA: And Prissy doesn't want that, so I'm like, do I hurt you …

JAMIE: You're imagining things that you'd like to do that would hurt?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Like what?
AFRICA: I'd like to take someone by their hair and throw them in the toilet and push the toilet seat down on their back and then flush the toilet on them.
JAMIE: Uh huh.
AFRICA: I don't even know if that would hurt.
JAMIE: A lot of guys would like that. That's very humiliating. Now, where did you get that idea from, just out of the …?
AFRICA: I heard my friend talking a long time ago. She said that she saw an article about them, where they said that she likes to throw peoples' head in the toilet and that's where I was—throw his head in the toilet and put the seat down and flush it.
JAMIE: So, would you like the toilet to have something in it?
AFRICA: No, I'd like it to be a clean toilet.
JAMIE: Oh, so you draw the line there. You'd flush their head down inside a clean toilet.
AFRICA: Yes.
JAMIE: All right, well. I don't know if we'll be lit for that today, but I'd be happy to have you flush me down the toilet.
AFRICA: I'd like to do it.
JAMIE: You haven't done that yet?
AFRICA: What?
JAMIE: You haven't done it yet, flushed a guy down the toilet?
AFRICA: Uh uh. And I'd like to do a man in the butt with a dildo.
JAMIE: Maybe you'd like to fuck him up the butt while flushing his head down the toilet?
AFRICA: That's a good idea.
JAMIE: There you go. Got a boyfriend? all right. It's funny, because my image is mostly dominant in these things. A lot of people know Jamie Gillis, they think of the bad guy—but, you know …
AFRICA: Wow.
JAMIE: That's interesting. So, anyway, I'm very good … I'm not too good with pain, but any kind of humiliation thing would be fine with me. If we're not actually in a toilet and we get to that something today, you can call me names or whatever. I don't know—whatever.
AFRICA: What can I do to make you humiliated?
JAMIE: I don't know. It's like …
AFRICA: You know what I like?
JAMIE: What?
AFRICA: One time this guy threw me on the … it's shocking that I like it, but he was a bully at school and he just picked me up by my shirt and threw me on the lockers. And it took my breath away, but I have to admit … he just quit and walked away, but I was like whoa.
JAMIE: Why did he do that, just for fun?
AFRICA: Yeah, he's a bully, he did that to …

JAMIE: I see ...
AFRICA: He messed ... he hurt everybody, but that's the first time I've seen that and that was the first time.
JAMIE: Yeah. Uh huh. And in terms of being submissive, had you had experience before that? Have you had experience for that? We're being called to the set.
AFRICA: Okay, we'll be called to the set.
JAMIE: Have you had experience being submissive?
AFRICA: Yes, I have.
JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: I was tied and I had to squirm out of the ... not really squirm out of it, but squirm.
JAMIE: Okay, so we're going to do the scene now and let's see where it goes.
AFRICA: Okay.

JAMIE: Okay, we just finished the scene. And it started out with me being sort of dominant.
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: But then, unbeknownst to me, the director said to you—what did he tell you?
AFRICA: He told me to flip it.
JAMIE: Yeah, before the scene started, Allan—I mean—Duck took her aside and told her to flip it. So, how did you feel about that?
AFRICA: I didn't think I was going to because I was ... I didn't think I was going ... I was like, well, I'm not going to do that. I'm not going to flip it and then you made me mad, after you made me sad, and then I just, then I decided to flip it.
JAMIE: Now, if Duck had not said anything to you, what do you think would have happened?
AFRICA: I think I would have probably went home.
JAMIE: Oh, really? That's interesting.
AFRICA: Because I would have got mad. I probably would have hid and I would have thought I was in trouble and I would have just said forget it and went home.
JAMIE: And at what point did you really feel like you were going to—couldn't take it anymore?
AFRICA: Before the camera even started, when you were taking pictures and you were slapping me.
JAMIE: Oh, wow, so, when you started crying—it was for real?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: She started crying almost before the camera started because I was being nasty almost immediately. But I thought you were just sort of going along with the game, but you were really upset, huh?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: And so, even though we told you at the beginning, I think both Duck and I said that ...

JAMIE: So, we told you at the beginning, both Duck and I said that you could say cut at any time you felt that you … what you said, that you would have gone home?
AFRICA: I would have gone. I would have went home, because I felt that I wouldn't have been able to do it. I got upset and you and I would have …
JAMIE: At what point did you get upset?
AFRICA: When we were … before we started filming.
JAMIE: So, you were …
AFRICA: I would have probably hit you back for real, but then I would have went home.
JAMIE: Why would you hit me back for real, even though I said …?
AFRICA: Just reflex anger.
JAMIE: Just reflex anger, I see. You would have hit me. I'm glad we stopped, glad Duck told you to flip it, so you were more … were you more comfortable?
AFRICA: After I did it for awhile and learned it was okay, because at first, even though I was hitting you, I was like, I'm going to get in trouble and then, when I learned you seemed okay and everybody seemed okay …
JAMIE: Was there a point where you were confident that, yeah, I can control this wimp?
AFRICA: I don't know if that point came, but I knew I wasn't going to let you hit me. That point was there.
JAMIE: So, whatever I did you were either going to be in charge or …?
AFRICA: Yeah, I don't want that no more.
JAMIE: Was there any part of the abusing me that you thought was amusing or more interesting than the other parts?
AFRICA: Just spanking you with the flogger.
JAMIE: You used the flogger with that?
AFRICA: Because it was easy, it was the closest thing. But I think I need to learn more about that.
JAMIE: You seemed a little bit surprised when I said something about spitting on my face.
AFRICA: Yeah, I didn't know that we could do that. This is my … I gotta learn more about it.
JAMIE: Right …
AFRICA: What's acceptable and what's not, because I'm always thinking, are you okay?
JAMIE: Sure, you never know what guys are going to like. Some guys like the kind of intense humiliation, but you were getting into it, because you started talking about the other stuff …
AFRICA: Racial things.
JAMIE: Racial stuff you brought up. So, tell our readers what kind of things you were telling me to do.
AFRICA: I have to learn more about what I should tell you,
but …
JAMIE: You were talking about the strap-on.
AFRICA: Yeah. I would like to do you up the ass with one. If I had one, I think I would have done it and, yeah …
JAMIE: And you talked about the toilet thing?

AFRICA: Uh huh. If we had one, yeah, but hey, at first when we started, like I said on there, I wanted a clean bowl, but because you were such a mean guy, I really wanted poop in there.
JAMIE: Right, so you graduated, even in this afternoon?
AFRICA: Yes, I have evolved.
JAMIE: You've evolved in just a matter of a couple of hours, because when we started this interview earlier, you said you wanted the bowl to be clean.
AFRICA: Yes.
JAMIE: And now, a couple of hours later ...?
AFRICA: I want poop in the bowl.
JAMIE: And not only somebody's shit, but I said ...?
AFRICA: A guy.
JAMIE: You said, a guy.
AFRICA: Yeah, a guy.
JAMIE: So, you're getting into ... I would call that sort of heavy humiliation.
AFRICA: Really?
JAMIE: Yeah, because it's not even your shit anymore you want to stick my face in—you want me to stick my face in some guy's shit?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: While you're fucking me up the ass.
AFRICA: Hmm. That's deep.
JAMIE: That's pretty deep, yeah. So, do you think we'd ever get to a point where you would be able to or want to be submissive again?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: No?
AFRICA: Not after that, no. Maybe you're just like the worse case scenario, but I don't know. I don't even think if they were more gentle than you, not ...
JAMIE: So, you feel like you're not going to take any shit anymore?
AFRICA: No, that just seemed like, like you were saying, entertaining. It was not entertaining for me. That hurt. It hurt my feelings, too.
JAMIE: It did hurt your feelings? What hurt your feelings?
AFRICA: That you could slap me.
JAMIE: Oh, really?
AFRICA: Because I'm a nice person and I don't feel like I deserve any of that. Or just slap me or just call me stupid, because I'm a gentle person and even at mainstream jobs, when guys feel like you're my employee and you need to ... I quit.
JAMIE: So, in other words you don't believe that you're really here so much or even if you do believe, you're not interested in being a performer? Let's say there are guys who want to see girls being abused and slapped around, and stuff like that. So, you're not prepared to say, okay, it's a job and I'm just playing the part ...?
AFRICA: I think if it was like in a real movie or even if it was just a movie and we could stage everything. If it's really like what you were doing, never.
JAMIE: So, like if everything was prearranged beforehand and we talked about it ...?

AFRICA: It was staged.
JAMIE: And staged, right, I see.
AFRICA: But real, that's too much for me, too much.
JAMIE: Because I guess what is fun for me, I like to get at something real.
AFRICA: Well, you did.
JAMIE: But I was expecting to go with it. I thought, oh wow, this is going to be fun. This bitch is so submissive and timid and I can just slap her around, do what I want with her, just go to town on her.

I was … it's true, I did have an erection when I was abusing you and I didn't when I was abused.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: But, in a way, I'm just happy … again, it wasn't staged. I wasn't sure what was coming.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: But in a way, I was just as happy the other way and I probably would have gotten hard if I knew you weren't going to flip out on me and kick me in the nuts, if I knew …
AFRICA: I wanted to, but then, that would hurt.
JAMIE: So, after the scene was over, Duck Dumont suggested that you would be good for a humiliated white boy video. I've done a couple of those. It was a title I came up with up. So, does that sound like something that would …?
AFRICA: I've always wanted to do that. Well, not always, just recently in the past couple of months, because people were saying they wanted to see me do a guy in the butt—a white guy in the butt.
JAMIE: Have you done a guy in the butt privately?
AFRICA: No, I haven't found one who would let me.
JAMIE: Really?
AFRICA: They get really homophobic and I say, I heard you guys have good feeling back there. It's not a homosexual thing, you guys have a good feeling back there.
JAMIE: You mean a girl who looks like you is having a hard time …?
AFRICA: Finding people … I have a hard time finding guys who will let me lick them there. I'm not talking penetration, just lick.
JAMIE: Do you like to lick guys' assholes?
AFRICA: Well, only like if it's a special guy. Like there's one in particular, I really would like to …
JAMIE: Somebody you know and he doesn't want you to do it?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: That's amazing.
AFRICA: Uh uh. It's a homo thing.
JAMIE: So, you really like to get in there and suck ass?
AFRICA: Yeah, if it's the right person, yeah.
JAMIE: And you like girls, too, I guess?
AFRICA: I'm more leaning on the side of the penis but … Pussy is good, too.

JAMIE: You seemed to enjoy more being the dominant part of this.
AFRICA: Yeah, I think I'd feel more confident if I did more reading on it though.
JAMIE: More reading?
AFRICA: Or more research. Because I need to know what …
JAMIE: I'd think you'd probably find a lot of guys who would just be happy to volunteer.
AFRICA: I haven't found any.
JAMIE: Really?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: That's amazing. You're probably just traveling the wrong … you don't hang out …
AFRICA: I think I'm just in the wrong city. This is San Francisco.
JAMIE: … more wide open.
AFRICA: There you go.
JAMIE: Well, there would probably be ways on the website where this appears for guys to find you through Redboard, through the videos, and so on, I would think. We can continue my training on or off video any time and I'd be happy to help you with your …
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: Pursuit of …
AFRICA: Happiness.
JAMIE: Pursuit of happiness and how to abuse and dominate men. Would you prefer white or black or does it matter?
AFRICA: Um … I think that white … I don't know, because this is what I'm learning.
JAMIE: I don't care about the business.
AFRICA: I actually would feel better with a white man.
JAMIE: In terms of abusing?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: You like …?
AFRICA: I don't like the idea of a black man …
JAMIE: Huh?
AFRICA: Because I talked to one who wanted to be my slave, but then I wasn't … this was very foreign to me then and I was like—no, no and he wanted me to call him the N word.
JAMIE: Oh, really, a black guy wanted you to call him …?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: We can say nigger, we're friends.
AFRICA: Well. I don't even say it to my friends. I did say it on the video, though, didn't I?
JAMIE: Did you?
AFRICA: I did. It slipped out.
JAMIE: You called me a nigger. I didn't hear that.
AFRICA: It came out.
JAMIE: Would you call a white man a nigger?

AFRICA: Well, he is … it depends on how they act, the definition of it?
JAMIE: Yeah.
AFRICA: It's not … well, now, they've changed it, but it wasn't.
JAMIE: What is a nigger to you?
AFRICA: I want to say belligerent, but it's not belligerent. They act, it's called niggerish.
JAMIE: Kind of that attitude?
AFRICA: Well, not like—'What up'? It's an actual … it's kind of like a bad person.
JAMIE: Evil?
AFRICA: I don't think it's an evil person, but it's a person, maybe like a person that you wouldn't … just a bad seed.
JAMIE: That's what it really is.

So you would call a white guy a nigger and beat him? How about you? Did anyone ever sexually call you nigger?
AFRICA: No, but someone asked to be able to.
JAMIE: To call you a nigger?
AFRICA: Yes.
JAMIE: A white, no?
AFRICA: No, it was a mixed guy.
JAMIE: Really, oh, mixed, I see, and how did you react to it?
AFRICA: I said, well, because he thought I was calling him weird or something and I was like, no, I just … it's been a negative thing all of my life and now all of a sudden, you want to turn it into a sexual thing? It's not sexual to me, it's negative.
JAMIE: So, it can't be sexual to you? If somebody was fucking you, some white guy and he really loved you and was crazy about you, but just like the words?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: He couldn't do it?
AFRICA: No, I had my guy that I was really, really in love with, who I'm married to now and I'm not in love with him any more, but he called me … we were playing rape and he called me a bitch and I was so hurt. I cried.

You called me a … but we were pretending. So, no.
JAMIE: So, there are certain words you can't use, like stupid, nigger, bitch, right?
AFRICA: Yeah, because I'm neither of those things.
JAMIE: So, you said married. Are you actually living with a guy?
AFRICA: Uh huh, but we're separating.
JAMIE: You're separating? Does he know where you are today?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: He does?
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Are you going to tell him what happened, you beat up this motherfucker?
AFRICA: It's none of his business.
JAMIE: Okay. What do you call a white guy? Is there a name like nigger for a white guy?
AFRICA: There is and I've been trying to remember it, so I could call you that.
JAMIE: They used to say honky.

AFRICA: It's inappropriate for this.
JAMIE: I see.
AFRICA: I want to say pecker, but that's not even it, either.
JAMIE: They used to say peckerwood.
AFRICA: Peckerwood, but then there's a name for white guys.
JAMIE: Name for people like me?
AFRICA: Yes, there's a name.
JAMIE: Asshole?
AFRICA: No, that's … That's a guy name.
JAMIE: Well, if you think of it, let me know.
AFRICA: I'm still thinking about it.
JAMIE: So, are you going to be interested in maybe hooking up with guys who see the tape of your being dominant, maybe for business purposes?
AFRICA: In a controlled—in a safe atmosphere. I'm pretty scared …
JAMIE: So, you're concerned about …?
AFRICA: Safety.
JAMIE: You would be concerned about going to see a stranger, even if he wanted to be mutilated and beaten, you'd say maybe the guy …?
AFRICA: Yeah. But that's usually anything. I'm like that with anything.
JAMIE: Sure. Do you like the idea of revenge? You're talking about how you had a tough childhood, guys using you, abusing you. Do you think part of it is the idea of having power now is, hey, let me get back at some of these … this whole male thing?
AFRICA: More so of the master, the slave masters, which is weird, because I was abused. You think I'd want it but no more so than on slave masters and they didn't even do anything.
JAMIE: What do you mean by that?
AFRICA: Back in the day and now since we're not considered a beautiful people really. There are so many negative things about the black people. It all started with all of that.
JAMIE: The master slave thing?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: So, you're saying you're interested in the master slave …?
AFRICA: I'm interested, like when I was saying I'd rather do that to a white male.
JAMIE: Oh, I see.
AFRICA: And I didn't know that was in me, but I mean, now that you're asking me the question.
JAMIE: The racial stuff is coming out?
AFRICA: Yeah. Racial stuff came out.
JAMIE: So, you'd like to explore the idea of black power now over white …?
AFRICA: Woman power—because a lot of them got raped, too.
JAMIE: But it's not just women, it's black women?
AFRICA: Black women.
JAMIE: So, this idea now of being a black woman in charge is appealing?
AFRICA: Is appealing.

JAMIE: Over a white ...?
AFRICA: Over a white man.
JAMIE: Well, I can tell you that you shouldn't have too much trouble finding a guy ...
AFRICA: In San Francisco. In Stockton, they are just like ghosts.
JAMIE: I guess there's more here, but I guarantee that's a very common fantasy for white guys too, so, I'll certainly pass along my number, in case you get ...
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: And it's nice for guys to know that you're going to be out there, because you'll be in the videos and they'll find you through that and maybe there will be a way you can, in some safe way, maybe work in a place you can just ... maybe you could be there, Africa's place for white wimps. There you go. Set you up in business. I think you'd be busy all day.
AFRICA: I'm telling you, huh? That sounds like a good idea.
JAMIE: And I think you have a natural ability for it. So, anything else you want to add to all this? What do you do in Stockton?
AFRICA: I mainly come up to Sacramento. Actually, when I work, it's hard for me to keep a job because there's a lot of assholes out there that you work for and I'm a gentle person, so ... but this, I just come to just do this.
JAMIE: Do this ...?
AFRICA: Adult entertainer.
JAMIE: So, you do it on the net?
AFRICA: Uh huh. I'm on a peephole site and then, when people call, get a hold of the peephole site, then they'll call me.
JAMIE: I think we mentioned it before, but it was a black ...?
AFRICA: That's one of them.
JAMIE: Blackfem.com.
AFRICA: Blackfem.com.
JAMIE: So, a guy can punch in blackfem.com?
AFRICA: And see me there.
JAMIE: Can they ask for you, 'I want to see Africa'?
AFRICA: No.
JAMIE: Why?
AFRICA: The way he runs it. They provide the video slave if you ...
JAMIE: You're there with a slave?
AFRICA: No, they give you a master.
JAMIE: You would have a master?
AFRICA: Yeah, you get hold of that place if you want to be trained, if you want to be a slave. Like a lot of people with power ... they like to ...
JAMIE: Are you a dominant or submissive?
AFRICA: I am a dominant, but they assign you a mistress. I'm a mistress.
JAMIE: You're a mistress on there, so you're a dominant.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: But you cannot be requested?

AFRICA: They can request you, but you might …
JAMIE: Well, we're going to put in a plug for you then.
AFRICA: That's quite all right.
JAMIE: So, if you punch in blackfem.com and ask for Africa, then the guy will have to say, well, we got calls for Africa.
AFRICA: Then, you'll be in money. It's money.
JAMIE: For you, you mean?
AFRICA: It's money for the whole thing.
JAMIE: So, blackfem.com and what do they get? When they punch it up, what happens? Do you talk to the guy who's punching it in or he watches you beat somebody?
AFRICA: He can see little 15 second things of me beating Chrissy …
JAMIE: I see. So, I could get a job getting beat?
AFRICA: I don't think so there, but I'm getting my site up.
JAMIE: Oh, absolutely.
AFRICA: There, Chrissy wants to be the only one being beat.
JAMIE: Let me know at jamiegillis.com. You can check on it.
AFRICA: Jamiegillis.com. Mine is Africasexxx.com with three x's. I already got my little …

JAMIE: So, Africa is going to have africasexxx.com. That will be on soon, hopefully, you can reach her there. In the meantime, you can get her at blackfem.com, what else?
AFRICA: Or pornusa.com.
JAMIE: That one I heard of.
AFRICA: And there's others, but those are the ones I remember.
JAMIE: How do they find you on pornusa?
AFRICA: You go to model and mine is the first name … Africa.
JAMIE: Really?
AFRICA: Uh huh. Or one of the first.
JAMIE: Go to models and it's Africa?
AFRICA: Then it will have a list of our names.
JAMIE: Is there a picture of you?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: It's a whole … we've got like maybe 3,000 …
JAMIE: We can make you a big, black, dominant star.
AFRICA: Well, hello.
JAMIE: We're dealing with guys who are into being submissive. I know, for example, a doctor in LA who loves black girls to fist fuck him. Would you be up for that?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: That was the most excited you've gotten all day.
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: All right. Well, I might have to pass you along. Have you ever fist fucked a guy?
AFRICA: No, but I want to …

JAMIE: I guess so. What about your private life? Do you masturbate at all?
AFRICA: Yes, I masturbate alot.
JAMIE: Tell me the truth, deep down, most girls I know who are dominant, when they really get into it and they're at home alone, they're usually not dominant—their fantasies, when they're actually getting into themselves.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Would you feel comfortable telling us—giving us an idea of what it is that Africa really ... when she's home alone?
AFRICA: I have lots of fantasies. One is ... most of them are fantasies I wouldn't really want to happen in real life, but just to get me off.
JAMIE: I understand, we're just talking fantasies. I think it's important that people understand, this is fantasy.
AFRICA: The last one I had was, I was at a place, trying to apply for a job that I knew I had no qualifications for, but I could learn if they taught me. And the only way I could get the job was to let the man lick me and fuck me and so the fantasy is we're on this table and we're being as quiet as we can and he shut the door and we're just fucking, fucking, fucking. And I get the job.
JAMIE: You do get the job.
AFRICA: That I know nothing about.
JAMIE: Let me ask you this. This is not unusual, by any means. I find it fairly common. Would you say that your fantasies fit into that kind of ...?
AFRICA: No, they're all different.
JAMIE: Are they?
AFRICA: Yeah, they're all really different.
JAMIE: So, you have fantasies that are also ... that's a kind of submissive, girlie fantasy.
AFRICA: I think all of them are submissive.
JAMIE: I guess that was the point I was trying to get to.
AFRICA: Yeah, that's weird that you brought that out. I didn't know that. It's true for me, anyway. I didn't know that.
JAMIE: I'm glad. It's interesting the things that we do, in business, pleasure, life, but sometimes, it's different at home, when we're getting into our own fantasies.
AFRICA: Even personally, I'm pretty submissive, but I'm not getting beaten.
JAMIE: I could see that you had this ... before, when we started. Probably, if I hadn't been hurting ...
AFRICA: It would have been, yeah.
JAMIE: I had ...
AFRICA: Yeah, but I had a dominant guy ... he was tying me up and one time, I even got a little spanked and everything, but it was okay, because he wasn't hurting, really, that bad and he knew how sensitive I am, so he was only limited. Just the butt and lots of fondling. It was more gentle.
JAMIE: Tell us another fantasy. There's probably one you don't want to tell. Tell us one you don't want to tell.
AFRICA: No, no, but this is one that I feel guilty about.

JAMIE: Okay.
AFRICA: I feel guilty about the other one, too. I believe in god, I believe in Jesus and this is the pastor, the church is waiting, the congregation is waiting, church is supposed to start, but he and his wife decided for him to go and do his best, he needs to eat some pussy first and because he knows I'm in the adult business, he calls me quietly and she does, too. She leaves the room, she locks the door and then we … but he can't penetrate because he has to get to the choir, get to the congregation. And so, he's in there licking and licking and he wants me to squirt in his face. He wants it all over his face.
JAMIE: That's interesting.
AFRICA: And I always feel guilty about that one.
JAMIE: So, that's almost one where you're more in control because he wants you to squirt on his face.
AFRICA: He's doing all the talking though, he's handling things.
JAMIE: He's telling you what he wants.
AFRICA: Uh huh. And actually, the submissive part is he calls me in and whether I want to do it or not, he's the pastor.
JAMIE: So, you do what you're told.
AFRICA: And he didn't tell me, he's just asking me, but still, he …
JAMIE: He's the one in charge.
AFRICA: Uh huh.
JAMIE: And give us a hint of one that you won't tell anyone. Give us a hint about the scenario—just a little hint?
AFRICA: I'm a prostitute and there's a client with a pet. The one that just got shut down, the brothel that just got shut down, over there in Reno.
JAMIE: I didn't know there was one that got shut down. In the fantasy, you're working there?
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: Client comes in with a pet. Have you had any personal experience with bestiality? They say that dogs have great tongues.
AFRICA: Because they always sniff and they're always licking.
JAMIE: They're very sexual.
AFRICA: So, it crossed my mind. But then, I shouldn't think that. I think it would kind of be unfair, because, do they really know. They're just naturally like that. I don't know that they know. If one starts talking, then they tell me that they're okay with it.
JAMIE: Oh, you can see their erection. They're aroused, excited. Nobody's forcing them, when they do it to people. So, does it involve an oral thing or whole sex thing?
AFRICA: You're just getting the whole story. It's not too late to turn back now.
JAMIE: Who has secrets anymore?
AFRICA: Well, some of us would like to keep a hold of something. You can basically figure it out. That's a good one.
JAMIE: That's a good one. So, all of your fantasies, basically, are being … that's interesting. You have a wide ranging personality. Basically, you like the idea of … jerking off, basically being used and abused?

AFRICA: Yeah, huh.
JAMIE: But don't be ashamed of that.
AFRICA: I just didn't think of that.
JAMIE: Not only is it true for most women, it's the most common male ... if you want to call it a perversion, if the guy's just not an ordinary wham bam kind of guy. Studies have been done. That is the most common thing, for a man to want to be submissive and to be abused.
AFRICA: Yeah.
JAMIE: So, it's human, that's all. Nothing to be ashamed of. And nobody should be ashamed of their fantasies, no matter what they are, because as long as they're just fantasies. That's why I think it's important for people to feel relaxed about whatever their fantasies are. It's when people start thinking about, 'Oh, I shouldn't think that and I shouldn't' ... of course, I shouldn't act on it, but I shouldn't even think it. Like, I get really pissed, because sometimes, I'll get horny in the middle of the night and I'll call a sex line and I'll start talking about something and the girl will say, 'Oh, I can't talk about that.'
AFRICA: Really, a sex line?
JAMIE: Yeah. Usually, it's just some stupid girl, but then, I get into the idea of—oh, this is hot too, because she can't talk about it, so I'll say, can't talk about it, so bad boy, so I try to make it sexual.
AFRICA: You're naughty. I've spoken to people like you on the phone.
JAMIE: Oh, have you done sex lines?
AFRICA: Yeah, I didn't know it was like that. I probably would have been more nice. I thought they were just being jerks.
JAMIE: What do you mean?
AFRICA: Jerks.
JAMIE: So, you've done phone sex?
AFRICA: No, well, I've done a little, but I'm not good at it. I get shy over the phone and actually, during sex, I keep my eyes closed, so I get shy that way, too, but I'm good in bed.
JAMIE: I'm sure you are.
AFRICA: I'm just shy.
JAMIE: So, in phone sex, you're saying you were too shy to deal with ...?
AFRICA: I had my own business and it was just bachelor parties, singing telegrams, and everything and then, they tried to break me off into phone sex, so they would have to hide it on their credit card. They would just send $50 or however much they wanted and each time they called, I would jot down, okay, you have this much time. That's what happened.
JAMIE: So, it would be a private thing, where they would give you some money ...
AFRICA: I think they did that just so it could be private, because I really wasn't good at it.
JAMIE: A lot of girls think they're not good at it, but just the fact they are somebody that you're attracted to, that makes you good at it. You don't have to be good at it. There's no such thing for a hot girl, if you're attracted to a girl, she doesn't have to be good at anything.

AFRICA: They stopped sending their money.
JAMIE: Well, maybe they just ran out of money.
AFRICA: No, they didn't. I stunk at it. Like, I have a hard time saying, and Jasmine and this … She's going to be shocked to see that, because it's hard for me to say fuck. I usually freak. And then, penis and everybody gets mad when I say penis, but I like that word.
JAMIE: What do most guys want you to talk about?
AFRICA: Want me to say cock a lot and I had to practice saying cock.
JAMIE: You'd probably do better with the freaky guys. There's a lot of guys that call lines that are into s and m scenarios, where you wouldn't have to talk dirty so much, because you seem comfortable with the humiliation stuff.
AFRICA: I know, that's why I need to practice more.
JAMIE: Maybe I should give you my number and you could practice your phone sex.
AFRICA: Okay.
JAMIE: When you feel like it. Anything else we need to discuss? How about, in regular life, walking down the street, do you get a lot of attention?
AFRICA: Depends if I'm wearing … If I'm wearing make-up, yeah.
JAMIE: So, you can hide yourself if you want to. So, this is not your normal street …?
AFRICA: Actually, in the summertime, it is.
JAMIE: Excuse me.
AFRICA: Not this, I'm exaggerating, but very short little tight stuff, yeah. I'm having a bra on, usually.
JAMIE: And you like to walk around with short stuff to get attention or just so you feel sexy?
AFRICA: I like the way I look and yeah, I like it and I feel like it's summertime, you buy those little summer clothes, you need to show them. I don't like winter …
JAMIE: So, you don't mind guys that are just drooling on the street?
AFRICA: What I do mind is people just being rude and talking to my breasts only. That doesn't happen very often, but it has happened and I have beautiful dimples. I don't mind them looking at my breasts, but look at the whole package … I've got nice teeth.
JAMIE: I see. So, you're less insulted if they stare at your ass?
AFRICA: And then, if they're talking to it …
JAMIE: I see what you mean …

EVE

AND THERE ARE THE CUSTOM ORDERS. Wackos of every stripe and persuasion will contact me and ask me if it might be possible to make a video to their specifications. I have heard it all. They feel comfortable spilling their most sordid secrets to me. Perhaps they even sense that I welcome the opportunity to deal on a simple pervert to pervert basis.

They seem to especially like it when I am cruel to women. I have done lots of comic roles in my thirty year career in "adult films," but my reputation is that deep down I really am the misogynistic monster that I have sometimes portrayed—maybe so.

"Find a willing piece of shit and show them all how to properly work over a worthless fuckthing" was a recent request from a fan who complained about what he considered to be the pamby pabulum on the market.

Sometimes they get very specific:

"Setting should be malevolent and seedy—a filthy men's room in an adult theater, a dirty flophouse room, or a basement dungeon. The female sub should be a white, thin, brunette, white trash whore, with a combo of punk and goth looks. Tattoos and piercing and a physically used appearance also appreciated. This is a totally jaded person, there is no hint of innocence here. Please find a woman who is willing to submit to the most EXTREME abusive acts. Set up for the video is that the sub is a hooker desperate for 5 dollars to buy heroin. You pick her up and she knows what you are going to do to her but she's so fucked up it's ok anyway. Action begins—mostly violence as opposed to showers (but should occur). LOTS of face slapping. LOTS of face spitting and other facial abuse. Like to see also front of body worked over severely (tits and belly, cunt-punching, fucking, whipping). Forced verbalization of worthlessness. Other EXTREME actions—I yield to your expertise. Please no gags (but ok to suck on dirty underwear or like) I want to hear crying screams and drooling moaning. Please also make this hardcore—how about forced sucking to vomiting of your shitty cock that just came out of her ass? Please keep the pace feverish and furious. Action ends with hooker lying as a broken moaning lump—totally defiled in body, mind and spirit. You piss on her one last time and throw 5 dollars at her. You walk away in disgust. Fade to black."

Sounds like fun. Huh? Unfortunately the video was never made because after Bush was elected president the guy got scared and decided it was not the right time to commission such a politically incorrect project. I guess he'll contact me again when those wild and crazy democrats return to the white house.

"Eve" was a tape I made for a once regular customer who has since disappeared—perhaps slaughtered and buried by an irate female. He loved to see girls humiliated and just generally mistreated. I was always on the lookout for a younger the better bitch—low self esteem was a plus—to feed his appetite for such material. I found Eve through my favorite source—Regan—the LA agent who will never send a girl on a job unless she agrees to fuck him first. He told me she had done a few porn films and was now living near me in the San Francisco area. Although now married and retired, Eve was still young, pretty and desperate for cash. Of course I would never take advantage of a girl in such a situation, but what could I do. I had a job to complete and it wasn't like it was my idea. I was only following orders. Well, okay, maybe there is some caligulian delight in having someone bring over a couple of hot outfits and making her aware that she is coming over to do whatever she is told—knowing that if she wasn't absolutely desperate she would never come.

Eve cried during some of the taping, but she dutifully sucked my ass and put up with even greater indignities with the gusto of a girl who had nowhere else to turn.

Still, I wonder how much the need to be degraded plays in these little scenarios—Eve was strangely helpful throughout. While protesting that such videos should be outlawed, she responded to my commands with real energy, and even helped me decide what dirty words I might write in lipstick on her body.

Also, when I made her talk about Regan and how she had to fuck him to get work, she seemed disgusted by him but then added "it wouldn't have been so bad if he had a cock like yours."

Maybe girls like Eve are secretly, perhaps even subconsciously, laughing at the fact that they can pay their bills AND get to be the filthy whore of their own sicko dreams by having hot, nasty, degrading sex with an improper stranger.

I wouldn't put it past the little bitches.

JAMIE: all right. Well—I think you'll like this one. You know, she walked in—she hasn't put any kind of slut stuff on yet. She says this is her real fresh face. And I said, well, let's just look at you the way you are, you know? Check her out. You know. Just as she is this way. She's sort of just about, in her own way, as pretty as the last one we got, I think. Not bad lookin.' Maybe a little less slutty, she has a kind of … almost an intelligent look. But we'll fix that. (laughs) What's your name, honey?
EVE: I'm Eve.
JAMIE: How old are you?
EVE: I'm twenty-one. Just turned.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. That's a good age. Good age to be a slut, huh?
EVE: Oh yeah.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. You been a slut long?
EVE: Oh … I don't know. Since puberty?
JAMIE: Since puberty?
EVE: (laughs)

JAMIE: So, you been a little fuckin' piggy since puberty?
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Wow.
EVE: Just can't get enough cock.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Interesting. Interesting.

JAMIE: Ok, I stopped the camera just then 'cause you said 'I can't get enough cock' and I'm not sure if she really meant that she can't get enough cock or she was putting on, you know, something that we were supposed to hear. So—I just told her to tell us the truth. Which is what we like. Tell us the truth, honey. Were you a—tell us about your background as a young girl maybe. You said since puberty you were sexual?
EVE: Mmm hmm. Oh yeah. Mmm hmm. Different boyfriends.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Anything before that?
EVE: No.
JAMIE: Nothing? No—no stepdaddys or …
EVE: No—
JAMIE: Nothing like that?
EVE: No sexual abuse. None of that.
JAMIE: Ok, fine, ok. Ok. Boyfriends, huh?
EVE: I would tend to date the older guys. You know, when I was fourteen, I dated the seventeen-year-olds and the seventeen-year-olds, you know, they want sex. That's what they're interested in.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm.

And how old were you when you first fucked?
EVE: I was … um … thirteen.
JAMIE: Thirteen? That's pretty good.
EVE: Yeah.
JAMIE: Mmmm.
EVE: I didn't think too much about it.
JAMIE: You didn't think too much about it?
EVE: No. Still don't.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm.
EVE: It's just one of those things that goes along with relationships.
JAMIE: Uh huh. And how old was the boy?
EVE: Uh … he was seventeen.
JAMIE: Seventeen-year-old boy. And do you remember anything about the circumstances?
EVE: Mmmm … circumstances. Uh …
JAMIE: Like, what you were wearing, where you were, how it happened.
EVE: Ooh. Mmm. Let's see, I was behind my dad's house. I think I was wearing something very similar to this sweater. Corduroy pants.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm.
EVE: And … I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm.
EVE: We were giggling, laughing, making out. Stuck his hands down my pants. I stuck my hand down his pants.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Interesting.
EVE: And one thing led to another.
JAMIE: I guess so.
EVE: (laughs)
JAMIE: (laughs) Interesting. Did you fuck him just once that day? Or ...
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Yeah. So.
EVE: It is fairly quick.
JAMIE: Yeah?
EVE: You know, five minute ... you know, seventeen-year-old boys don't really know what to do with a minute other than move it in and out and um ...
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Right. Mmm hmm. Right.
EVE: And he was happy. And hung out with me quite alot after that so I was happy with it.
JAMIE: So did you fuck him every time you saw him then?
EVE: No, he didn't ask me to.
JAMIE: That was it? One time?
EVE: (nods head)
JAMIE: Interesting.

That's interesting. He was happy, went out with you but didn't need to fuck you anymore?
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Interesting.
EVE: It was more like just proof—validation of the relationship.
JAMIE: Right. Interesting. Mmm hmm.
EVE: Went on to other guys. He went on to other girls.
JAMIE: Uh huh. Ok. Interesting.

JAMIE: Ok. I thought we'd bring her along in different stages, you know, here she is ... little Eve, was taking her clothes off, getting ready. She actually wears glasses in the street. That's it. So, uh ... tried to take her glasses off before but let's look at her with the glasses on. Let's just stare at her awhile. Heh heh.

Turn around, honey. That's a good cunt.

Yeah. That's it. Back again, look at me, that's a girl. That's it. That's it. That's a baby. Good girl. Heh heh.

Drop your hands, stupid. Good girl. We just want to see tits now.

That's a girl. You don't mind being called stupid, do you?
EVE: (shakes head)
JAMIE: Of course not.

That's a girl. That's a baby. Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm.

There we go. Let's take these off and see your pretty eyes. There you are. Mmm hmm. That's it. That's a good little girl. Mmm hmm. Turn sideways. With those stupid little small tits. Did anyone ever tell you you had stupid little small tits?

EVE: Nope.

JAMIE: What are those, like—I don't know anything about tit size—but those are kinda small, aren't they?

EVE: No. They're b-cups.

JAMIE: Are they?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Mmm. Seems just like a little girl's tits, aren't they? Mmm hmm. I've seen very young girls with tits like that—about that size. That's a girl. Mmm hmm. Face front again.

Mmm hmm.

Ok, stupid, now hold on to your tits like you're showing 'em off. You know? Like you're being a little stripper girl or something, you know.

That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. Show off your little baby tits. That's it. Mmm hmm. Little baby tits. Stick your tongue out. Let me see your tongue. That's it. Stick it out and go nahnahnahnahnah.

Ooh, look at you being sexy.

Now stick it out like you're just a little girl being like, you know, like—like nahnahnahnahnah fuck you nahnahnahnah.

That's a good girl.

You do what you're told pretty well, don't you? Usually?

EVE: Mm hmm.

(pants hard-on)

JAMIE: Yeah? That's good. We like girls who do what they're told. That's it.

See? You see how much we like girls who do what they're told? That's your job here—to be sure we enjoy the situation. You understand that, don't you?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: That's what you're here for. Good girl. Ok. Now take those stupid pants off of you. Do it slow. Ohh, look at that. Yes, these are her real little panties. And her real pants that she showed up in. Mmm hmm.

Look at that. Aren't they cute. Aren't they cute. Yeah. That's a good girl. Mmm hmm. Good girl. We're just staring at your crotch now, honey, that's all. Just stand there. That's it. Stand there like a good girl while we look at the cunt. That's it. That's it. That's it. You're just being stared at. That's a good girl. Do a slow turn for us, that's right. Nothing's wrong. Mmm hmm.

Now you know this is for a custom video, Eve, you understand that, right? So, we're looking for things that not necessarily will be found in your general run of the mill stupid porno flick. You understand that?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Good girl. Good girl. Mmm hmm.

Come back around. That's a good little piggy. Good little piggy. That's right.

Mmm hmm. That's right. Good. Put both hands at your side. Stand like at attention. Feet together. That's right.

That's a good girl. Mmm hmm. Good girl. Mmm hmm. That's right. Isn't that cute.

Mmm hmm. See the nice man is paying attention to you, isn't that nice?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yes. Say 'Thank you.'

EVE: Thank you.

JAMIE: Good girl. Good girl. Nice smooth skin too. Turn around, stupid. That's a good girl. That's a good stupid little girl. Good little piece of ass. That's right. Mmm hmm. Good girl. Come back, turn around again. Excellent.

JAMIE: Ok. all right. Go back to attention, honey. That's it, nice and straight. Nice and straight. That's a girl. Ok. There's that cute little mouth. Look at that cute little mouth. Yes. Do you have a cute little mouth for daddy? Huh? Yes, you do. Yes, you do. That's a pretty baby. Yeah? That's a pretty baby. That's it. That's it. Pretty baby. That's a girl. That's a girl. That's it. Let's see your cute little tongue, honey. Good. Good little piggy. Good. That's it. That's it. Open up mouth stupid! That's it. Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm ... look at that. Look at that little saliva, huh? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Can you drool all over? Can you? Yeah, look at you. That's a good little girl. That's a good little girl. Huh? Yes, you are. Yes, you are. That's a good little precious. Yes, you are. Yes, you are. Good little girl. Excellent. Yes.

JAMIE: Good. Yeah. Hey stupid. I got something for you. See? See what I got for you?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Don't touch it yet! Don't touch it yet. See what I got, stupid. Do you see it?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Good girl. Good girl. That's it. all right. There you go. all right. There you go. all right. That's it, try to put it on. That's a girl. Mmm hmm. That's it. Nice little cutie with a ballgag. That's a good girl. Mmm hmm. That's it, trash. That's a good little girl. What a big girl, fucking since she was thirteen, behind daddy's house, huh? Get on your knees, stupid.

Fucking little whore. Yes, she's a fucking little whore with a ballgag on. Excellent. Excellent. There you go. That's the way we like to see you. That's right. Who's a good little girl, huh? Who's a good little girl? Yes. Who's a good little girl. Who's a good little girl. Yes. Who's a good little girl. There you go. Now come on, stupid, that's it. Now try and drool 'cause, I mean, you know, the person who wants this video said I should use a ballgag and see you drool. That's it, stupid fuckin' little whore. Drool you fuckin' pig. That's better. That's it. That's it. Look at you. Drool cunt. You fuckin' little whore. Good. See, that's what we want to see, that's it. Little drool. Yes. Yes. Like to see little cunts drool. That's right. That's a piggy. That's it, you fuckin' little pig. Good. That's a good girl. That's right. Drool all over yourself. That's it, baby. Drool all over yourself. That's right. That's it. That's it. Get on your fours. That's a baby.

Mmm hmm. That's a pig. We're gonna have a little fun this afternoon. Yeah. Yeah. Nice time for a custom video where you can watch little piggy drool. Cunts. Hang your head down! That's it. That's a baby. That's it. That's it. Can you make sounds? Mummugh mummahh ...

EVE: (muffled words)

JAMIE: Like a retard?

EVE: (sounds)

JAMIE: That's it. Come on, you fuckin' retard! Drool. Drool you fuckin' retard! That's it. Good little retard. Heey coon yoo shay annatingg? Yah?

EVE: (muffled words)

JAMIE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. (laughs) That's it. That's it. Fuckin' pig. That's it. That's a baby. Good. Let's see you crawl. Can you crawl in a little small circle there? That's it. Good. Hold it! Hold it! Get your ass up—c'mon. Sway your back, keep your ass up, you know what I'm saying. That's it. Keep your ass up in the air when you crawl around. That's it, pig.

That's a pig. Slow. Come on, stupid, slow. Fuckin' little pig. That's it. That's right, drool and crawl, you fuckin' whore. More crawling! Come on.

That's it. That's it. Keep your ass up! Sway your back, stupid. You know what a fuckin' stupid piece of shit you are—come on. That's it, do what you're told. You keep forgetting to sway your back. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it. That's it, like an animal in a cage. Go on. That's it. Like a bound-up animal in a cage. That's what we like to see. That's it. That's right. That's right. That's it. Crawl, stupid. You fuckin' stupid whore. Drool and crawl. all right, now, I'm warning you about your ass for the last time—now get ... sway your back! all right, stay where you are. Just stay where you are. Stop, stupid. C'mon, get up on your knees, c'mon. No, stay where you are—I'm trying to show you something. Now, push your back in and your ass up. Awwwrrright ... Your head up and your ass up but bring your back down in. You know what I'm saying? Ok. Good. There you go. all right.

Ok. There we are. Ok. Hey, stupid, will you look at yourself in the mirror. C'mon. See the mirror over there? C'mon. That's it. See how stupid you look? That's it. That's it. That's a baby. Look at it, push it closer. That's it. That's it. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good girl.

EVE: (sounds)

JAMIE: That's a baby. That's a good little girl. Look at yourself in the mirror. That's it. Where's the drool?! I don't see any fuckin' drool. That's it. Drool pig. Drool. Make sounds and drool you fuckin' retard pig. That's it.

EVE: (sounds)

JAMIE: That's a baby. That's a baby. Retard pig.

EVE: Ugmm.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Good. Good. Good. Yeah. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good. Look at yourself in the mirror, get close to the mirror. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Stay where you are. That's good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl. That's a baby.

Good. Good. That's a girl. That's a baby. Yeah. Ok. Stand up, pig. Stand up. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Look who's here? Look at yourself, cunt. Look at yourself. That's a baby. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Good girl. Good girl. That's a baby. That's a baby. Yeah. Good. Ok, now, look at me. Turn around. Good. Excellent. Excellent.

EVE: Umpff.

JAMIE: Excellent baby. That's a good girl. Good girl. That's a good girl. Good girl. That's a baby. Good. That's a baby. That's right. That's a good girl. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Good girl. Good girl. Excellent. Excellent. You look so cute today. You look so adorable today. You look even cuter when you're being choked, you know that? Nod your head. Nod your head, stupid. Good. Yes. Yes. Yes. Aren't you a cutie? You're such a little cutie. Yeah. Yeah. Excellent. Excellent. Yes. Yeah. Put a hand over your eyes like that. Put a hand over your eyes. Good. We don't want you to see what the bad man is doing. Bad man's feeling you up. You see that? That's right. That's right. That's right. Nice baby. Good. That's a good girl. Mmm hmm. Good. Put your hands on top of your head. That's right. That's right, baby. Good. Good little piggy. Little piggy. Look what we got today. Nice young piggy with a ballgag. Just the way we like 'em. She can hardly breathe now. She can hardly breathe at all, isn't that right?

EVE: (nods with eyes)

JAMIE: Yes. Good. Yeah. Excellent. Excellent. Turn around, look in the mirror. Stick your ass out a little more. That's right. Good. Good. Mmm hmm. Oh, bad man's got a boner. You bad stupid little girl. You bad stupid little girl. Giving the bad man a boner. You fuckin' little whore. You're a fuckin' little whore giving the bad man a boner. You know that, don't you? Nod your head, stupid.

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: Yeah. Stupid little whore. That's the trouble with little girls like you—you walk around, giving guys boners … yeah, that's pretty bad. You think you can just walk around the street, giving guys boners, that's not very nice, is it? Is it?! That's right. Fuckin' little whores like you. Fuckin' little whores. Yes. Yes. Let's see … good. Good. Pig, go sit on the toilet.

That's a girl. Sit! That's a girl. Little girl. Little girl's on the toilet. Good. Good. Don't be scared, honey. Don't be scared. Can you drool for us a little more? Drool as much as you can. Don't be scared. You fuckin' little whore. Don't be scared. That's a baby. You don't have to be scared, honey. Yeah. (laughs) You don't have to be scared! No, you don't. You don't have to be scared. Because you're doing what you're told, isn't that right?

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: That's right. Little girls who do what they're told don't have to be scared. There you go. Excellent. Excellent. We just love girls that do what they're told. Can you make stupid retard noises while you drool?

EVE: (noises)

JAMIE: Yeah. Tell us how much fun you're having. Say 'Thank you sir.'

EVE: (muffled words)

JAMIE: Good. Thank you sir. You know you need a little discipline anyway 'cause you've been a bad girl all your life. You know that. You've been fucking since you're thirteen. Did daddy find out?
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: No, of course not. You wouldn't want daddy to know. Bad girl! Bad girl. Bad girl. Bad girl. Bad girl. Wouldn't want daddy to know. No. Wouldn't want daddy to know. That's right. That's right. Wouldn't want daddy to know. No. That's good.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Hey stupid. Spread your legs. That's it. That's it. Now you know this is a custom video, right? Good. And if you do a good job—who knows, this could lead to other custom videos. You know. The person requesting this video is a connoisseur. Somebody who really appreciates the finer things in life. Yeah. That's it. That's a baby. That's it. That's a girl. That's it. Mmm hmm. Close your legs, stupid. Filthy little pig, you think we really want to see that fucking little whore cunt, do you?
EVE: (shrugs)
JAMIE: Filthy little pig.

JAMIE: all right, you little piece of trash, you know what? The person who asked me to do this nice video likes drool. And I'm beginning to wonder if there's enough drool. Now you take that stupid thing off, you hear me? I mean, you've been drooling all right but if I get any complaints about your drool, you're going to be in alot of trouble, you understand that, don't you?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: That's right. Put it down. And I know you want to please, don't you?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: Because, you know, you like doing this—you need the job, right?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: Right. Good. So, we'll give you some work. In the meantime, here, have a little drink, honey. There you go. Just a little vodka. Ok? Easy does it. That's it. Just a little vodka. Good girl. That's a good girl. That's it. So you could make more drool. And maybe it'll relax you. Not that you need too much relaxing—you're doing fine. There you go. Easy does it. That's it, get drunk pig. Get drunk you fuckin' whore. That's a baby. Ooh. You're a good little drunk, aren't you? You're a good little drinker. You're a good little drinker. Does just what she's told. Yeah. I hope you're not drinking to forget, honey. I hope you're not feeling like you'd rather be somewhere else. Drunk. I hope you're just doing it to get a little fucked up so you could enjoy this a little more. Is that the real reason, honey?
EVE: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Yes. Good. Excellent.
Mmm hmm. Yeah.
Good.

(lipstick)

JAMIE: Hey, guess what, honey? You know what? You're looking very sweet. But a little bit plain. Wouldn't you like to look sexy for us?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: I know you would. Yes.

So maybe—just a little something. What d'ya say? What d'ya say, huh? No, put your hands down. I think you're too stupid to know how to do it right. You understand? There you go. Let's look at you. Let's see.

See, now, I, on the other hand—look at yourself, stupid! See there you are. A little embarrassing, huh? (kiss) Yeah. Little embarrassing. That's a good girl. See, now, I, on the other hand, know all about cosmetology. And I know how to make pretty girls sexy. Understand?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: That's it. Look at the camera, stupid. You see how sexy you are? You see. You see how sexy you are. There it is. You see that. Look at how sexy you are now. You see? That's what guys like to see. Sexy girls. Stick your tongue out. That's it. Let's see you ... (flicks tongue)

Come on. Come on. Can you drool like a big girl? Come on. That's it. That's a baby. Good. Isn't she cute. Isn't she cute. That's right. That's right. She's adorable. Yeah, good. Excellent. Excellent. Excellent.

JAMIE: Yeah. You know? You are just about as cute—sit up stupid! That's it. That's it, trash. That's it. Nice little piece of trash for today. Now, I hope the person that ordered this video is getting off on this, you know? I hope so. Because you're just a little ... little jerk-off stuff, honey. That's what you're here for today, right? Good girl. Little jerk-off stuff. Nice little jerk-off stuff. Yeah. Do you have nice pretty long hair, honey?
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Do you?
EVE: Ow!
JAMIE: You fuckin' whore. Mmm. Who's a fuckin' whore? Mmm? (spits) Ohh, bad man spit on your tits. (spits) Oh what a fucking little whore. Let's see how pretty you look—come on, let's see some hair, honey. That's it. Nice and sexy. That's it. 'Cause we're still trying to jerk off over here, you understand. You know. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. Mmm hmm. Well, look at you. Look at you. Why, it's a whole different look, isn't it? I think the person who ordered this video is going to be pleased. Stick your tongue out. Good. Good. Now, you just sit down on the toilet.

JAMIE: Ok. Ok, honey. Look what I got. Look at what we got for the little girl. Black dildo. Yeah. Yeah. You've probably been with one or two of these, haven't you, in real life, a little black stuff? Huh? Some black cock? You look like the kind of girl who might've had some black cock in her, you know? You have that kind of look. Like you might be a little hungry for black cock. You know what I'm sayin'? Open up, honey. Yeah. You know, you have a little innocence but I think you like black cock, that

would be my guess. You know? I think you like sucking off niggers, that's what I think. Yeah. That's what I think. Hold it. You hold it. You hold it, sweetheart. That's it. That's it. Good.

For all I know, the person who wants this tape is black. But let's just go for it. Go on. Suck a nigger, baby. I think you like sucking niggers. Look in the camera and show everybody how you suck nigger dick. Yeah. Suck nigger dick, baby, slobber. Slobber and drool on it. That's a baby. It's not about sucking, it's about slobbering and drooling. Good, that's a baby. Good. Yeah. You like the way nigger dick tastes, honey?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Do you really? I think you do. I think you're a quiet little girl that just loves that stuff. You know. You know, I think if you're walking down the street and a whole gang of nigger boys saw you and grabbed you—I don't think you'd be too unhappy about it. You know. That's the impression you give me. Slobber, stupid. That's it. That's it. Good. That's it. That's it, nice and slow, that's it. Good. Fuckin' little nigger cocksucker. That's what I think you are. Yeah. Take the thing out of your mouth. That's it. Look in the camera. And say—tell us what you are. Fuckin' little nigger cocksucker. I know it's hard to say. Say 'I'm a little nigger cocksucker.'

EVE: I'm a little nigger cocksucker.

JAMIE: Good. Hard to say, huh? I could see it in your eyes. But that's why it's fun. That's why it's fun to say. Yeah. Don't worry, honey, you know why? It's only a movie. It's only a movie. (laughs) It's only a movie. Yeah. Yeah. You've sucked some black cock, haven't you? Or have you, maybe you haven't. You could tell us. You could tell us.

EVE: (sniffs)

JAMIE: I think you would probably love it. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Open your mouth wide. Good. Let's look in there. That's it. Stick your tongue out. Good. Shove the nigger in your face. Go on. Shove it in your mouth. Good. Yeah. Show everybody.

EVE: (chokes)

JAMIE: Good! That's good. Show everybody what a pig you are. Good. Good. Good. all right, just keep it in your mouth now, you see the little thing on the end? Put the other hand up there and just, you know, it rotates well. Show us how you rotate the nigger dick in your mouth. Good. Drool, pig. Yeah. (laughs) Aren't you cute? Aren't you cute. Good. That's it, baby, put on a show. That's a baby. Choke, honey. That's it. Choke. Good. Choke for us. Good, baby, good. Good. Good baby. Good. We like that. Choke yourself on dick. Choke yourself. Good girl. Good girl, honey. Good girl. Good girl. Oh, it's so much fun. That's it, ohh. That's right, baby. Doesn't matter if you're crying a little, that's ok. We don't mind if you cry a little. Choke it, scumbag. Choke yourself, scumbag. Good. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's a baby. Yeah.

Get up. Sit on—get up and sit on the floor in front of the toilet. That's a baby. Good girl, go on. That's it—sit back, good girl.

EVE: (sniffs)

JAMIE: You're doing fine, honey. That's it. I just want to see you back up against the toilet. Good. That's good. Good. You know, you'll be a little … what do you call it?

That's it, you know how pretty you look up against the toilet—as a backdrop. Yeah. Yeah. Good girl. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Stick your tongue out. Little further. Drool. Yeah. That's a baby. Ok. Good. Good. Are you right handed or left handed, honey?

EVE: Right handed.

JAMIE: Good. Ok. You could touch me. Come on, touch it. That's it. Just touch it. That's it. Good girl. Open up. Good. Touch the balls. Good. Good girl. Now, just concentrate on this. Yeah. That's a baby. Choke for me, honey. Choke for me. Do it yourself. Come on, it's all right, c'mon, you could do it yourself. That's a baby.

EVE: (retch)

JAMIE: Good. Good. Good. Excellent.

JAMIE: Good. come here, honey. Turn around on your knees—like you're gonna puke into the toilet. And, as a matter of fact, if you did puke, it would be ok, but it's not prerequisite. Now, choke. Choke over the bowl. That's a girl. Choke and drool over the bowl. That's a pretty girl. That's a pretty girl. Mmm hmm. That's it.

EVE: (spits up)

JAMIE: That's a baby, that's perfect. The more discomfort the better we like it. That's it. If you have to puke, that's fine. Cry, puke, whatever. We're enjoying it. That's it. (laughs) That's it, scumbag. That's it, you little toilet.

EVE: (spits up)

JAMIE: Good. Good.

EVE: (coughs up)

JAMIE: That's right—that's where you belong, right there.

EVE: (vomits)

JAMIE: Perfect. That's perfect. Let's see—look in the camera. Look in the camera, perfect. That's perfect.

EVE: (sniffs)

JAMIE: Look at you. Yes, look at you. That's right. That's right. Let's look—come here. That's perfect, honey. That's it. Putting on a good little show for us. Yeah. (kiss) Give me a kiss. (kiss) Who's a little puker, huh? Yeah, that's a perfect little girl.

EVE: (sniff)

JAMIE: That's perfect. Yes. Mmm hmm. That's perfect, honey, that's just perfect. Mmm hmm. Good. Mmmm. Yes. Yes. You could be very entertaining. You're quite entertaining. Yeah. Quite entertaining. Yes, you are. Yes, you are. We like little girls that are entertaining. You know that? Mmm hmm.

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: Yes. Yes. Yes, you are. Excellent. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Yeah. Now, this is the kind of thing—I don't know if we got it on camera but you just said, before you puked, that this was a little embarrassing, huh? That you would never do this if someone else was going to see this.

EVE: Mmm hmm.

Yeah.

JAMIE: Well, tell us about that. How you just, you know, how you feel about that,

that you only—why you're just doing this particular video, you know? You know, because—why is this different?

EVE: Because thirty billion people aren't going to see me.

JAMIE: Right.

That's right, it's just you and me and this person, right?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: So you're doing disgusting things … yes, yes. So, this really is something special, isn't it. It's just one of a time. One of a kind. You're just a one of a kind, aren't you?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Yes. One of a kind kind of girl. Yeah. One of a kind.

EVE: (sniff)

JAMIE: Yes. Uh huh. Look at that. That's your puke. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Good.

(dildo)

JAMIE: Ok, we're done with that—good. Look at me, honey, that's a baby. Open your mouth. Who's a good little puker. Who's a good little puker. Yeah. Yeah.

Is this kind of humiliating for you?

EVE: Uh huh.

JAMIE: This whole thing is a little humiliating, isn't it?

EVE: Uh huh.

JAMIE: Yeah.

EVE: This is why they outlaw pornography.

JAMIE: This is why they outlaw pornography? Exactly. You don't want to have to make little girls go through this. Mmm hmm. Right. You know, just to make a few bucks. Get abused like this, right? Right. This kind of thing should be outlawed, don't you think?

EVE: Uh huh.

EVE: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. all right. You wouldn't think of doing this if you didn't need the money, I guess.

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Right.

Yeah, but it's a job. And you're trying to do your best, right?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Could lead to other work, right?

EVE: Mmm hmm.

JAMIE: Good. Right. Might be a whole slew of people out there wanting to do some custom things and I think you'd be fine for that. You know? One of a kind stuff. Nobody would have to see it. You know? Stand up, honey. That's it. That's a good girl. Ok, just don't pull that down—'cause it's not connected, just hold on—that's it. Yeah. Yeah. That's it. Open your mouth. That's right. Come here. Come closer. That's a girl, that's right. That's a baby. Good. Good girl. Good girl. Good girl.

Lean forward. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. That's right. Yeah. That's a girl. Good girl. (kiss kiss) Gimme a little kiss. Come on. Kiss me, pig! (kiss) Good. Good girl. That's right. Excellent.

JAMIE: Ok. Good. That's right. That's interesting. Just asked Eve if she really believed this kind of stuff should be outlawed and what did you say?

EVE: I believe they should.

JAMIE: Yes. Good. Good.

EVE: But it's a way to make a living.

JAMIE: Right. I understand. I understand. Sure. That's perfect. Good. That's right, make your money. Mmm hmm. That's right. Girl's got to make a living. That's right. Gotta pay the rent, yeah?

EVE: Yep.

JAMIE: Yeah, good.

Let's see your tongue. Good. Excellent. Yeah. Good girl.

JAMIE: So—what did you … I know you're embarrassed about this but … what would you like to be doing? Did you have some kind of—did you go to school or is there something else you wanted to do or hoped to do or?

EVE: Yeah, there's tons of things I'd like to do.

JAMIE: Right. This is probably on the bottom of the list, isn't it?

EVE: Yep.

JAMIE: Yeah. Good. Good.

EVE: But one day, I'll be able to afford to go back to school.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Well—if you can make enough money. Doing things, you know, while you can make money selling yourself—maybe it's not a bad idea.

Yeah. Suck. Ok. Come forward a little bit. Come forward like—you know, just—stay where you are, like this. Yeah. Ok. Um, like … move your face forward. You know? That's it. So you can like … let's see. I'm trying to see if you can drool over me. Is what I'm trying to figure out. Let's see …

So, is this the most degrading thing you've ever done?

EVE: Just about.

JAMIE: Just about. Good.

EVE: (sniff) I don't know. Each time you do something like this, it seems pretty damn degrading—worse than the last time and then you remember how bad the last time was so … (cries)

JAMIE: I understand. I understand. Mmm hmm. Well, as long as you're here, you might as well do a good job, right honey?

EVE: I think I'm doing a good job.

JAMIE: I think you are. I think you are.

EVE: (sniffs)

JAMIE: You think you have any more to puke?

EVE: I don't know.

JAMIE: Ok …

Stand up.

Ok. Lean forward. Ok. Stick your fingers in your throat.

EVE: (retch)
JAMIE: Stand up. That's fine. Heh heh.
EVE: (sniffs)
JAMIE: That's it. Come here. Come here.

JAMIE: Squat piggy. That's good. Ok. Going over some notes they have of things you wanted to see here. Let's see. Knees out. Hands behind back. I think the idea is that you're going to be a little discomforted. Just—careful, right here. Make her keep her balance. Ok. That's it. I think I see what they wanted. Ok. Hands behind back—both hands! Good girl. Mmm hmm. Keep your balance. Keep your balance, that's it. Mmm hmm. That's it, stupid. See—this is where they request a little verbal abuse. Stuff like that—no, hands behind back, that's it. That's it. Good, that's it. Try and keep your balance. That's the fun of it. Knees pointed out, stupid. Good. Knees pointed out. Knees pointed out—ohh see, you can't keep your balance that way, I see, I see. That's probably why they want to see it. Ok. Knees pointed out. Knees pointed out. Sit up. Ok. That's a baby. Knees pointed out. That's a baby. That's it. Heh heh. That's a good girl. That's a good girl. What a lot of fun you are. That's right. Good. Let's take a look at you. Let's see. Squat. Squat. Knees pointed out. That's right. Good. I guess they like to look at your crotch too. What is it about crotches, huh? I don't know, what is it about crotches? Something about the crotch. That's a baby. That's it. Squat. Good. Can you squat—like center yourself more? So you'll be on both … that's a baby. Mmm hmm. Ok. That's right, baby. That's ok if you're embarrassed and humiliated. That's what we're here for. Mmm hmm. That's it, cunt. That's it.
EVE: Ow ow.
JAMIE: Yeah. Yes. That's a girl.
EVE: Ow.
JAMIE: That's a girl. That's a girl. That's a girl. Yeah. That's a baby. That's a good girl. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Open your mouth. Good. Good. Good. That's a baby. That's it, open up, drool. Drool pig. That's a baby. That's right. That's right. Good. Good. That's right. Good. That's right. That's right, baby. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Are we degrading you, honey?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: Yeah, of course. Yes. But look—look how much fun we're having. See? See that's the trouble with these things. See—you know why this is never gonna stop? Because it gets people off! You see what I'm saying? It gets people off. That's why it won't stop. See what I mean? Gets people off. That's the fun part of it—people love to see this. See? Alot of people would be able to afford to get young girls over and humiliate and degrade them. Understand? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

JAMIE: You know. It's sort of like having a little toy around. You know, you're like the toy of the day. You know. You know what I mean? So you just do what you're told for awhile and that's it. People love it. People love to see this shit. And worse. You know, people have the balls, you know, why do you think it sells newspapers? You

know—because people love to hear about it. They love to hear about it. You know that's true, don't you?

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: Yeah. Stick your tongue out. Good. Good. Good. (spits) That's a girl. That's a girl. That's a girl. Because, you know, guys see girls all the time and they get hard. They can't have them. So they get bitter about it. You know? They get angry. They say look at that fuckin' cunt—who the fuck does she think she is. (spits) Who the fuck does she think she is. That's right. They take movies like this. They get movies like this. You see what I mean? Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Look at that spit on your tit. Oh poor—poor darling. Oh poor darling. Stick your tongue out. (laps) Hey hot stuff. (laps) You know you love it, piggy. (laps, kiss, kiss) Good girl. (kiss, kiss) Good girl. (kiss, kiss) Good girl. Yeah (laps) What's the dirty man doing? (kiss) What's the dirty man doing? (kiss, kiss) Oh yeah … are you being degraded by me? Ohh … oh yes, of course you are. Don't want to kiss the dirty man? (spits) Well, fuck you. You see what I mean? (kiss) You see? You see? You see what I mean? If you don't want to kiss me, well fuck you, I'll spit in your face. I'll spit in your face. You see what I mean? Nod, stupid, nod.

EVE: (nods)

JAMIE: Good. That's perfect. That's right. Mmmm. Yeah. Lick my fist. Good. That's right, baby. Yeah. Yeah. It's cunts like you that think this shit should be outlawed. That deserve what you get. People are trying to jerk off. Trying to have their fucking little fantasies. Little sluts like you don't think they should have them, fuck you. You know what I mean? You know what I mean, honey, fuck you. (spits) That's what I have to say about it. Good girl. That's right. That's right. Your job is to look sexy. Your job is to raise hard-ons. That's it. That's all. That's what you're good for. Yeah. Yeah. Just lay on the floor. Just lay out. Good.

Hi—hope you're enjoying this so far.

That's perfect. (spits)

Fuckin' piece of garbage, who the fuck do you think you are? We're trying to do some hot videos here. (spits) Fuckin' piece of garbage. That's right. You're a fuckin' piece of garbage, you know that? Mmm hmm. That's what you are today anyway, right? That's what you are, right now, laying there. That's right, baby. Good. Mmm. Good, Good. Squirm around, honey, look sexy for us. That's right. Come on, make believe you're in a porno. That's right, baby. That's it. That's a baby. Say 'Ooh ooh ooh.'

EVE: Ooh ooh ooh. (cries)

JAMIE: Good. That's it—like you're in a fuckin' porno, honey. Yeah, good. That's right, baby. Good. Yeah—you think that would be so much better for you, huh? Have some guys just comin' in and fuck you all day, huh? Yeah. Yeah. Good. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Good. Open your mouth. (spits) Oooh, that was a good one. Heh heh. Ooh yeah—little anger I see there. Good. That's a baby. That's what we like. That's what we like. You're very sexy. You're very sexy. Yeah. Yeah.

EVE: Well, I hope you're getting off on this.

JAMIE: Well, of course, I hope so. And tell that to the nice person who ordered the video.

EVE: I hope you're really getting off on this. (cries) Very humiliating.
JAMIE: Heh heh.
EVE: It's very degraded.
JAMIE: Well, of course. Of course, that's the point. Of course. Yeah.
EVE: I hope you cum real good.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm.
EVE: I hope it's worth every penny you paid for it.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Well, I'm sure—I'm sure they're going to watch this many times.
EVE: Over and over and over again.
JAMIE: Right. Exactly.

JAMIE: So—come closer, honey. So, you weren't expecting it to be quite as rough, is that what I'm getting?
EVE: Nope. I pretty much expected this.
JAMIE: You did, good. Good.
EVE: It's just not as easy to deal with.
JAMIE: Right. I understand. I understand.
EVE: (tears)
JAMIE: Yeah ... get your hair down. That's it, get on your knees. Ok. Stick your tongue out. Come forward. that's it.
EVE: (sniff)
JAMIE: Get your mouth down around my balls. Good. Lick. Don't suck, lick. Heh heh.

Lick faster—move your tongue.

Hey stupid, look at me. Like this. (laps) That's right.

That's it.

I know this is humiliating. But that's your job for today. Just come over and suck off some guy. And do what you're told. Put your hands on the floor, honey. Like a little puppy. There you go. Mmm hmm. That's a girl. Good. Hey stupid, look at me—what did I tell you, like this. (laps) That's it. That's it, baby. That's it, make it feel good. Make the nice man feel good. That's right. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Eve's living up here in San Francisco. She was down in LA. Had a short run trying out to—did a couple of sex films and flew up, came up and moved up here, right? 'Cause you couldn't stand the business anymore? Is that right? Mmm?
EVE: No.
JAMIE: Isn't that right? No, it's not right. Oh, I see. Yeah.
EVE: I dislocated my knee and couldn't work for a few months.
JAMIE: Oh I see. I see. I see. (laughs) Get it nice and wet, honey. Yeah. Work, baby. That's right. That's it, slobber and drool and work. Lick the shaft. That's it. That's it. So, here you are, trying to pretend you're just a nice little girl and you're really—you've done porno, right?
EVE: Uh huh.

JAMIE: You've done some dirty filthy stuff, right? Mmm? Yeah. That's right. That's right. This is not the first time you've sucked dick in front of a camera, right?
EVE: No.
JAMIE: Right. Probably the first time you puked, huh? Heh heh. In front of a camera?
EVE: Yeah.
JAMIE: Heh heh. Yeah, that's right. Customer likes to see slobber and drool, honey. Choke, slobber, drool, you know. Let's have a party here. Choke, slobber, drool. Fucking cunt. That's it. Choke.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good. Choke. Good.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: That's a good girl. Choke, slobber.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good.

Got this little pig from a guy I called up in LA. An agent. I said 'Hey—know anybody up here, I could use'—use and abuse, so to speak. Lick, honey. That's it. And he said 'Yeah, I know this girl up in San Francisco.' Was he your first agent?
EVE: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Yeah. I like the way he does business. What does he make you do?
EVE: He's scum.
JAMIE: Uh huh. Right. That's right. What does scum make you do?
EVE: He makes you fuck him in order to get you jobs.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Yeah. (laughs) Good guy. Good job for a guy. Girls come in and he says 'all right, you want to work, fuck me' and he takes pictures of them. Yeah. Sniff around the ass, honey. Good. That's right. Go on, get your face in there. Get your face in there! (spits) (laughs) That's it. That's it, baby.
EVE: It wouldn't have been so bad if he had a cock like yours.
JAMIE: Ooh …
EVE: But his cock is only this big.
JAMIE: Oh, I see. Well, listen, everybody needs something—you know, some pussy. That's why he does what he does. Teach little pigs like you a lesson. Gets to fuck you anyway.

Yeah.

That's a baby. Good. That's it. That's a baby. Good. Kiss my ass.

Good. Good. That's it—get in there. Get in the crack. Good. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby. That's it. That's a baby. That's it—work that crack. That's it. That's right. That's right. Work that crack. Good girl. That's it—get some tongue in there. That's right. That's right. That's right. Mm hmm. Good. Good stuff. That's a baby.

Crack. That's it. That's it. Eat it. Eat my fuckin' ass, pig. Drool on it. That's right. That's it baby. That's it baby. That's it. Suck ass. Suck ass, you filthy pig. Yeah. Mmm hmm. That's right. Fucking ass licking pig, go on. Good girl. Filthy. Filthy pig. Look

over at the camera. Can you see yourself? Good. Look at yourself eat ass. That's it. Look in the camera, say 'I'm an ass licking pig.'

EVE: I'm an ass licking pig.

JAMIE: Look in the camera and say it.

EVE: I'm an ass licking pig.

JAMIE: Lick ass.

That's it.

Balls.

Look up at the camera, say 'I'm a ball licking pig.'

EVE: I'm a ball licking pig.

JAMIE: Good.

Say 'I hope you're enjoying me.'

EVE: I hope you're enjoying me.

JAMIE: Good.

That's a girl. Work on the shaft a little, that's it. That's right.

What made you feel more disgusted with yourself—fucking Regan or doing this? And fuckin' that's the agent's name. What was more disgusting? Were they both pretty disgusting?

EVE: Yep.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Yeah. Did you ever do anything more degrading?

EVE: Once.

JAMIE: Once. What was that?

EVE: I let Max Hardcore pee in my mouth.

JAMIE: Ooh, that's good.

EVE: For four hundred dollars.

JAMIE: Oh, that's good. Lick the dick, honey. Good. Good. Good. Good. That's it. Mmm hmm. Well, I guess that's as low as you go, huh?

EVE: Yeah.

JAMIE: Mmm hmm—lick! Keep licking.

EVE: It pays the bills.

JAMIE: Pays the bills. Guys pissing in your mouth, pays the bills. (laughs) That's right. That's a baby, earn your money. Earn your money. Yeah. I'll recommend you. (laughs) That's it. That's it. Lick down. Lick down, that's it. Lick down. Lower. More ass. That's a baby. Pay your bills. That's a baby. That's it. Look at me. Look at me. While you're licking my ass. That's right, baby. Good girl. Pay your bills, baby. That's it. That's it. That's it. Look at me while you're licking my ass and say 'I'm paying the bills.'

EVE: I'm paying the bills.

JAMIE: Good. Suck it. Suck it. Good. Yeah. Nice. Good. Good—get your tongue up there, good. Good. Suck.

Yeah. That's right, guys. Do a good job, I'll recommend you. That's right. She'll do just about anything you want. That's right. Good. Did you thank me for this job yet? No—I don't think so. Say 'Thank you for the job.'

EVE: Oh thank you for the job.

JAMIE: Good, suck ass. Good. Good. C'mere. Balls. Open wide.

Um … excuse me, stupid, there's a lipstick over there, just behind, you go get it. See—it's right on the table next to that notebook. That's it, stupid. Bring it over. Crawl—get on your knees. Get on your knees. That's it. Good. Good. That's it, good. Why don't you rub your tits on my balls a little bit. C'mon. I know they're kind of small but, still, they feel good. Yeah. That's a good girl. Ooh. Mmm good. That's good. That's a good girl. Oh, say 'Thank you.'

EVE: Oh thank you.

JAMIE: Good. Say 'I love it.'

EVE: Oh yeah I love it.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Say 'I love being treated like shit.'

EVE: I love being treated like shit.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Mmm hmm. Say 'Your ass tastes great!'

EVE: Oh your ass tastes great.

JAMIE: Yeah. Look at me. Say 'Thank you for letting me suck ass.'

EVE: Thank you for letting me suck ass.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Good. Ok. Let's make you sexy again. Good.

Open your mouth, let me see.

JAMIE: Um. Let's see what we got here. Let's see … why don't … we do something with those shoes … You have some big shoes here, the black shoes.

EVE: These ones?

JAMIE: Yeah.

JAMIE: Ok. We're just dressing up. Getting a little sexy for us. Putting on the nice shoes. Sexy shoes. Good, that's right, show everybody. That's it. Show off the shoes, baby. That's it. Show off the shoes. Good. Good girl. Sexy girl.

(hair)

JAMIE: Mmm. That's good. Look at us. That's it. Show us your shoes. Good. Mmm hmm.

That's it.

EVE: Ow.

JAMIE: That's all right, honey, just relax.

EVE: Ow.

JAMIE: Just relax.

EVE: Ow.

JAMIE: That's a good girl. Just relax.

EVE: Ow.

JAMIE: Relax stupid!

You're doing fine.

Here. Act sexy for us—put on some lipstick! You do it. It doesn't have to be right. That's it, do it sexy. Like you're trying to get people off. You know? That's it. Act nice

and sexy. You know, while you do it? That's right, baby, act sexy. Let me see. Open your eyes, stupid. That's it. Good. Open your eyes—act sexy and keep putting it on. I like lipstick. You know, just like I like the idea of putting it on. Act sexy like you can't wait to suck a bunch of dicks that are coming over, you know. You know what I'm saying? Keep doing it.

EVE: Ow!

JAMIE: Come on! It's all right! That's it. Good girl. What are you doing? Are your eyes open while you're doing that?

EVE: Yes.

JAMIE: Good. all right. Mmm hmm. Good. Good. Lean back. Tongue out. Good girl. Ooh yeah. Lick. Lick it up good. Good girl. That's right. That's right. Good. Good. Good. Wipe the ass good. Good. That's right. Good. Good. Wipe. Wipe. Good. Yeah. That's a baby. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Get up on your knees here. Sit up. Sideways. Yeah. Let's see. Ok. Sit back. Stay there. Eat some ass. Let me be sure—just hold it, stay where you are. Ok. Sit like that. Let me be sure we're not missing this. Yeah, that looks good. Stick your tongue out. That's it. Slobber. See. Good. Good. Ready to lick ass?

EVE: Oh yeah.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Good. Say 'C'mere handsome, let me suck your ass.'

EVE: C'mere handsome, let me suck your ass.

JAMIE: Good. all right. Now, you could be a good little actress—say it as if you really wanted to do it.

EVE: Oh yeah, come over here and sss … let me suck your ass.

JAMIE: Good.

EVE: I want to get some more of that asshair in my mouth.

JAMIE: Good. Good. Say 'Let me eat your dirty ass.'

EVE: Let me eat your dirty ass.

JAMIE: Say it like you mean it.

EVE: Let me eat your dirty ass.

JAMIE: Good. Say 'Please.'

EVE: Oh please. Oh pretty please can I eat your ass out.

JAMIE: all right, I'll let you do it a little bit. Kiss the cheeks, lick the ass. Look in the camera, say 'I love it.'

EVE: Oh I love it.

JAMIE: Say 'I wish I could eat your ass too.'

EVE: I wish I could eat your ass too.

JAMIE: Ok. Suck it.

Good ass, eh?

(blow-job)

JAMIE: Choke.

EVE: (chokes)

JAMIE: Good.

EVE: (chokes, coughs)

JAMIE: Good. Choke, slobber.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good. That's good.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good girl. Good, huh? Good. We're getting this all on camera, that's good. Good. Good. Say 'I love your cock.'
EVE: Oh I love your cock.
JAMIE: Yeah. Good.
EVE: I love how you rub it all over my face.
JAMIE: Good. That's good. Good.
Heh heh
Say 'Thank you.'
EVE: Oh thank you.
JAMIE: Good. Say it like you mean it now.
EVE: Oooh thank you so much.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Excellent. Stay right there.
EVE: I'm sure the PG and E will thank you much much more than I will though.
I'm sure they would really really want to get paid.
JAMIE: PG and E?
EVE: Oh yes.
JAMIE: PG and E?
EVE: Yes!
JAMIE: For what? You mean this power on the …
EVE: Yes.
JAMIE: On the camera? This is independent battery operated.
EVE: Nooo …
JAMIE: What?
EVE: My PG and E bill.
JAMIE: Oh, your PG and E. Oh, I'm sorry—
EVE: PG and E will probably thank you.
JAMIE: Oh it's—Oh, you're paying the bills! Yes!
EVE: Yes!
JAMIE: Good. That's right.
EVE: AT and T. They all get to thank you alot.
JAMIE: Yes, of course. Show us your crotch. Show us your crotch while you talk about paying the bills.
EVE: Same with …
JAMIE: Pay your bills, baby.
EVE: Yeah. Pay my rent. Pay my cable bill.
JAMIE: Yeah, of course.
EVE: Girl has to make money somehow.
JAMIE: A girl has to make money somehow.
EVE: Even if it is degrading.

JAMIE: That's right.
EVE: Even if it is humiliating.
JAMIE: Mmm hmm. Exactly.
EVE: I'm sure that they like the fact that I have crotch hair showing on either side of my panties, huh?
JAMIE: Uh huh.

I guess so. I think so. Good baby. Be sexy, earn your money. Yeah. Earn that money. Maybe you might get recommended for other custom videos. Yeah. Earn some more money. Yeah. Good. Good. Mmm hmm. That's right. Say 'Thank you for helping me pay my bills.'
EVE: Thank you for helping me pay my bills.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Say 'I'll do anything to pay my bills.'
EVE: I'll do anything to pay my bills.
JAMIE: Good. Mm hmm. Yeah. Yeah, that's good. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Good. Good—stay like that, that's good. Mmm hmm. Can you put your hands behind your back, that's the position they like. Good. Sit there and pay your bills, stupid. Good. That's right. Pathetic cunt. Good. Say 'I'm a pathetic cunt who's just trying to pay the bills.'
EVE: I'm a pathetic cunt who's just trying to pay the bills.
JAMIE: Good. Good.
EVE: I'm a pathetic cunt who IS paying the bills.
JAMIE: Good. Drool. Drool when you say things like that. Pay the bills and drool. Good. Mmm hmm. Good. Good. Good, baby. Good. Yeah. Nice.

(vinyl skirt)
JAMIE: Now, we'll leave the camera rolling while the pig gets sexy for us.

Yeah. Look at how sexy you are. That's kind of sexy. Heh heh. Look at you. That's sexy.
EVE: Do you like it shiny?
JAMIE: That's it, show your ass off. That's it. Good. That's right. That's a baby. That's very nice. That's it. Look up. Keep showing off that skirt. Good girl. Good girl. That's right.

Let me see.

Mmm hmm. Good. That's it. That's it. That's it. Be sexy pig. Fuckin' sexy pig. Say 'I'm a sexy pig.'
EVE: I'm a sexy pig.
JAMIE: Yeah. Good.

Heh heh. That's right. Pull your pants aside, pig. That's it. Show your ass and your cunt, you filthy piece of shit. That's it. Good. Good. Say 'I'm a filthy piece of shit.'
EVE: I'm a filthy piece of shit.
JAMIE: Good. Good. That's right. I like that. Good. Yeah.

That's right. That's right. That's right. Let's molest her. Let's molest the little pig. Yeah. Good. Good. Let's get a good look. Yeah. Let's grope the pig while she pays the

bills. That's a baby, pay that bill. Pay that bill, baby. Yeah, look, she's paying the bills, guys. Yeah. Pay the bills. Stand up.

Good. Look at that. You're a big sexy girl now, huh? Yeah.

EVE: Just like everybody's next door neighbor.

JAMIE: Yeah. The girl next door. (spits) We don't want to spit on anything we're gonna use. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Get on your knees. Oh, wait, the knees hurt, don't they? I don't know ...

(lipstick)

EVE: Mmmmm.

JAMIE: Ok. Ok.

Let's see what it looks like.

There it is. We just marked "cunt" on her. Heh heh.

EVE: Are you gonna write "whore" down below?

JAMIE: How much? What was it?

EVE: Are we gonna write "whore" down below?

JAMIE: Why don't you do it?

EVE: Oh, of course.

We can't—we can't lose on the irony here.

JAMIE: No.

EVE: W. H. O. R. E. Look, I can write backwards. Not bad for a dumb fuckin' cunt, huh?

JAMIE: Yeah, look at you. That's right. Yes. That's right.

EVE: Just like a good dumb cunt, I can write backwards.

JAMIE: Good for you. Good. Good.

EVE: I'm a cunt and a whore.

JAMIE: You're a cunt and you're a whore, that's right. That's perfect. Mmm hmm, yes. Mmm hmm, that's it, play with your nipples, cunt. C'mon. That's right. Good. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Good. That's it. Mmm hmm. Yeah. Yeah. Good. Say 'I'm a filthy whore.'

EVE: Oh I'm a filthy whore.

JAMIE: Yeah.

Say 'I suck ass for money.'

EVE: I suck ass for money.

JAMIE: Good. Good.

EVE: I lick balls for money.

JAMIE: Good.

EVE: I let dirty men spit on me for money.

JAMIE: That's right.

Excellent. Isn't she cute.

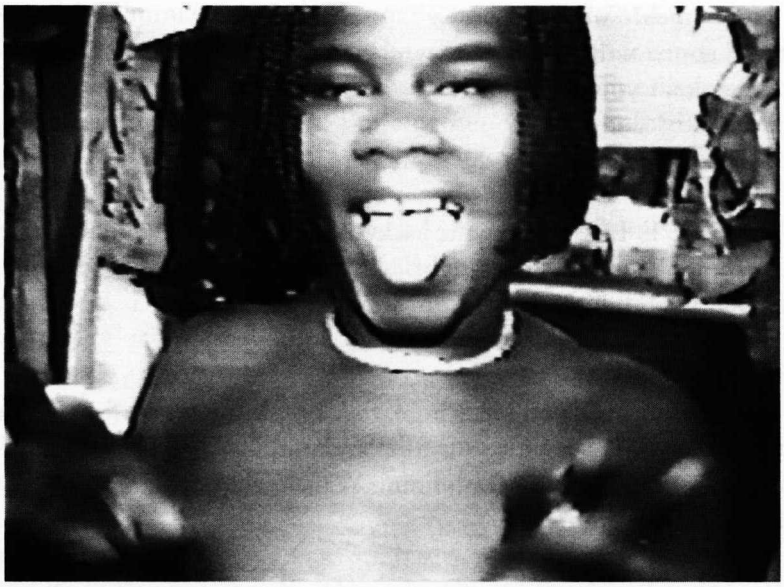
EVE: Aren't I just adorable.

JAMIE: Isn't she cute.

Heh heh.

Stay where you are—stay just like that. Here she is, fellas. She's so cute. (kiss) She's such a piece of shit.

EVE: Oh.



JAMIE: Tell me what you are.
EVE: Oh I'm a piece of shit.
JAMIE: Good.
EVE: Just a little slut.
JAMIE: (spits) Oh, isn't she cute.
EVE: Aren't I just adorable?
JAMIE: Yes. Yes.
EVE: Ow!
JAMIE: Good girl. Isn't she cute, fellas? Yeah. Yeah. Wouldn't you like to have this in the home, right now? That's right. Just all you have to do is pay a couple of bills and you can use her all you want. Isn't that right?
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Good.

Good. Stand there and look pretty. Look sexy. That's it. (spits) That's it, look sexy. Mmm hmm, good going. (spits) That's a baby. Nice and sexy while I spit on you.
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: (spits) Mmm good. (kiss kiss) That's a baby. (kiss kiss) Kiss. That's a baby. C'mere. Give me a big shit. (laps) Yeah. That's good. Stay. Real good. There she is. (kiss) See how she loves it? She loves paying those bills. Say 'I love paying those bills.'
EVE: I love paying those bills.
JAMIE: Gimme a kiss. (laps)

Say 'Please let me pay my bills.'
EVE: Oh please help me pay my bills.
JAMIE: Good. Good. That's it. Good. Give me a hug like you mean it. Like you just love it here. (kiss) Good. Yeah. What did you do with the lipstick? Do you still have it?
EVE: You took it away from me.
JAMIE: Oh. I took it away from you?
EVE: Yes.
JAMIE: Ok.

And so I did.

Good.
EVE: What—are we gonna write "slut" on my forehead now?
JAMIE: I don't know, we'll do something.
EVE: How about "asslicker" on my butt?
JAMIE: Ah ... I don't know about your butt.
EVE: You can write on my inner thigh. Put "insert here" right there.
JAMIE: Ok. Ok. How about—how about maybe "asslicker" on your tits? What d'ya think? C'mere a little closer.

Yeah. Here, you do it for us. Fuckin' asslicker.

Here, let me do it. Let me do it. That's it. Ass ... licker. Ok. That's good. Let me see. That says "shit" in case you wanna—in case you're curious. Would you like to see? There you go.
EVE: Well, look at that. It does say "shit."

JAMIE: It says "shit." Say 'I'm shit.'
EVE: I'm shit.
JAMIE: Good.
Say 'I'm a filthy piece of shit.'
EVE: I'm a filthy piece of shit.
JAMIE: Gimme a kiss, honey. (laps)
Good.
Tongue my ear like you love me.
Tongue it, that's it. That's it. Yeah. Let your hair down—see your pretty hair. Good. Say 'I'm a scumbag.'
EVE: I'm a scumbag.
JAMIE: Good.
Good. Yeah.
Put your hand on my balls. Play with them. That's right.
Good.
Yeah, you could see yourself.
EVE: Oh joy.
JAMIE: (spits) See yourself being degraded. Being spit on.
EVE: Mmm hmm.
JAMIE: Heh heh.
See yourself with "shit" on your forehead. Heh heh.
Put the dick in your mouth.
That's right. (spits)
That's right. Choke.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Heh. That's right.
Choke and slobber.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: Good girl. Good girl.
EVE: (chokes)
JAMIE: That's a baby. Heh heh. That's it. Say 'I'm a piece of shit.'
EVE: I'm a piece of shit.
JAMIE: Good. (spits) Say 'I'm a piece of shit and I enj—and I deserve this.'
EVE: I'm a piece of shit and I deserve this.
JAMIE: Good.
Stick your tongue out. Good.
Stand up. Walk into the toilet.
Oh, there's still some puke in there—looks good.
Heh heh. Heh heh.
EVE: Are you just about ready to cum yet?
(slap)
JAMIE: I'll tell you when I'm ready to cum, stupid! You hear me? You don't give the orders around here. You understand me?

EVE: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Good. Good.

JAMIE: Stick your hands in your pants—in your panties. That's it. That's it. Play with it. You love it, fuckin' cunt. That's it. That's it. That's it, scumbag. Yeah. Get on your knees, scumbag. Yeah. Mmm hmm. Put your fingers in your mouth and drool on me. That's it, drool on my dick. That's it. That's it, pig. Play with my balls while you do that. That's right. You fuckin' piece of shit. Look at me. Say 'I'm a piece of shit.'
EVE: I'm a piece of shit.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Look at me. Look up, that's it. Good. Heh heh. Good. That's it. That's it—you could let your hair go, it's all right if it goes in your face, it's cute. Play with it with both hands. Good. Say 'I love you.'
EVE: Oh I love you.
JAMIE: Good. I love you. Good. Say 'I love being abused.'
EVE: Oh I love being abused.
JAMIE: Good. Good. Yeah. Get your face down in the balls and start licking around. Good. Good. Lick down the thigh. Good. Good. Mmm hmm. That's it. Go on down, baby. Go on, get down to the feet, pig. Scum. That's it, scum. Pig—kiss those fuckin' feet, lick those fuckin' feet. Fuckin' piece of garbage. That's it. That's a baby. That's right. Good. Mmm hmm. Good. Good. Good. Good. Kiss and lick, come on, scum. Kiss and lick. That's it, kiss. You know what to do. You know where you belong, baby. Right in the middle of the filth. Good. Get the other foot. (laughs) Ok, get over on your back, I can't see it so good. I wanna see your face more. Get over on your back.
EVE: (sniffs)
JAMIE: That's it. That's a baby. Good. That's it. Go on, kiss. Scum. You filthy scum. Heh heh. That's right. Scum. Scum. Scum. (spits) Get your tongue out—that's right. Come on, you had it up my ass. (laughs) Good. Clean. Clean 'em, pig. You fucking walking piece of shit. Yeah. Yeah. Are you a walking piece of shit?
EVE: Uh huh.
JAMIE: Say it.
EVE: I'm a walking piece of shit.
JAMIE: Good. Heh heh. Good. Open your legs, cunt. Heh heh. That's right. That's it—let's see the panties. Say 'Fuck my filthy cunt.'
EVE: Oh fuck my filthy cunt.
JAMIE: Good. Yeah. Good. Stay down, it's good. (spit) (laughs) (spits) Yeah. Yeah. Put your hands in your pants. That's it. One hand. That's right. (laughs) That's right. Good. Heh heh. Good. Yeah. Good.

Tongue out—let's see the tongue. Get it way out. Good. Eat. That's your dinner, bitch. That's your dinner. Go on. Go on, you fuckin' toilet. Toilet baby. Pay the bills. Pay the bills. Earn your money. Suck. Let's hear it. Let's hear you suck. Run the tongue over the crack. Good. That ass needs cleaning, baby. You know that ass needs cleaning. Does it taste good?

EVE: Oh yes.
JAMIE: Good. Yeah. Fuck yeah. Good. Good. That's it. Stick your tongue up there. Good. See if you can find some nice piece of shit for yourself. Good. Good. Yeah. Good. Lick—come on, use your mouth. Good. That's a baby. That's a baby.
EVE: Mmmmgmpff umpf.
JAMIE: Good girl.
EVE: (burp)
JAMIE: Good girl.

Good girl. Yeah. Oh yeah. That's a baby. Yeah. Yes. You're doing good. Yeah. Come on. Let's see, move it, that's it. (laughs) Open up. (spits) Heh heh. Put one hand in your mouth. Like—open your mouth, like that. Good. (laughs) Good. That's it. Slobber, drool. Heh heh. Yeah. Yeah. Good. Yeah. Yeah. Good. Get over on your knees.

(unflushed toilet)

JAMIE: Good. Ok. Down. Down. Yeah. Good. Yeah. Some nice puke in there. Yeah. Got some nice puke in there. Yeah. Yeah. Puke. Got your puke over my dick. Yeah. Yeah, baby. Oh yeah.
EVE: Oh you've got to be kidding!
JAMIE: Yeah baby. Oh come on, baby. Come on, baby. Come on, baby. Come on, baby.
EVE: Oh no.
JAMIE: Just a little puke.
EVE: Uh uh. No.
JAMIE: Just a little puke. Come on.
EVE: No!
JAMIE: Just put your face near it. Come on.
EVE: No.
JAMIE: Yeah. Come on. Come on, baby.

Come on. Just a little puke. It's your puke. Come on. Big finale. Come on. (kiss kiss) Come on.
EVE: And this is the end?
JAMIE: Huh?
EVE: And this will be the end?
JAMIE: Yeah, if you do some puke, yeah.
EVE: all right.
JAMIE: (laughs) Suck puke, pig. Suck puke. (laughs) That's it. Good. Good. Put your hand in there. Put your hand in the puke. Ok, I'll do it. Oh I love it. Yeah. Oh yeah. That's all right. Look at—look at us. (laughs) Good. It's almost over, honey.
EVE: (cries)
JAMIE: So want to show you sucking puke. So you're sucking puke, honey. Look at us. Look at us. That's all right, honey. (laughs)
EVE: (cries, heaves)
JAMIE: That's good. Oh come on, it's just a little puke, honey. Just a little puke, honey. Just a little puke. Come on, honey.

EVE: (cries, heaves)
JAMIE: You know this is right where you belong, honey. Come on. Come on. You know if you're gonna breakdown, let's see it. Look at us. (laughs) Let's see it.
EVE: (cries louder)
JAMIE: That's all right. It's just a little puke.
EVE: (cries louder)
JAMIE: (laughs) That's fine. Nothing to be ashamed of. (laughs) Come on, slobber over my dick. C'mere. C'mon, drool—cry and drool.
EVE: (cries, heaves)
JAMIE: We have to see it, though. C'mon. C'mon, sexy. That's a good girl. C'mon, you take a shower with me, it'll all be over.
EVE: (cries, heaves)
JAMIE: Good. Suck it. Suck it. Suck, baby. (laughs) That's good. That's what we like to see. That's right. It's just a little puke, honey.
EVE: (cries, muffled)
JAMIE: Yeah. Just a little puke. That's all it is. Just a little puke. C'mon, choke on it! Choke on it. Earn your money. Good. You wanna puke some more, puke some more.
EVE: (heaves, cries)
JAMIE: That's a girl. Choke. C'mon. It's a private video, no one's gonna see it.
EVE: (bawls)
JAMIE: No one's gonna see it. Let's see. Let me see your face. You've got a pretty face. C'mere! It's just some puke, honey. That's it. That's it.
EVE: (bawls)
JAMIE: Touch my balls while you cry.
EVE: (bawls)
JAMIE: C'mon, honey, touch my balls. That's a girl.
EVE: (louder)
JAMIE: Aren't you sweet. You're just the cutest little thing. Yeah. C'mere. It's almost over. C'mere. Get your mouth on it. Get your mouth over there, it's almost over. C'mere. Good. That's a baby. Good. What's a little puke? C'mon. C'mon, scumbag. Good. C'mon, scumbag, lick. That's it. Clean it. Clean it. You think I want to go out with puke on my dick and my ass.

Good. Good. Lick it up good. Clean it. Clean it. That's what we like to see, honey. Clean it.
EVE: (heaves, bawls)
JAMIE: This is even better than getting pissed in your mouth, isn't it? Yes. Yes. See, now when someone asks, you can say yeah—this is the most degrading thing you've ever done. Look at us—let's see those pretty pretty eyes. Pretty eyes. That's good. Suck, pig. C'mon, suck it. Suck that filth off there.
EVE: (cries)
JAMIE: Heh heh. You're doing so well. You're doing so well. And there's still alot of puke left. You see? You're doing so well.
EVE: (cries, sniffs)

JAMIE: Yeah.

JAMIE: Gimme a little kiss, honey. That's a baby. Good. Aw look at you. All broken down. All degraded and humiliated—just because of a little puke. Nah, that's no big deal. Just because of a little puke. Get your head over there. C'mere. Turn around. C'mon. C'mon. Sit down. That's right. That's right. Now get your head back. C'mon. You don't have to eat it, just put your head near it. That's it. Get your head closer to the puke. C'mon. C'mon. C'mere. Grand finale. (laughs) Ok, I tell you what—here, just put your head back. You don't have to eat it. Get near it. Just put the top of your head back. Ok? That's good. Aren't you cute. Piece of shit.

(Face on bowl)

EVE: (heaves, cries)

(masturbates onto face)

JAMIE: You fuckin' piece of shit.

EVE: (cries)

(cums)

JAMIE: Stick your tongue out. Good. Drool. Drool, you fuckin' pig. Drool, while I shoot all over you. Drool, you fuckin' whore. Drool, you fuckin' piece of shit. Drool, drool, drool, drool.

EVE: (cries)

JAMIE: Mmmm. That was good. Ahhh. Oh. Oh. (laughs) Aren't you a sweetie. Aren't you a little cutie pie? Yes. Yes. Mmm hmm.

EVE: (cries, heaves)

JAMIE: I got a crush on you—sweetie pie—all the dreams da da …

Hey! Well, it was good for me. I hope it was good for the custom video. And you're just here working so what the hell. I think everybody's gonna be satisfied in the long run. Precious. Listen—it's just a movie. Keep telling yourself that. You know? Precious. Next time—you can make me lick puke off you. What d'ya say? Sport. Trooper. Let me tell you this. You know, well—what can I say? Anything I say will sound self-serving. Precious. Now now. It's not for real. I told you that at the beginning. It's a movie. You were terrific. You're stunning. You're beautiful. You're intelligent.

EVE: Then. Turn. The. Camera. Off.

JAMIE: Can I turn it off now? I should turn it off now? Well … I'm trying to—I'm trying to put a happy ending on it. In case somebody finds this in a hundred years and says 'My god! He was the twenty-first century DeSade'! Well, maybe I am. Maybe there's no getting around it then. all right. Do you want to say—wave or say goodnight or …

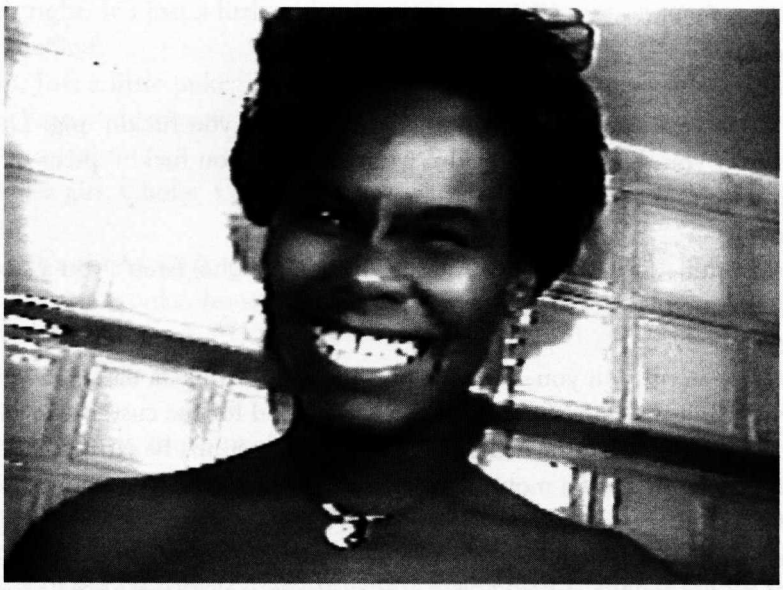
EVE: That's all folks.

JAMIE: That's all folks.

Blow us a kiss.

EVE: (kiss)

JAMIE: Ok, I'm about to turn the camera off, so if you have any final words like 'fuck you motherfucker' or 'I'm gonna get you one of these days' or—just—no? That's it?



EVE: No.
JAMIE: all right. Turn it off then?
EVE: (nods)
JAMIE: Will you look at us? With this pretty face. You're beautiful. And like I said—uh … you're a trooper. I'm turning the camera off now. 'Cause I think this is about as good as we're gonna get out of her. I don't think she's gonna get up smiling for … a good ten minutes. So—chow, thank you and … we'll see you next time. I know you hope not. But I hope so. Ok. Chow, baby.

(flutters lips)

JAMIE: Brrrrrrrrrr!
EVE: Whhhhhhhhhhh …

JAMIE: Ah … ok, I don't know what Eve was gonna say but I figure she's dressed, she's ready to go, she's happy to get out of here but I figured people would like to know that she's alive and more or less well and reasonably recovered.
EVE: Recovered.
JAMIE: Yeah—anything you'd like to say? You don't have to be nice, you could say fuck you or whatever you want to say.
EVE: No. No. Karma will come.
JAMIE: Oh oh!
EVE: Karma will come.
JAMIE: Oh no! I don't have a—
EVE: So that's the worst thing I could say to anybody.
JAMIE: Oh oh.
EVE: That their karma will come eventually. It may not happen this life, it could happen the next. But I'm healthy, I'm happy and they didn't murder me.
JAMIE: Let me say this—if karma comes at your hands, I will not be disappointed.
EVE: (laughs)
JAMIE: Ok, all right. Goodnight sweetheart.

These transcripts become scripts. And these people either being brutalized or celebrated became actors. And the truth that I was finding was desperate and, most likely, more than any other prurient trajectory or emotional epiphany, only simple improvisation cues among lesser-trained performers. Still, highlight the clean-up after the first and only extended take, where Jamie knew it was only "fun" and said so, usually adding flat compliments like "trouper" and "pro." And there's your improv. As backward and superficial as any brief pause in art just good enough for everybody to smile and move on to the next song or gallery. Jamie's brand, for all my myopia and his culpable shrugs, lies in the difficulties in his personal definition of fun.

—Peter Sotos

On the Prowl breathed life into a stagnant industry—billions have been made from the "Gonzo" phenomenon it spawned. Not that I ever made real money—the *Prowl* series has not done that well, perhaps people can't take too much reality.

—Jamie Gillis

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